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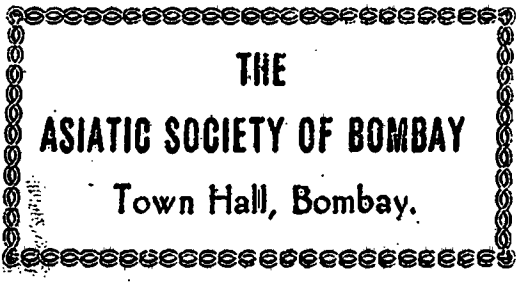

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LADY AUCKLAND.

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THE

JOURNAL

AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

WILLIAM, LORD AUCKLAND

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With a Preface and Introduction

BY THE RIGHT HON. AND RIGHT REV.

THE BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS

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CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

SPANISH JOURNAL . . . . . Page 1

CHAP. XV.

Letters of Mr. Storer.—Lord Carlisle and his Daughters.—Resignation of Lord Mansfield.—Lady Archer, Lord North, and Mr. Vernon.—Presentation of Mdlle. Fagniani at Court.—Bon-mots of George the Third.—Ball at the Pantheon.—Sheridan's Oratory.—Mr. Fox in Love.—The Duke of Orleans and the Blackleg.—Pepper Arden made Master of the Rolls.—Anger of the Lord Chancellor.—Letter of Lord Sheffield.—Rebellion of the Ladies, assisted by Gibbon.—Lord Thurlow's Attack on Lord Stanhope.—Westminster Election.—Great Riots.—Reception of Tippoo's Ambassadors at Versailles.—The Prince of Wales at Tunbridge.—Lord Carmarthen and Miss Anguish.—Mr. Storer at Brighthelmstone.—Description of the Society there.—Lord Brudenell in a new Character.—The King and Lady Archer Leeson.—Governor Pownall's Book.—Letter of Lord Loughborough . 206

CHAP. XVI.

The King's Illness.—Great Excitement in the Political World.—State of the King.—Arrival of Mr. Fox in England.—Meeting of Parliament.—Mr. Fox demands the Regency for the Prince of Wales.—Mr. Pitt indignantly denies the Right of the Prince.—Dr. Willis called in.—Prophesies the King's Recovery.—Bon-mot of George Selwyn.—Mr. Pitt's Majority in the Commons.—Differences amongst the Physicians 240

CHAP. XVII.

The Doctors continue to disagree.— Jealousy between Fox and Sheridan.— Letter of Mr. Storer.— Illness of Mr. Fox.— Quarrel between Dr. Willis and Sir Lucas Pepys.— M. Huber's Letter from Paris.— Miss Sayer's Letter, containing an Account of the Supper Party at Mrs. Richard Walpole's.— Conduct of the Prince of Wales.— Jack Payne's Impudence.— Spirited Behaviour of the Duchess of Gordon. — The Duke of Cumberland and Sir Joshua.— The Duke's Compliment to Gibbon.— The Opera.— Character of Lord Worcester.— Party at Lady Herries's.— Letter of the Archbishop, containing favourable Accounts of the King.— Lord Sheffield's List of the new Ministers.— The King's Health improves.— Anger of Mr. Burke.— Colonel Glover and the Duke of Dorset.— Convalescence of the King. —The King sees the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. Page 266

CHAP. XVIII.

The King continues well.— Lord Loughborough at Devonshire House. — Great Rejoicings on the King's Recovery.— Letter from Paris.— Duke of Orleans and Madame de Stael.— The Duke of Dorset prevents a Ball.— M. de Calonne in France.— Ball at Brooke's.— The Maids of Honour in Disgrace.— The Duke of Queensberry a Martyr. — The King goes to St. Paul's 299

CHAP. XIX.

Description of the Meeting of the États-Généraux.— The Duke of Orleans joins the Tiers-États.— M. Necker's Popularity.— Proceedings of the États-Généraux.— The Clergy and Nobles join the Tiers-États.— Dismissal of M. Necker.— Breaking out of the Revolution.— The Royal Allemand Regiment and the Gardes Françaises.— Desperate Contest.— Retreat of Royal Allemand.— Night Combat.— The Dinner at M. Necker's.— Proceedings of the Insurgents.— They obtain Warlike Stores from the Invalides.— Attack on the Bastile.— Death of De Launay and M. Flesselles.— Paris dreads a night Attack. — The King comes to Paris, having dismissed the new Ministry.— M. Necker recalled.— Murder of M M. Foulon and Berthier.— M. Necker and the Duchess of Polignac.— Letters of Mr. Storer.— Debate in National Assembly respecting M. Necker's Financial Project.— Wonderful Eloquence of Mirabeau.— Enthusiasm of the Assembly.— M. Clermont Tonnerre 320

CHAP. XX.

Lord Auckland accepts the Embassy to Holland.— Letters of M. Garlike and the Count de Goltz, describing the Events of the 5th and 6th October.— Mr. Storer at Wroxton.— Anecdote of Charles II. — The Dispute with Spain.— Letter of Mr. Stanley . Page 3C

CHAP. XXI.

The Russian Armament.— Lord Auckland opposes the War.— Opinion of Admiral Kingsbergen.— Mr. Pitt desires it to be sent officially.— Death of George Selwyn.— The Prince of Wales in Hampshire.— The Ladies become Bankers.— Lord Cardigan's Marriage.— The Russian Armament highly unpopular.— Retirement of Mr. Ewart.— Lord Blandford's Marriage.— Advice to Morton Eden — The Duchess of York.— Apathy in England with respect to foreign Affairs.— Mr. Pitt's Overture for a Coalition.— Lord Auckland's Letter to Lord Loughborough 381

CHAP. XXII.

Lord Thurlow opposes Government in the House of Lords.— His Dismissal.— Letters of Mr. Burges.— Letters of Mr. Storer.— Weakness of the Government in the House of Lords.— Lord Grenville's Determination to prevent Holland joining Austria and Prussia.— Illness of Lord North.— The Opposition sympathises with the Poles.— Levity of the French Émigrés.— Death of Lord North.— Rumours of a Coalition.— The Duke of Richmond at Bagshot.— Policy of the Government with respect to Prussia.— Recall of Lord Gower.— Lady Sutherland and the Paris Mob.— Massacres in Paris.— Speech of Anacharsis Cloots.— The Émigrés arrive in great Numbers.— Lord Sheffield's Hospitality.— M. Huber arrives from Paris.— Retreat of the Duke of Brunswick causes great Excitement.— Fresh Arrival of Émigrés.— Immense Number of French Priests in London. — Increase of Jacobinism in England 405

CHAP. XXIII.

Letter of Lord Grenville.— French Invasion of Belgium.— Dumouriez demands the opening of the Scheldt.— Alarm in Holland.— The King's Conversation with Lord Henry Spencer.— Efforts of the French to cause an Insurrection in England.— Meeting of Parliament. — Mr. Windham and Burke support the Government.— Maiden

Speech of Lord Henry Spencer.— Debate in the House of Lords on the Alien Bill.— Weakness of the Government Speakers.— Pitt's Chagrin.— Lord Loughborough comes to the Rescue.— Great Effect of his Speeches.— Letter of Lord Sheffield.— His Anger with Fox.— Letter of Mr. Storer . . . . . Page 464

CHAP. XXIV.

Letter of Lord Loughborough on joining the Government.— Dismissal of M. Chauvelin.— Singular Proceedings of M. Maret.— War declared.— Mr. Fox deserted by his Party.— Loyalty of the Nation.— Enthusiasm at the Opera House.— The Guards leave for Holland.— Dumouriez invades Holland.— Lord Auckland organises the Defence. Retreat of the French.— Mr. Pitt attributes the Repulse of the French entirely to the Exertions of Lord Auckland.— Mr. Sheridan's Motion.— Letter of Lord Loughborough.— The Attempt to rescue the Queen.— Lord Loughborough's Opinion of it.— The Queen of France in the Conciergerie.— Letter of J. Storer . . . 489

THE CORRESPONDENCE

OF

WILLIAM, FIRST LORD AUCKLAND.

SPANISH JOURNAL.

Mr. Eden, when Ambassador in Spain at the Courts of Charles the Third* and Fourth, kept the following Journal of the events of each day, which he sent to his mother, Lady Eden. In this will be found an interesting account of the manners and customs of the Spanish Court and people.

Mr. Eden to Lady Eden.

St. Jean de Luz, (about 12 miles from Bayonne), April 18th, 1788.

My dear Madam,—I cannot do better, if I do not grow tired of it, than give you every night a short statement of the successes or casualties of our progress. The last three days at Bayonne employed all my servants, and the mule drivers, and the coach-makers, and the packers, and the smiths, in making arrangements and alterations in the carriages, poles, springs,

*Charles was the second son of Philip V. He became Duke of Parma in 1731, King of Naples in 1735, and on the death of his brother Ferdinand, in August 1759, King of Spain.

etc. of the caravan. Towards noon to-day the whole was ready. I then convened all the mule-drivers, thirteen, being two to each carriage, and one who runs afoot to lead Madame, and by the help of one of my servants, gave them an exhortation in praise of slow and careful driving; and particularly on the expediency of going off from, and through every town, at a foot pace and not in a gallop, which is the common practice both here and in France, and everywhere else. The mules were then paraded into the square, where the carriages were arranged, much to the amusement of the good people of Bayonne; and the harnessing began, which is curious, for each mule has its ropes tied to the carriage separate and independently of all the others; and the wonder is, that thus circumstanced, they are not perpetually entangled. Whilst this operation was going on, I sent Mrs. Eden and the children forward, afoot, under the care of some gentlemen; for I expected all sorts of scrapes at first starting, in which I was disappointed.

In the order of our march, our carriage, which is the lightest and quite without baggage, is the last; and I was obliged to use my authority with our mayoral, or principal driver, to consent to this, for he has the finest set of mules, and thought it the post of honour to go first. However, he is a good sensible fellow, and was convinced that I was right in making the heaviest carriages go first, and in being certain, also, that the whole caravan is at all times before me. In the driving, the mode is for the principal driver to sit upon a low seat in the place where the coach-box ought to be, to hold a sort of reins to the two wheel mules. He has no hold whatever of the other mules, nor any command of them, except that he knows their names, and they are bred to be, as obedient as dogs when spoken to. In addition to this, the other driver of the set runs by the side, or at the head, and sometimes jumps up behind; or, when a mule does not go well, catches up a great stone and pelts it. These wild fellows, however, are of great use in any dan-

gerous road, for they place themselves between the heads of the two foremost mules with great agility, and bear upon a broad leather which passes from the one mule to the other, and guide them in that way completely. Before I joined Mrs. Eden and the children on the road I had collected great courage, and communicated it to them. We accordingly proceeded quite bold to St. Jean de Luz, and never got out of the carriage, though there was some very rough road and very steep descents.

As soon as we arrived here this evening, we all walked to the sea-side, where great works are going forward in the view of making a very fine port for France, something on the plan of Cherbourg. It was a beautiful evening, and the children were so delighted with the sea that we could not prevent them from getting thoroughly wet. We have since had a most excellent supper, in which the principal dish was a turbot, for which the master of the London Tavern would any day give two or three guineas. We had also London porter and Bristol water, and the best claret that Bordeaux can furnish, the caves of our carriages being properly stored with those articles; and now it is ten o'clock, and we are going to bed, as we are to breakfast to-morrow at five.

Hernani, April 19th, at night.—So here we are in Spain. We breakfasted this morning at four pursuant to agreement, except that Henry was quite mutinous, and positively refused to wake for more than half an hour. As we were given to understand that the road would be rough and bad, her Excellency and I determined to ride to the river which separated France from Spain, and which was about twelve miles from our inn. We accordingly left the conduct of the fleet to Rear-Admiral Robertson*, and having dispatched the *cuisinier* and butler ahead with all necessaries for dining and sleeping, we proceeded, Madame being led by a running Spaniard, and I on a mule which gave

* Mr. Robertson was surgeon to the Embassy.

me some uneasiness at first, because the streets of the town were steep and the pavement quite loose; but I soon grew easy. We had also a French servant with us upon a mule, but we soon got rid of him; for, on coming to a very unpleasant descent, we left him to insist on the children getting out of the carriage when they should come to it. We then went forward with our Spaniard through a beautiful and wild country, and it was impossible not to laugh at our situation, for we had no means to make him comprehend one syllable of what we said otherwise than by signs and detached words. The morning was without a cloud, but not hot. The road was, if possible, worse than it had been described to us, and in many places seriously little better than a stone staircase; the long rains having washed away all the gravel. We arrived at the ferry long before the carriages, and took a walk in a very romantic spot with fine views. We proceeded the next four miles in the carriages, but it was so rough and unpleasant that we agreed to do what remained of our day's work (eight miles) on the saddle mules, and all arrived safe here at half-past two, Mrs. Eden having rode twenty miles, and the carriages having borne all the shocks possible with wonderful success.

We here found a complete specimen of a Spanish inn. The ground floor is a large stable, filled by our mules in two rows, through which we pass whenever we go out. We are on the first floor, which is large and wild, and so ill laid that we can see the beasts and their drivers through the boards, and all the mules have the bells on their necks. Our room has three windows, and the middle is a large balcony, but there is no glass. The bin for the oats is at our chamber door, in a gallery on each side of which there are two rows of chambers, all small and some without windows. At the end there is a sort of light scullery adjoining to a kitchen, where we dined. The staircase is dark, and leads into the stable. Out of the house, however, it is pleasant enough, and to-night the four eldest children took a walk with me to the

top of a steep mountain, where there is an hermitage, in order to take leave of the sea, which we shall see no more till we return from Madrid. It is impossible to describe to you how much the people are amused with seeing us all. They follow us even into the fields, and laugh violently at our dresses, but yet with great good humour and politeness. They are not disused to see French and other strangers pass through here; but it is quite new to them to see a family of English children in English dresses. The dresses which we find in this part of Spain are as different from ours as anything you ever saw upon the stage—red and black, but chiefly black. It looks melancholy, but the people in this part of Spain are tall and not unhandsome. The houses also look gloomy, for they have not any paint on the wooden work, and no windows, and consequently look partly like buildings recently burnt, and partly like houses going to be pulled down. Among other grievances of the day, I have been obliged to study the Spanish coins. It is not, however, difficult to understand them; but supper is ready (it is half-past eight), and so good night. By the bye, I saw a garden this evening with roses and ripe strawberries.

Villa Franca, April 20th. — We left Hernani this morning at seven, and arrived here at half-past two; having come, without making any stop, about twenty-seven miles, at the violent rate of about three miles an hour. Before we set out we went to see the church at Hernani, which is fine and tawdry with gilding and pictures, and tapestry and gilt railing, and painted images of various kinds as large as life. A lady there threw some holy water on Mrs. Eden. As we returned through the streets, the people got round us, and were much too kind: but they laughed at the same time, much as the people of the Strand would probably do at the sight of a family from Otaheite. We might laugh, too, for their dress is at least as ridiculous as ours; all the women have their hair, which is black, universally plaited almost from their foreheads

in a thick rope of about three feet in length, and if they have anything on their heads, it is a heap of black silk, which we presume is unfolded occasionally as a veil. The men hitherto are chiefly in black, with velvet cloaks. Having been fatigued by yesterday's ride, and the weather to-day being desperately hot and sultry, we did not ride above seven or eight miles. The road was rough and very fatiguing to our carriages, but all went well, and as we distributed from time to time a basketful of provisions from our coach, everybody was kept patient. We passed between a long range of mountains, wooded to the top, and with rivers or rivulets at the bottom, and saw many iron forges, mills, &c.; we also saw an eagle soaring round the tops of the hills, and snow on many of the mountains. Our inn at this place is a shade better than the inn of yesterday. The town seems to be good, but it is so hot that I have not yet walked into it.

It is curious to see what a noise the arrival of forty Christians and forty mules, all hungry as hawks, makes at an inn. We found, however, a comfortable table, and dinner nearly ready; and I am now writing, after dinner, by Madame's bed-side, whilst she is taking a sleep in order to collect activity enough for a walk in the evening with me and the children.

This is the first town in which I have seen the outside walls of several houses painted with figures and stories; in other of the houses there are balconies covered with green trellis-work or jalousies, but not any longer from any of the motives described in the old Spanish comedies. At least, as far as we see, all the ladies seem to have full liberty. We have been much struck by the beauty of the Spanish sheep, the hair of which hangs smooth and silky like the Angora muffs. In the square before our windows, and in all the principal towns that we have yet seen, there is a fountain, with some pipes of running water, for the convenience of the people, who seem to be fonder of water than our people are of beer; what is most material, the water is very good.

We took a long walk this evening. This is a small neat town, surrounded by ridges of mountains which rise five or six deep, one above the other; these are in general either quite wooded or bare rocks, so that they form a very romantic appearance. The great grievance of our walk was, that we were followed by a crowd of the people and of children, who sat down at a little distance when we sat, and rose when we rose: they do not beg, and it is remarkable that we have met no beggars during the last two days. The grievances of our inn consist in the noise of the mules, who are never without their eternal bells, and in the smell of the stables; the apartments have no other bad smells, because they have large windows and no glass, and are consequently almost always open. To-night we were reduced to ewe's milk; the children did not dislike it, but we suspect that it is too rich for them. Our muleteers are like the servant in Gil-Blas; if there is a mass in the town they walk off to it in the morning, and leave us with the mules harnessed: they seem, however, to be an honest, laborious set of fellows and very hardy; they never go to bed in a journey, but sleep in their clothes in the stables.

Mondragon, April 21st, at night. — We took our saddle mules at half-past six this morning, and left the carriages, with all belonging to them, ready to follow us. We proceeded through a most populous valley to Villa-Real, and had, by the easy walk of the mules, gone thirteen miles and a half in less than four hours; we waited till about 11 here for the children, who had been delayed by the derangement of aspring. The cook, however, overtook us in his carriage, and we prepared a repast for the *brattery*. At twelve we proceeded towards this place, and we were obliged to pass a hill at least three times higher and much steeper on both sides than that of Highgate. Except where it was occasionally necessary to put on the chain, Madame now took to her carriage, but I persisted in riding, and rode about thirty miles, though the sun was exceedingly hot, and the atmosphere much

clearer than I ever saw it, except in the month of October at New York. We here found a neat and pleasant village, which is a fair description of all the villages we have yet seen in this part of Spain, and the people are cheerful, and with an appearance of opulence and comfort. We were much amused the whole day with the busy and thriving appearance of all that we saw; all the valleys are cultivated like gardens. The roads are by the sides of rivers, and at every half-mile almost there is a large cascade, for the purpose of forming a mill-dam, and villages and single houses thickly scattered, and in every field there were men digging or sowing, and women hoeing or ploughing with oxen, which are of the small breed and in great use here. In the mountains, wherever there is a cultivable spot among the woods, there is a small farm-house and crops of corn and grass. This disposition to industry, added to the advantage of the woods and iron mines, makes this the Garden of Spain.

We heard to-day the first cuckoo, and I saw another eagle. I forgot to mention that we saw the first swallows on the 17th instant, at Bayonne; we also saw lizards running about to-day. The favourite dress of the people, though it is so hot, seems to be black, and is composed chiefly of velvet among some of the better sort, whom we have happened to meet in the villages or on horseback. As to carriages, we have seen but one, except our own, during the last four days.

Vittoria, 22*nd*.—We came five leagues to-day in about six and a half hours. The road was better and weather colder. We found an excellent inn here, quite new, and the beds so neat and so good that we have not taken the trouble to mount more than two or three of our own. This is a large place, and as it is the first where the revenue officers came to examine our baggage, my evening was very much disturbed; however, that part was amicably and well settled, and we shall have no more trouble respecting

it till we arrive at Madrid. I then went to look at some old churches and some new buildings, and upon my return I had a long visit from the principal person of the place, who had been desired to call upon us, and as he spoke French intelligibly, I was very glad to have an opportunity of informing myself on many points about the roads, inns, &c. He gives a comforting account of the road, but says that the inns will be bad, and the face of the country and its inhabitants most melancholy. We already miss the jolly laughing faces of our friends in Biscay. The people here are all in long black cloaks and slouched hats. This visit, however, leaves it out of my power to write much of a journal to-night, more especially as we are to go eight leagues to-morrow, and must rise very early. We have great accounts of the quantity of fleas which we may expect to catch in the course of the next twelve days. One of our French mademoiselles, who happened to be put in one of the beds at the last place, was so bit that she took to her heels in about an hour, and passed the rest of the night in a chair.

I am sorry that we shall have a dreary country to go through. I really have been much consoled hitherto by the natural beauty of the prospects which surrounded us.

Pancorvo, April 23rd, at night.—We left Vittoria this morning and dined at Miranda, and came to this place, where there is only one lodging place, and that a very moderate one, and scanty in point of room. The Governor of Vittoria arrived here before us, and of course had a right to the best rooms. He very politely, however, established himself in a small corner of the house, and gave up the rest to us: by various contrivances we have arranged ourselves tolerably, and shall be well contented to do as well every night to Madrid. Some of our people sleep in the passages, and others in the carriages, and the six eldest children are in the room with us; we are now sitting in a clean garret, which we have

turned into a saloon and supper-room. The goats are not come in yet from the mountains, and the children are sleepy, and can wait no longer for milk; they are supping, therefore, on bread and roast apples, and Bristol water, and are quite happy except little George, who informs us that there was only one fowl in the village, which has been killed in aid of our supper. These troubles are all bearable enough, more especially as the road was during a great part of the day as good as any English road, and we completed in about seven hours eight leagues, having ventured to order our drivers to go in a trot. It requires, however, some courage to give such an order, for when the mules go fast the runners climb up behind, and the four foremost mules of each carriage remain utterly without control, and make an alarming appearance. I think I have told you that the person who sits on the box has no reins except to the two wheel mules. To-morrow is to be an easy day, as we mean only to go five leagues, otherwise we should be obliged to go twelve, which would be too much. To-day we did not ride, as the carriages went too fast, but to-morrow Morigo and Donna Estellana, our two saddle mules, must come into play again, for the road will be bad.

Briviesca, April 24th.—We came to-day only four leagues, about eighteen miles, the road not so bad as in Biscay, but bad enough, and very fatiguing to our carriages. I rode the whole on mule-back, half with the elder Eleanor, and half with the younger, and as it was the first performance of the latter in that way, she was much pleased with her success; but I suspect that she was exceedingly tired, though she would not confess it. The motion of the mules is severe enough at first. There were neither trees nor hedges in sight of the road, but abundance of poor and populous villages; the houses low and tiled, and the tiles secured by loose stones which are laid upon them. Our weather has happened to be cold during the last three days, which we do not regret whilst we are on the

road; but we suffer for it at the inns, where there are no glass windows. We get good bread and water at every place almost, and to-day, for the first time, we found excellent mutton. This is a wretched town, full of people: there are two or three hundred all this time in the street to look at us. Their appearance is dirty and melancholy, and ugly, and they make us much regret that we have lost sight of our friends the Biscayans, who also had a sufficient show both of lice and fleas, but then they had cheerfulness and alacrity, and were well-looking. We passed several black flocks of sheep to-day, which are encouraged and multiplied, because the people make the cloaks which they wear of this wool without dyeing it, and consequently their dresses are all of the dingy cast, neither black nor brown. To-morrow we go to Burgos, where we are promised a good inn, and it will be a great treat to us. Our system at present is to order the rooms to be cleared entirely of all their beds, and to be swept and sprinkled with vinegar: our own beds are then put up, and we do well enough, for last night the children slept eleven hours and we slept nine without waking.

Burgos, April 25th.—We came to-day between seven and eight leagues, about thirty-two miles, and through some road worse and more trying to our carriages than any that we have yet met with. Mrs. Eden rode about sixteen or eighteen miles, and as our carriages advanced successfully, the day would have amused us upon the whole if a circumstance had not happened which gave us a serious fright, though now that it is over it sounds ridiculous. We stopped to dine at a dirty place called Quintasadas, and whilst all the bustle of preparation for dinner was going forwards we heard a shriek, and one of the women ran to us and begged we would not go out of the room. Mrs. Eden missed one of the children, and thought some fatal accident had happened; but it was Madame de Lièvre, who had gone into a dark passage and fallen through a trap-door into a place about eight feet

deep, in which, fortunately for her, there was a considerable quantity of chaff, otherwise she must have been killed. Even as it was, it was lucky that she did not receive some considerable hurt. We were in extreme alarm for her till she was brought out of the stable laughing and unhurt, except by a few slight scratches and bruises. But supper is come, and so good night. This is a large town with fine churches, etc. etc. We have been about late to see sights; we had, however, such an immense mob of people at our heels that our walk was quite disagreeable. In this town there are several people of a certain rank, with their carriages, and an archbishop too. And now that I see the supper, let me inform you that there is some very fine fish, and also crayfish—and excellent mutton and asparagus—and English potatoes, and porter, and claret; but the last three articles we brought from Bordeaux. There is also as good bread as you ever saw in England. You may hear much mention of Burgos in Gil Blas.

Villa Odrigo, April 26th.—We left Burgos with reluctance to-day, for the inn was really neat and good. We carried with us a stock of excellent bread, sufficient both for us and the children (for whom, next to wholesome water, it is the most essential article), till we arrived at Valladolid. The crowd was so great in the square to see us go off that it was with difficulty we could have a lane made through the people to get to our carriages, or to get off afterwards. We had for about eight miles in going out of Burgos as fine a road as I ever saw anywhere; it resembled a broad raked gravel walk of fine gravel, and with the addition of a small *trottoir* on each side of the road for the benefit of foot passengers. This last article is a very frequent attention to the common people in the Spanish roads, and with the addition, frequently, of stone posts to protect the foot passengers. So fine a road tempted our mules and their drivers to show us a little galloping, and though the animals are so well trained that probably it is not dangerous, we felt as

much alarmed in our fine road as we had ever done either in the landes of Bordeaux or on the mountains of Biscay; and it certainly requires some habit to see without uneasiness six carriages in a string all galloping, and the four foremost mules of each carriage under no subjection to the driver except to his voice. The road afterwards grew bad enough, and we fell into the old pace. The day was so clear, without the smallest speck of a cloud, which is a common circumstance in this country, that we did not venture to ride, though the air was cool. A ridiculous incident happened: we had dispatched a servant before us in the morning to take possession of this inn, and to throw all the furniture out of the windows, and to sprinkle vinegar and to sweep the floors, and then to sprinkle again, and to have a large fire prepared in the kitchen, and to ransack the neighbourhood for milk, eggs, &c. When we had travelled about five hours we overtook him; according to his account, his mule, though an excellent one, had chosen to stand still at a bridge above three hours, and no corrections or entreaties could make her proceed. My mule, also, on which one of the servants was mounted, thought proper in the middle of a fine plain, and as the servant was riding her gently near our coach, to lie down and roll, and nothing but a good beating could make her get up again. We came our seven leagues without stopping, except for a few minutes in a desert place to give the children some refreshment, and we arrived in about eight hours at this posada (which means a lodging where nothing is furnished), where we find ourselves almost as ill lodged as we were at Briviesca. The poor owner of the house, too, has lately had a stroke of the palsy, and on looking into a corner for our accommodation, Mrs. Eden found him lying in a wretched way, with two monks praying by him. We have here seen the first storks; we shall soon see them in great abundance; there are two with a large nest upon a chapel close to us. We are all well this evening, and so are the

carriages; the latter might reasonably be indisposed, for they have undergone much. The children have dined well, and are laughing and dancing and quite riotous. Four of our women must sleep to-night in one of the coaches; they will be guarded, for I always pay people belonging to the inns to watch the carriages, though I do not know that it is necessary, more especially as they all have locks on the doors, windows, &c. We make some little progress in the Spanish language; your grand-daughter Eleanor learns it the fastest: when we meet with anybody that can talk French, we feel as much delighted as if we had met a countryman. The people in this part of Spain, exclusive of the extreme dirt which disfigures them, are peculiarly ugly. I think I have told you that the mule-drivers never go to bed, but lie in the straw among their cattle; but, what is more remarkable, they do not through the journey take off the saddles and various parts of the harness. This is a long day's journal. We are now within about 200 miles of Madrid.

Duennas, April 28th.—We were not sorry to leave our inn this morning; the children, however, in defiance of the dirt and noise, had slept about ten hours each. We rode about three hours, when the sun about ten o'clock drove us into our carriage; we saw a dreary and poor country. The tiles of the cottages in all the villages held together by loose stones laid upon the tiles, the people dirty, and much browner in some of the villages than the Lascar seamen who come from the East Indies. We dined comfortably enough, by the exertions of our cook and servants, at Torquenada, and after travelling eight leagues in about eight hours (which is good travelling here), arrived at this place before five o'clock. Upon the whole the road was good, though occasionally narrow, and by the side of high precipices without battlements. We shall have heavier work with the six leagues which we are to go to-morrow to Valladolid, over a flat country and through a loose and deep sand. We are tolerably well

lodged here to night (comparatively speaking), and have got good milk, and the people of the town are cheerful and civil, and better dressed in every respect than we have seen during three days; and they have exerted themselves to find fresh fish and vegetables for us, and she asses with milk, and they have had music, and have danced fandangos before our windows. We have not seen a cloud, or the least speck in the atmosphere, during the last three days, but the air continues very cool, and our walk this evening was quite pleasant.

Valladolid, April 28th.—We left Duennas at seven this morning, and arrived here in four hours and a half, which is as quick travelling through six leagues as I ever wish to go with mules. The whole road was a dead flat and deep sand, till within about six miles of this place, where it is a superb gravel walk of considerable breadth, with flat stones on each side for foot passengers. The atmosphere was so clear that before we had gone three miles we could distinguish this place very plainly; and this circumstance, added to the flatness, brownness, and bareness of everything round us, gave it the appearance of a passage between Dover and Calais. We heard cuckoos in one or two wretched orchards, and the grasshoppers were chirping wherever there was any little vegetation, but upon the whole I never passed through so dreary a twenty-seven miles. We have determined to stay here to-morrow, as we are not expected in Madrid before the 3rd of May; in other respects, we might well go forward, for we are all as well and as fresh as when we left Paris. We find most excellent bread and good water here; but hitherto we have found nothing else, for it was a maigre day, and nothing was allowed to be sold; luckily we had fowls and rice with us. We are promised better fare to-night and to-morrow. This is an extraordinary place, and gives me melancholy ideas. There are above eighty churches in it, and monasteries and nunneries in every street; and the state of bigotry is in the extreme, and as great as it was in

England in the time of Queen Mary. The whole people of all ranks and ages appear to have no object or occupation but religious ceremonies; processions, and singing through the streets, images in almost every corner, and people kneeling to them. The chamber in which I am now writing is almost covered with pictures, wretchedly executed, of martyrdoms, and with images of the Crucifixion, of different sizes, and at the windows we hear the people singing in the convents near to us. In the churches there are lists hung up of heretics burnt here by the Inquisition, which in former days exercised great power here, and to a very bloody extent. It was impossible to pass through the great square this evening, where the executions were, without shuddering. We tried to walk out with some of the children, but it was utterly impossible; the people collected round us in a few minutes, so as to make it difficult to move, and we were forced to return. The Intendant (or Governor) is come to us, whilst I am writing this, and his attentions, though very obliging, oppress us almost as much as the mob. He has sent officers of justice and alguazils to be at our disposal, and proposes guards of horse and foot, and the regimental music is now on the staircase for the Eccellentissima Prima Señora. If we had any good inn to go to, we would go forwards at sunrise. By the bye, he tells me that there are near thirty thousand people in this melancholy town, of which above six thousand are religious. I think he overstates about a third. There is a good playhouse; but all diversions are suspended for some months, because there was lately a violent flood, in consequence of the wet season, which destroyed about two hundred houses.

Valdestillas, April 30th.—I was so tired last night with the businesses of the day that I could not write a word in continuation of the Journal. We left Valladolid at six this morning and came to this place, four leagues, through deep and hot sands. The country, however, was less ugly than I ex-

pected, for there was, as usual, a river almost constantly in sight, and often near to us; and there were also several considerable pine woods, and some groves of wild olives. The mule-drivers abused the road because it was so fatiguing to their mules; it was, however, easy for us, and quite a state of repose for our carriages in comparison to what they have in general met with. We arrived here at ten; we mean to dine at twelve, and at one to send off our baggage carriage with beds, kitchen furniture, etc. etc., with servants, to Olmedo, which is four leagues further, and again through deep sands: we shall proceed when the heat of the day is on the decline. We have brought with us from Valladolid fifty loaves of excellent bread, abundance of good oranges, hams, honey, and a reinforcement of water, as there were only two bottles of Bristol water remaining. We have claret, mustard, Gloucester cheese, salt, sugar, conserves, etc., which have accompanied us from Paris; and also rice and barley, and even ship biscuits, from Elder's in the Strand. We find kid, and chickens, and eggs, and good apples, and lettuces, and asparagus in every village; so that upon the whole you see that our crew have a fair prospect of finishing the voyage without being reduced to short allowance.

And now for some little account of what we did yesterday at Valladolid. I walked out from breakfast till dinner, and passed the morning in the churches, where there were some processions with music, and in seeing some of the convents, and in visiting the Scotch and English colleges. In these latter places there are establishments for educating a few of our countrymen, in order to furnish priests to England and Scotland. They were pleased beyond measure by my visit to them, and gave me from their little garden loads of flowers for the children; they seem to lead a melancholy life, and their establishment is by no means in a flourishing state. I also went to the university, which, as to the course of

studies, seems to be much upon the footing and system of Oxford in the beginning of this century.

On my return home I found a guard of a sergeant and fourteen men at my door; and the Ambassadress, who had meant to have passed the morning quietly in teaching the children, had had visits from officers and others, some of whom could not speak one word either of French or English, and consequently could make no conversation. After dinner two handsome coaches entirely surrounded with glass, were sent to us. Madame went in the first with the five eldest children, who, from the novelty and neatness of their dress, were much admired by the people; and I went in the other carriage with three priests. How ridiculous you would have thought us if you had seen us! We went to such places as I had seen in the morning and had thought best worth seeing, and the monks of the different places were very obliging in their attentions. We also went to the Inquisition, and saw as much as is ever shown, but none of the prison rooms or private staircases. And after this we were paraded, for we had no choice, through the square and public walks. When all this was over we went to a *rifresco* (refreshment) at the Corregidor's: his wife and daughters spoke not one word of French, nor any of the Spaniards who came. Of course it was an awkward piece of business for all parties, but we had with us some gentlemen from the English colleges who interpreted for us. These meetings may be cheerful enough when people know one another well, but to us they seemed formal. We all sat in a circle, and after a certain time servants came in; the first distributed plates, which each person puts on his knee; a second gives spoons, a third offers ices and lemonades, a fourth, biscuits and wafers. The plates are then changed in the same manner, and then salvers of different sweetmeats are presented; then iced water, then chocolate, then bread and cakes, and then baskets of dried sweetmeats in papers, with which the children were loaded. They then proceed to cards

till near eleven, and at eleven go home; but we came away soon after eight, on the fair pretext of preparing for our journey. When we got home there was an excellent scene. One of the magistrates visited us: he could speak no language but Spanish, which we cannot speak so as to form anything like a conversation. The poor gentleman persevered, and with good humour and politeness; and at last left us quite in despair, with an attitude of civility and vexation which threw Mrs. Eden into a most immoderate fit of laughter.

Olmedo, 30*th*, *at night*.—We arrived here rather late; the four leagues were heavy, and took five hours, but we had a delightful ride towards sunset. The country to-day was much less ugly than we had been taught to expect. We are tolerably lodged here. This is an old town, with ruined walls, and full of monasteries and nunneries; there are about a dozen storks' nests on the steeples and chimneys. Though the weather is so hot that we sleep with a part of the windows open, the mountains round us are covered with snow.

Ala-baxo, *May* 1*st*, *at night*.—We left Olmedo before six this morning, and arrived here at seven this evening, after stopping about three hours at a small place on the road. This was a very hard day's work,—nine leagues through roads in general sandy, but in some parts stony and with deep ruts. Our carriages, however, were invulnerable; and we felt a selfish complacency in this, on being witnesses to the overturn, in our track, of one of the very few Spanish carriages which we have seen upon the road: nobody was hurt. We are all well to-night, and in good spirits, occasioned by two circumstances: in the first place, the herds of goats arrived from the hills to the village at the same instant with our carriages, and the children got excellent milk without a moment's delay; in the next, we are lodged much better than we expected. There are two posadas (or inns) close together. We have taken entire possession of

both; and as there are two neat and quiet rooms in each (after sending away a few beds), we are better accommodated than we have been in some more considerable places. We have hardly seen either a river or a tree this whole day; but plenty of corn and barren heath, and sweet-briar bushes, and thyme, marjoram, etc., in great abundance. We begin to be accustomed to the appearance of the houses: at best they have the appearance of prisons; for, as there are no casements, there is generally a great profusion of iron bars. It is ridiculous to see how happy we are when we meet with anybody who can speak French; it is quite like meeting a countryman. The weather was cooler to-day; the sun, however, was very powerful during four or five hours; we rode, however, from six till nine in the morning, and again towards sunset.

Guaderama, May 2nd, eight p.m.—We came seven leagues to-day in about seven hours, though we passed two high and steep mountains, and were obliged to drag at least a mile; but the roads were excellent, and made and kept at a great expense: we even remarked this evening old men and young boys employed in bringing gravel in small baskets from places near the roads, to fill up any inequalities that may arise. We dined at a neat and large inn, established, and I believe to this hour maintained, by the Spanish Government; it is well provided in every respect, and the prices of everything are settled by an order printed and hung up in every room. Each room also is provided with good maps, chiefly of the different provinces of Spain. At this place we do not find such good accommodations, but we are, however, well lodged, and which is material, the children have just had an excellent gallon of cows' milk, and are to have the same quantity at six o'clock to-morrow morning. The scene is sometimes on our arrival at the Spanish inns very much like what you may have seen in the account of the Otaheite voyages; all the people of the neighbourhood come with provisions—

eggs, fluttering pigeons, screaming pullets, and sometimes a poor melancholy lamb or kid.

We had a very cold wind all this day, which is not surprising, for though the weather was clear, and the sun hot, all the hills round were covered with snow. We are now within six hours of Madrid, and very happy we feel at seeing all the children so well after so long a journey, in which there is always some little risk of accidents even to a single man with a single post-chaise; it was therefore a most uneasy undertaking for us with so numerous a family, and with all the multiplied hazards arising from the necessity of having six carriages, and this too, immediately after the road had been so much destroyed by the wet seasons.

Madrid, May 3rd.

We came our last seven leagues to-day in about five hours; and it is just to confess that we never have seen anywhere thirty miles of such fine road, not even in England: the whole is a mixture of gravel and sand, neither too hard nor too soft, broad and well arranged, without the smallest rut or inequality anywhere; and all the ascents and descents are made easy. In many parts there are trees planted at the side; and the country is beautiful till within about fifteen miles of this city, when it grows very ugly. We were sincerely glad, however, to see it, and to land all safe and well at my hotel here. It is a large house with considerable apartments, I believe sixteen or eighteen rooms on a floor, and with a neat garden (in which, by the by, there are in the open borders two or three large orange trees now blowing). There is no furniture in it or belonging to it, except what I have brought or have hired; and I certainly shall never attempt to furnish it except to make it comfortable and not uncreditable. That consideration, however, may repose some months in peace, for we go in three days to Aranjuez, and from thence, in June, to St. Ildefonso, till September.

I have seen nothing yet of Madrid; the streets look clean, but we are quite at the edge of the town, and the highest part of it. I am hurried beyond measure, and shall probably add little more to this very long letter; you will be so good not to show it farther than to my sister, and the Archbishop, and St. John, and Tom; and afterwards, either to burn it, or if it seems likely that my accounts of the inns may be of use to me on my return, to take occasion to send it back to me. Such an idle scrawl as this, which your affection will make amusing and interesting to you, is only fit to be destroyed when it has answered that good end. By the by, I must not omit to mention that I saw three vultures yesterday, and one of the large travelling flocks of fine sheep to-day; and that we also passed, to-day, some considerable hills covered with Spanish lavender, peonies, broom, convolvuluses, etc., all in bloom. In the good accounts of the evening, it should be noted that we have got cow's milk, and cream, and fresh butter: this, however, is by favour, and we have the means of having it continued.

Mrs. Eden to Lady Eden.

May 4th.

My dear Mother,—Mr. Eden says you will expect a few lines from me before the messenger goes. I am sure you will not expect a great many after having read his letter, and seen all the fatigues we have gone through; which, however, has, I thank God, hurt none of us: my sweet children have all arrived perfectly well, and are now stretching their legs running about all the different rooms. Our servants, as you may believe, look a little blank, seeing nothing but bare walls; not a single thing of any sort in the house; and all the trunks from England, and all the trunks from Paris, and all the trunks we have brought with us, to be unpacked and put to rights before the day after to-morrow; then we are to go to Aranjuez, the place where the Court now is. I am told we

shall there have a wretched house, it being little better than a village. I am quite sorry we must remove from here. I have not yet been out, so can give no sort of account of the town: coming into it, it struck me as exceedingly small to what I expected, but perhaps it may not be so. I have already had three Spanish ladies to visit me: they could all speak French, which was a most fortunate circumstance for me. The distress of not being able to speak one word of the language is dreadful, and there is no such thing in the place we are going to as the finding any master: until the month of September, when we shall settle in Spain, they say I shall get none. I think, if one had a good one, one might soon learn to understand a little, although the speaking is quite another thing. You will see by Mr. Eden's journal what dreadful roads we have had, and you may easily suppose they must have been bad indeed to have occasioned my riding so many miles, the first time I had rode for so long. I am persuaded, had it not been for my mule, I never could have got here safe; however, I was very stiff and uncomfortable the first day. The Madrid ladies that have been here to-day are dressed in imitation of the French, but a little old fashioned. What is most melancholy is, that you can never put your feet into the street without a black petticoat, and flat over your face a white muslin veil; otherwise you are hissed, hooted at, and mobbed. At the country houses I am told it is not so. My best love to my sister, etc., and believe me,

Ever yours, my dearest mother,

ELEANOR EDEN.

Mr. Eden to Lady Eden.

May 6th.—All well, and in the midst of a fine bustle. Three carts, with four mules each, lading with beds and trunks, and chairs and tables; and four coaches, with six mules each, for ourselves. The worst is that the great bustle is still to begin when we get to

Aranjuez. We returned yesterday evening a great many of the visits that had been made to us, and consequently saw a great part of the town, in which there are some streets as broad as Whitehall and much neater. The neatness, even of the narrow streets, is as complete as possible. We were admitted at three or four of the principal houses, which are upon a large scale for the sake of the climate, with long suites of apartments to different aspects. The manner of the ladies is much more English than French; and they wear no rouge. But we are as yet bad judges, having seen only the best specimens. I should tell you that the children picked in our garden this morning for our breakfast a plate of strawberries, and a quantity of full-blown roses.

Believe me, my dearest Madame, very dutifully and affectionately yours,

WM. EDEN.

Aranjuez, May 19th.

My dear Madame,—I have a safe conveyance this morning of a packet to Paris, but I have only two hours' notice, and the official business will not leave me more than ten minutes for private letters; this letter, therefore, will be the only one that I shall write, and I beg you, after reading it, to forward it to St. John. I shall resume my Journal, but on a short scale, and I will be more particular when I can find more time.

May 3rd.—We arrived, as you recollect, all safe at Madrid. As I felt myself obliged to proceed on the 6th to Aranjuez, I was in a perpetual hurry whilst I stayed at Madrid, and never had time either to see half my house or to make any arrangements respecting it.

On the 4th we were busied in arranging packages, receiving visits, settling accounts with muleteers, carriers, &c.; livery servants, arranging the household, liveries, wages, &c., &c.

On the 5th the same work continued, and we also

felt obliged to dine with our old friend the Comte d'Aranda, who is married to his great niece, a very handsome young girl of about twenty; he is seventy-two. The lady is at present *enceinte*. It was also necessary to pass the evening in making visits in return to some of those which had been made to us. On that occasion we passed through a great part of the town, which seems to be peculiarly neat in all respects; neater even than London. It is, however, a very small town in comparison.

On the 6th I despatched the messenger, as you may recollect, and dined early, and after dinner we came to this place, which is about thirty miles from Madrid, in less than four hours, and might have been brought in two and a half if we had consented to it, for it is the custom of many of the people to drive it in a full gallop. But my nerves are not equal yet to the seeing myself, and my children and their mother, at the mercy of twenty-four capricious mules, all of which, except the wheel mules, are at full liberty, as sometimes happens, either to gallop off the road or to turn short round. We found the road excellent, and the country quite bare and dreary, till we came to the neighbourhood of this place, which is in a bottom among the mountains, and consists of a circle, possibly of ten or twelve miles of rich ground on each side of the river Tagus (which is here a small and rapid river, though it grows large enough before it reaches Lisbon). The whole is planted beyond measure with large avenues and groves, among which there are some trees of an immense size, and it is contrived by stopping the river, which falls in a high cascade close by the King's palace window, to keep this spot constantly damp, and also to have a large reach of water for the princess's pleasure-boats, of which there is a small gilded fleet in the gardens. On seeing this it was not difficult to believe that when the heats begin they are accompanied by agues, and on this account nobody stays here after the 20th June.

We found our house low, and with only a ground

floor and a garret, but very neat in every respect, and large enough for our purpose, for it is built in a hollow square, and we have the whole of it. By the by, there is in the court of our house, the largest rose bush I ever saw, and it is remarkable even here; it measures about twelve yards round, taken at the extremity of the branches.

7th.—I found that I had lost my voice, but in other respects I was not very much indisposed. This obliged me to write to the Spanish minister to postpone my audiences, &c., and I saw nobody the whole day except Mr. Liston, who dined with us; the ambassadress, however, received all who called. It is not right in this country at certain hours to be denied to visitors: the custom is, that those who mean to visit you send a messenger to know how you do, and to welcome you to the country; the messenger goes away with a civil answer, but if nothing more is done all the connection breaks there. It is necessary in return to send another messenger of your own with thanks, &c., and then the family comes generally the same day to visit you.

8th.—I was well enough, though still very hoarse, to visit the Comte de Florida Blanca, and two or three English gentlemen dined with us; and in the evening the King of Spain appointed my audiences for the next day.

9th.—I was sufficiently occupied by the ceremony of the presentation, and by making a round of visits, of which I was furnished with a list, and in the evening we received visitors.

10th.—I got my first walk, early, in the gardens. They are really beautiful, with great abundance of running water, large trees, small shrubberies, winding walks, covered alleys, terraces, &c., and with more flowers of all sorts than I ever saw assembled in any place. We never go there without remarking how much you would like it. The air is perfumed by the flowers beyond measure, and there are abundance of blackbirds, nightingales,

doves, &c., and at every twenty or thirty yards you find a little rapid stream, not too broad for the children to step over. I here saw the first orange-grove that I have seen with ripe oranges. At half-past eleven I was at court, till half-past one; and this I am every day; you may, therefore, always take it for granted. At ten minutes before twelve the ambassadors, of whom there are eight, and also the Pope's nuncio, are called into the King of Spain's room, where we have a conversation with him alone, and no other person is present for about twenty minutes, and sometimes five minutes more if the conversation happens to interest him. He then sits down to his dinner, surrounded by the Court and the other foreign ministers, and the ambassadors proceed to the Prince* and Princesse des Asturias †, whom we find already seated at their table; we stand by them and talk with them for about twenty minutes whilst they are eating, and then go in like manner to the Infante Don Gabriel and his Infanta, and occasionally, when there is time, to the other branches of the family, and the little children; but we are obliged to be back before the King of Spain rises from table, which is generally about five minutes before one. We then retire with him again for twenty minutes or half an hour, and at half-past one we are at liberty, and dine always before two. So much for the morning.

At five in the evening we drive out with a landau and six fine scampering mules, and in the evening everybody assembles in a large course called the Queen's Walk, where all the Royal family are except the King and the Prince, who are out all the evenings hunting and shooting. Our landau full of children is, of course, a great matter of amusement for everybody. When people are tired of carriages they walk, and the princess walks among them with her children. In this manner you necessarily live as

* Afterwards Charles IV.

† The Princess of Asturias was Louisa Maria, a princess of Parma, so well known by her connection with Godoy.

if you belonged to the Royal family, and really they contrive to make their conversations and attentions very pleasant, without letting down any part of their dignity. I must now hurry to an end. On the 10th I dined with the minister.

11*th.*—This was a gala day at Court, and I dined with forty people at the Portuguese Ambassador's, and everybody was fine at the walk in the evening.

12*th.*—We had no less than six English gentlemen at dinner; in the evening we made some visits.

13*th.*—The Ambassadress's presentation took place. She was desperately fine, and her clothes weighed twice as much as herself. She took a great liking to the King of Spain, who received her privately, surrounded by all his children*, which he said to her was the best light in which he could show himself to a lady who was known to be so good a mother and so good a family woman. She afterwards went to all the other courts; and, by way of refreshment, dined at the French Ambassador's, where there were fifty-two people at table; and the day was very hot. By the bye, we have never seen a cloud since we arrived here; but the air is not unpleasant.

16*th.*—We passed the day as usual, and in the evening went to a ball given by the French ambassadress.

17*th.*—I presented the archbishop's friend, Mr. Pennant†, who is a very promising young man. Dined at the minister's, and in the evening we drove into the country to see some vineyards and magnificent cellars belonging to the King of Spain.

18*th.*—The day was as usual; and all the English who are here dined with us.

19*th.*—Remember us most kindly to all at Lambeth, and to the Captain.

I am, my dear Madam, dutifully and affectionately yours,

WM. EDEN.

* The King had seven sons and two daughters.
† Mr. Pennant, son of the Traveller.

Madrid.

My dear Madam,—I think I sent you a short journal of our lives and conversations as far as the 19th instant. I will now continue it; and unless I make digressions, the history of many days may be comprised in a very few lines, for our system here has little variety.

19*th.*—After finishing and sending away the packet to Paris, I dressed and went to court; but in my way I found Frederick North*, who had just arrived, and was standing in the road in the dress which is worn by the Spanish mule-drivers, only neater and made of better materials. I turned back with him, that they might all see him at home previous to changing his dress, and they were much diverted with his figure. He is in good health and spirits, and amuses himself well here. He and Mr. Liston dined with us, and in the evening we drove with him into the country to see the neighbourhood, and a waterfall of the Tagus, a spot about four miles from hence, which is wild and noisy, and handsome enough.

20*th.*—We breakfasted as usual at half-past seven, and walked as usual in the gardens from half-past eight till ten, and then I dressed and went to Court as usual till dinner time. We had a small company to dinner; and in the evening we drove to a farm of the King of Spain, where he is making large vineyards and olive plantations, and where he has built cellars large enough to contain all the wines and oils of the whole kingdom. We had seen fine cellars at Bordeaux (though nothing like this), but we had not before seen the whole apparatus for making and preparing the wine and oil.

21*st.*—To-day I presented Frederick North to his Catholic Majesty; afterwards I was obliged to make above fifty visits with him at the houses of the ambassadors, Spanish ministers, grandees, ladies of the

* Third son of Lord North; on the death of his two elder brothers, without male issue, succeeded to the earldom of Guildford, Jan. 11, 1817,

Court, &c. These forms are of absolute necessity here; and it would be very serious work for an ambassador, if he had as many presentations to make as there are at Versailles. In the evening we were at the promenade, where the seven children in the open landau drew great attention.

22*nd*.—Mrs. Eden went with the Sardinian ambassadress and all the children to Court to see a religious procession, in which the King walks with the patriarch, bishops, &c. The good old King was very gracious, and stopped both times in passing them, and told Mrs. Eden that they now met, as they ought to do, both at the head of their respective families. I did not attend, but I was afterwards at Court and presented Frederick North to the Prince and Princesse des Asturias, and to some of the children; among the rest he was regularly presented to the baby, of four months old. We had a small company at dinner, and passed the evening in the Palace Gardens. On these occasions we dine always at two, and coffee is served about half-past three, and people separate before four. Many have the habit of going to sleep till half-past five or till five; and it is a good practice in a climate where one rises so early in order to have the cool part of the morning. It is not prudent to stay out after sunset. At half-past seven, therefore, we generally either go to make visits, or receive anybody at home that chooses to call upon us; and we sup at half-past nine, in a regular way, with hot meat, vegetables, salad, tart, fruit, &c.

23*rd*.—Walked from eight till ten. Went at half-past eleven, as usual, till half-past one, to Court, and finished some more of Frederick North's presentations. The reason why they cannot all be done in a day is that the time for presenting is when the princes rise from table; and as they all have their separate establishments, and rise about the same time from table, it is difficult to get through more than one or two in a day. We dined quietly, and in the evening went to the daily practice of driving about in the Great

Walk, with six mules; and stopping whenever any of the Royal family passes, for they are all there always from six till seven, with their separate carriages and guards, except the King and Prince of Asturias, who are at the chasse. The rule as to servants is that we never can go out in a carriage with less than three servants behind, and sometimes four, but generally two footmen with large sticks, and a chasseur; but when we walk we may go alone and as privately as we please. This evening we were obliged to dress a second time and to go to a ball at the French Ambassador's, where the English Ambassadress danced a minuet; the French Ambassadress danced at the same time. I had a quiet party at whist in a cool room.

24*th.*—I attended the minister's conference, which is always on the Saturday morning. I afterwards finished Frederick North's presentations, and we dined at the minister's (M. de Florida Blanca.) In the evening it was cold and windy; we therefore took a short airing, and received company afterwards at home. Please to take notice that we have not had one drop of rain, and have hardly seen a cloud, since we arrived here; but yet the weather is not too warm. In my apartment the thermometer has been always from 64° to 68°, and in the hottest apartments of the house it has not been higher than 74°; but next month will tell us a different story on the subject of heat.

25*th.*—This day I have absented myself from Court, in order to settle various businesses without interruption. We have a small company to dinner, to eat some venison which his Catholic Majesty has sent to us, and which we are told is to be good. His Majesty makes many presents in this way to the ambassadors, besides supplying them with butter, milk, water (and medicines, if they choose to have them), and his gardeners bring us flowers almost every day. We pay well for the butter, and milk, and cream, but it is a great point to be able to have them, and they are excellent in

their kind. On the subject of eatables I should say a little: the beef and the mutton look both so bad, so dry, and so hard, that I have never yet had the heart to taste either the one or the other; the veal is good and the fish excellent, sufficiently plentiful, and of curious and various kinds from the Mediterranean, such as I have never seen before, but such as the Archbishop must have met with in Italy. The vegetables are plentiful and good; the poultry hitherto moderate, except the turkeys, which are fine, and we are told that in about a month we shall have plenty of game; the apricots are plentiful, and we always have two large pies made of them at dinner, and one at supper. We have iced water always from morning to night, and it is reckoned wholesome. *Sunday evening.*—The venison was fat, and better in flavour than we expected. Before I dismiss this interesting subject of the table, I must not forget to tell you, if I have not already told you, that we find good potatoes in Spain, which is contrary to our expectation; and as it may decide the Archbishop to make the visit to us which he is meditating, pray tell him that there is most excellent honey here. There was a bull-fight here to-day. I have not been to see one, and do not believe that I shall whilst I stay in Spain. It would give me less pain to see a criminal broke upon the wheel, because the suffering is sooner over. At a bull-fight last week at Madrid there were eighteen bulls killed and sixteen horses; the poor beasts are driven quite mad with cruelty, and wounded and mangled in every part of their bodies before they are put to death; and yet it is a sight which certainly has its charms, for there is hardly a Spaniard who does not talk about it with eagerness and enthusiasm. There is another practice at this place of an inferior species of cruelty, but which annoys us much. In the gardens, among the high trees, are very long and large nets suspended for the purpose of catching the birds, which are very numerous here; and they are taken by hundreds at a time, without any regard to voice or plumage, and

sent to the different kitchens; thrushes, nightingales, linnets, etc. As it was quite cool this evening, we did not think it prudent to walk, so we drove to the top of a high hill to see a prospect, which they told us was Toledo; and when we got there we thought that our mules looked wild and mischievous, and were afraid of trusting ourselves to go down in the carriage, so we got out and walked half a league.

26*th*.—It was so windy and dusty this morning that we could not walk. The English and French ambassadresses, and the Princesse de Listenay, the French Ambassadress's daughters, and the four girls and their governess, passed the whole morning in dancing and school businesses; and I went to Court. Soon after dinner it began to rain, and rained hard the whole evening, and continues to rain this morning, the 27th. The weather makes no difference to the King of Spain, who went a-shooting last night as usual, and was out from three o'clock till seven. Sometimes he goes in pursuit of wolves and foxes, and mountain cats; sometimes deer; partridges, quails; sometimes wild ducks, and at this season he contents himself three or four times a week killing turtle-doves. He takes his stand, and a hundred people, sometimes many more, are employed in driving the game towards him. The ambassadors go with him one day at St. Ildefonso, and on that occasion the whole district join in driving all the game of the country to one point.

You inquire about the health of my new coach; it was mounted and ready in my coach-house at Madrid before we arrived there, but we never could find time to see it; and we did not bring it with us to this place, for our Paris carriages are in excellent order, and one of them is much handsomer than any that I have yet seen in this country. The new coach, therefore, remains in repose. It will probably make its appearance next month at Madrid: when I drive out of this place it is always with six mules, and my eye is already so much initiated that I am beginning to think mules

very handsome. It is surprising to see how active and sure-footed they are. Even we sometimes venture to drive out six mules in a gentle gallop; but the princes and many other people often go in a full gallop; and the King, a few days ago, came in his carriage with mules four Spanish leagues in an hour. All Sovereigns, and even the Viceroys of Ireland, have this practice of going as fast as men midwives.

28*th.*—The ground is damp, and the air cool, and the walks pleasant to-day. I am going to Court as usual, and have nobody to dine with us afterwards but Mr. Liston and the consul-general, and our own family. In the evening we are to walk, and afterwards make visits. As we dine punctually at two, and finish dinner and separate at half-past three, and do not walk till six, there are generally in the afternoon near three hours for writing and for doing business; but if it should grow hot, I suspect that we shall always sleep an hour. We last night received an account of the archbishop's victory in his cause, and it gave us most cordial pleasure. By the bye, it is of more value than I had at first thought, for, in fact, his power of granting it is for three lives, not to commence till after his own, as he may at any time renew a life.

29*th.*—We took a long and new walk into the open country this morning: it was so cool that we were not sorry, for the first time since we came here, to expose ourselves to the sun. William*, who always follows us on these occasions, and runs about like a wild spaniel, amused himself with collecting a bundle of rushes, with which he and George†, and a favourite French footman, who has no charge but that of waiting upon them, are to make caps and baskets. We went near to a place between two mountains, where the dead horses and mules are all carried to, and we saw above one hundred vultures; I counted near seventy before the confusion of their flying about disturbed

* Died in 1810. † Afterwards Earl of Auckland. Died 1849.

my reckoning. At ten I went to the Spanish minister's, and stayed so long with him that the King was gone to dinner, and I was, for a second time this week, guilty of not paying my court. I dined at a Spanish house with some of the ambassadors and others. We had a great variety of fish at table which had come above 250 miles, and yet was as fresh to the taste as if it had been taken that morning. In the evening we walked with all the brats in the Flower Garden, which are very pleasant after all the late rains. To-night the two eldest girls are reading the "Adventures of Fleur d'Epine" to me, and Madame is superintending the preparations for her dress to-morrow, and preparing her Spanish translation for the correction of the consul-general, and the doors are open for anybody that chooses to call.

To-morrow is a grand gala, of which there are eight in the year, at different birthdays of the King, the Prince and Princesse des Asturias, the King and Queen of Naples, the Infants, &c. On these occasions everybody is as fine as possible, and I have the misfortune to wear a coat which would cost at least 200*l.* in London, and which cost more than half that sum in Paris. The form for us is, that the ambassadress sends to the principal lady of the bedchamber (the camerara major) to know at what hour the princess will see her. She has just received a message that the princess will expect her at half-past ten. She must be there to a moment, because the Sardinian ambassadress is appointed at a quarter before eleven. She goes into the room alone; she finds the princess sitting, who desires her to sit down; after which, as the princess speaks French well, and is more affable (and more acute too) than is generally the case either with princesses or with smaller people, the conversation is pleasant enough. When this is done, she goes to the nursery to pay her court to the two young princesses. She next goes to the Portuguese princess, who is a fat young lady of about twenty-five, who I believe speaks neither French nor

Spanish; she must sit down there too, and I heartily wish her joy of it. She then visits that lady's little boy; and, lastly, she goes to the King of Spain's unmarried daughter, who is polite and chatty. All this must be completed before the clock strikes eleven, at which hour all the royal family goes to pay a visit of about two minutes to the King. The ambassadors are next called into the King's apartment, after which there follows a general kissing of hands (except on the part of the foreign ministers); when that is over, the ambassadors go in turn to all the other courts, and after a short conversation are again witnesses to the same general kissing of hands in each of these courts. In the evening the family assemble with the ambassadors, &c., in the public walks, to exhibit all the fine clothes to the multitude, and at eight there is a ball at the French Ambassador's.

31*st.*—Having nearly anticipated the account of yesterday, I have little to say respecting it. The Court visits were exactly what I described, except that the Portuguese princess spoke French sufficient to drive a conversation. She is the wife* of the Infant Don Gabriel, third son of the King of Spain (the second is King of Naples).† The ceremonies lasted the whole morning, and there was a crowded Court, with a great profusion of fine clothes, but not many ladies; such as were there were loaded with diamonds, which is the great article both of royal and family finery here. Even the little sucking princes wear the blue ribbon and fine diamond stars.

At five o'clock I went with William to see a kind of mock naval fight between a fort in the garden and five vessels of pleasure belonging to the prince, which are moored in the river opposite to the fort, and decorated with the flags of different nations. They made a confounded noise, to the great amusement of your grandson, and the whole was closed by a sudden and

* They were married in 1785.

† The King of Spain was great-grandfather to the present King of Naples.

severe shower of rain which wet all the courtiers, as their carriages could not come into the garden, and they had at least a quarter of a mile to walk to the gate. In the evening we went to the French Ambassador's ball, and on this occasion the three eldest girls got the better of our prudence and persuaded us to carry them, and what was still worse, to let them dance. They stayed, however, only from half-past eight till half-past ten, and had admiration enough to turn their heads. This morning they seem neither sick nor sorry; but such frolics must not be risked in this climate. We were induced to it on the present occasion by the coolness of the air, which still continues, the thermometer being only 64°, and probably, therefore, some degrees below what it is all this time in England. To-day I dine at M. de Florida Blanca's, and in the evening we go to the Portuguese Ambassador's.

June 1st.—It is quite delightful to begin this month with the thermometer at only 65°; for as we mean to go about the 12th of July to St. Ildefonso, where it is always cold, and where we have snow all the summer lying within a mile of our house, we have not now the prospect of more than forty days' roasting, even if the heats begin to-morrow, which, from some symptoms in the sky, I think not impossible. We are obliged to stay here till near the 20th, because it would not be taken well by the princes if we went away sooner, as they give some exhibitions of horsemanship on the 13th, 15th, and 19th, otherwise we should be cooler in Madrid than here, for these houses are not so well made to resist the sun. In other respects the houses here are not unpleasant for the summer season. There are no chimneys to them, the walls are perfectly white and uncovered, and the floors are all matted with the smooth Spanish matting. The windows in general have thick shutters and curtains both inside and out, to keep out both the sun and the warm air during the daytime, and in most of the rooms there are alcoves, which also have curtains, in order to multiply the cool corners. Hitherto we have

seen no use for these preparations, nor have we yet heard since we left the Spanish inns either of bugs, fleas, or mosquitoes. There is a comedy here every night, which seems to amuse the people of the country; but as we should not be able to understand it, we have not yet had the curiosity to go. The French ambassadress, the Duchess de la Vauguyon, and her daughters, went away this morning on a leave of absence, and we suspect that they never mean to come back. They have been well liked here, and their absence will make a gap in the society.

2nd.—We walked this morning after breakfast into the prince's garden, with some of our brats. We found the princes there, and the Princess of Asturias in a railed square, seeing the exercise of some new horses. They found us out, and were so gracious as to insist on Mrs. Eden and the children coming within the rail; in consequence of which she had a long conversation with the princess, and both having large families there was no want of topics. I then went to Court, and dined afterwards *en famille;* and as the weather continued cool sat down to business from three till six, when we went out in the open landau till half-past seven; after which we had company till supper.

3rd.—The thermometer still continues at 64° and 65°. This is a *petit* gala at Court for some birthday, in consequence of which I must put on an embroidered coat; and the ambassadress ought to have gone (but not in a court dress) to visit the princesses. She has, however, given herself a leave of absence, more especially as there will be another on the 6th. If I recollect it, when I seal this letter, I will send you some specimens of the visiting-cards of this country, and also of the Spanish newspapers. By the bye, the latter are better than I expected; and, barring the scandalous paragraphs which so much amuse my sister, are just as good as the *Morning Post* and the *Morning Herald.*

4th.—The day pleasant and sufficiently cool. We

all rose early in order to breakfast, and go into the gardens at seven o'clock to look at the eclipse, which was here an hour sooner than in England, and more considerable. I afterwards went to Court with fine liveries, &c., from respect to his Majesty's birthday; and I have since had as many English as I could collect (about five or six) to dinner, and was obliged to fill the table with the five children in order to make up fourteen. By the bye, I received a long letter from you yesterday, and was glad to collect from it that the alarm which you lately gave about the miscarriage of mine to the archbishop, relative to Mr. Campbell, was without foundation. We went to-night, with all the seven children, in the landau, to the public walk, and had the satisfaction to see them followed by crowds, and to hear them much admired.

5th.—The thermometer is at 67° to-day, and I suspect that the roasting season is very near. The only event of the morning is that Charlotte surprised us with a breakfast from her own money, which had been prepared with great secrecy. I have given myself a leave of absence from Court, and shall pass the whole day in a nightgown and slippers at my desk. The children have taught their French and English dances to a Spanish fiddler, and are busy dancing.

6th.—We went yesterday evening in the open carriage through the woods to a fine wild spot, about three miles from this place, to see the junction of the River Manzanares and the Tagus. On our return through some other woods, we found a large party of Spaniards, some of whom we knew, upon the ground, preparing to attack a very large sieve full of strawberries, which had been provided for them from a neighbouring garden, and for which they had brought sugar, plates, bread, spoons, &c. They insisted on our children joining in the attack, which they were prevailed upon to do, and really acquitted themselves with great courage. It was in so lonely a place that it looked quite as if we had got intelligence of the

feast, and had come purposely to surprise. We afterwards arrived in time to pay our court to the princess at the public walk. After which we had, as usual, a circle of visitors till supper-time. The thermometer is at 68° this morning, and will probably be at 75° in the course of the day. We are both obliged to go to Court to-day, as it is a gala.

7th.—The weather was warmer yesterday than I calculated. There was a warm wind, or what is called a sirocco, during four or five hours, and, the thermometer got to about 80°. We went out however, for the whole evening, and sat above an hour, at about three miles from this place, under the trees, close by the fall of the Tagus; and the children were well pleased with the sight and with the noise of the waterfall.

We went at seven this morning, with all the seven children, to see, from a large balcony on the outside of the palace windows, the rehearsal of what is called here the *Parejas*. There is a square of about 200 yards' diameter, railed in, and made perfectly level and smooth. Stages are erected for two large bands of music, with kettle-drums, trumpets, horns, &c. Upon a signal given, forty-eight horsemen, mounted on the most beautiful horses that can be seen, come forward to a slow march by the music, and enter the area. The music and the horses both move quicker by degrees, till at last they get into a sort of gallop, which lasts about twenty minutes, in which they form into various figures with great regularity, but somewhat resembling a very complicated dance. The horses are ornamented with ribbons, fine saddles, &c.; and the horsemen are the three princes, who all ride remarkably well, and several grandees and officers belonging to the Court. At the representation (which will be in about ten days), when the King of Spain stands in a balcony with all the ambassadors, the horsemen are to be in uniforms, representing an ancient dress of the last century, with feathers, &c.; and there will be a great parade of soldiers, and military

music. They have practised this several years, and performed well to-day; and upon the whole I thought it as elegant and as good an amusement as a Court could adopt. It has led all the young people of rank here to study good horsemanship. I dined at M. de Florida Blanca's, and the company separated at three. I slept very comfortably till four, and then sat down to business till seven. We walked till near nine, and made visits till half-past ten. The day was warm, but there was a good deal of air, and nobody complained of the heat.

To-day we dined at the Marquis d'Aranda's — a crowded and formal dinner; and the ambassadress was placed, half an hour before dinner and half an hour after, between two Spanish ladies, who could not talk French; and she was afterwards obliged to sit at table during three long courses. Luckily one of the cold winds of this country had taken place, which is a great comfort in these feverish crowds. In the evening everybody was in cloth coats; and when one of the princes at the public walk attacked me on the imprudence of wearing silk, I thought I had a good answer for him by showing a leathern under-waistcoat; but he proved to have a cloth coat and a leathern under-waistcoat into the bargain. The King of Spain would scold his sons very seriously (though they are between thirty and forty years of age) if they neglected any of these precautions.

9th.—We went last night to the Portuguese Ambassador's. He is a single man, but he has an assembly and cards every evening, to which we think it right to go occasionally for an hour. This morning it is warmer than yesterday, but not too warm. So far as I have yet seen, the sudden changes of the air are more dangerous in this country than the heat: it is a subject of perpetual attention and conversation at this season. To-day we give a small dinner to four or five of the foreign ministers, at which there will be a fawn served, which the King of Spain sent to us two or three days ago.

10*th*.—I have stirred little from home these two days, having been occupied with business and letters despatched to England to-night with this large packet. We have received yours of the 23rd May, and are quite glad to hear that Mrs. Ward and Mr. Claplan were to set out on the 29th. If they did, and if they sailed, and if they had fair winds, they may possibly have landed in Spain yesterday. The weather continues pleasant, and by no means too warm.—Believe me, my dear Madam, very dutifully and affectionately yours,

WM. EDEN.

Aranjuez, *June* 11*th*, 1788.—I recommence the Journal without loss of time: for if I suffered any interval to take place in the continuation of it, it would perhaps be too great an effort to renew it. I worked hard the whole day yesterday, and till eleven o'clock at night, to finish my packets and despatches; and sent them at that hour by agreement to M. de Florida Blanca's office, to go by a Spanish messenger. I might have spared myself so hard an exertion, for they were sent back to me with a civil message that some unforeseen interruptions would detain the messenger till to-night: I am determined, however, not to open my packet again. This morning I took my usual walk, and resumed the usual practice of going to Court. It had been quite an event that I had not appeared with the ambassadress and the children last night in the public walk, and I heard much of it. Mr. Liston and the consul-general dined with us; and, by the by, we had kid at dinner, and found it much better than any mutton or lamb that we have yet met with here. In the evening we went to the King's stable in the country, to see his stud and some very fine horses which he has there.

12*th*.—It had rained in the night, and the air of the morning was cool and pleasant: we took a long walk in the open country, as there was no sun. On these occasions William has the privilege of guiding,

and we follow him implicitly till we feel that we have gone far enough; he, of course, seeks either steep hills, or currents of water, both which abound here. I was at Court as usual, and found the princes much occupied in settling arrangements for the exhibition of Saturday next. We dined to-day at the imperial ambassador's (M. de Kezeneck): it was a dinner of parade, and a great crowd, which will be the case at all the first dinners given to us. After dinner we mounted with five of the children, by the help of the landau and six mules, up to the top of a very high and steep mountain, about three miles from this, where we had a fine prospect of Aranjuez, and were amusing ourselves with tracing out the walks and gardens, when we heard a firing, and saw a great smoke upon the river. The children made us return immediately, but it was too late: we met the royal family, and almost the whole town, coming out of the gardens, and had the mortification, on the part of the children, to find that they had lost the sight of one of the naval fights. Notice had been given of it by firing some guns a few hours before, and everybody supposed that we understood it, and consequently nobody mentioned it. It is now ten o'clock at night, and it is raining rather hard: upon the whole, the weather has lately been much like a May month in England; and if it would continue so, I should be well contented to pass the summer here.

13*th.*—This is the Infante Don Antonio's birthday and a *petit* gala, I am, therefore, going in fine clothes and with dress liveries to Court; and the ambassadress is going, but not in a court dress, to the several apartments of the princesses. Your ideas are so sociable, and especially on the subject of eating, that you will think it odd when I tell you the system of the royal dinners here, and particularly when I add that the whole family are on the friendliest and kindliest footing possible with each other. The King dines quite alone; that is, he is the only person who sits at the table. He is surrounded by principal

officers of state, some of whom are grandees (the Duc d'Ossuna, for example, with 40,000*l.* a year), who taste what is presented to him, and go upon their knees and remain there all the time that he is drinking. He has abundance of dishes, and there is a dish of conserves always placed at a corner of the table for the flies, and people of considerable rank stand near with a napkin, which they move whenever any flies approach towards the King: in the mean time, he eats and talks with those who are standing round the room. There is another table, and exactly the same ceremony, for the Prince and Princesse des Asturias, and another for their little princesses, and another for the little prince, and another for Don Gabriel and Donna Mariana, and another for Don Antonio, and another for the little child, Don Pedro, and another for Donna Maria Josepha. These dinners are always escorted by guards from the kitchen, and people stop and pull off their hats as the dinners pass by; and the table-cloths are laid by grandees, who with their diamond stars and blue ribbons give clean plates and take away dirty, even as adroitly as Mr. Reed himself or your Mr. Thomas.

Frederick North returned to this place last night from an excursion to Madrid for a few days. This climate agrees wonderfully with him, and he is much amused with all that he sees; the best thing that he could do would be to stay in Spain through the year, and pass the winter in the south of Spain, or in Portugal. We had a part of the foreign ministers to dinner to-day. I am trying very early to get them into the system of sitting down ten or twelve to table, instead of meeting in parties of thirty or forty, like a county meeting at an assizes or horse-race. After dinner, towards five, we had a magnificent and noisy thunderstorm; but on its clearing towards half-past six, I was prevailed upon by the children, who had made themselves quite fine, and had also new-dressed the great doll, to go with them and the doll to the public walk, in honour of Don

Antonio's birthday. As it was exceedingly damp, this was contrary to my prudential maxims in this strange climate, but I think that they have got no harm by it; and they were well repaid, for the "Princesse des Asturias discovered the doll, and had her presented, and admired her. Since that, we went at half-past nine to call on the Duchess d'Ossuna by a sort of appointment, for a quarter of an hour's visit, as we supposed. On our passing through the apartment we saw many symptoms of an approaching concert, and she accordingly told us that she had assembled all the musicians and singers for our amusement. Mrs. Eden, in her usual style, gave an exclamation of concern, as if she were going to be ill; however, we made up our minds, and sat till near eleven, and found upon the whole that a long piece of music is not much more tiresome in Spain than in England.

14*th*.—This was a day of great expectation at a place where the gaieties are neither great nor numerous. We were all up at six, and had dressed and breakfasted soon after eight. At a little before nine I went to the King's apartment, and attended his Majesty and the princesses and the children to an open gallery, where I stood by his chair to see the *Parejas*, or, the exhibition of horsemanship by the princes, of which I gave you an account heretofore. The ambassadress went with the children to another gallery at the side of the square, where she had an awning and chairs. It was a beautiful morning, and not hot. On the entry of the King the music began, and with a procession of pages in fine habits leading horses. After this, there was a procession of military music, and then the forty-eight horsemen marched in on horseback, in four lines of twelve each, and each line in habits of different colours from the other three; all the habits, however, of the same form of the ancient Spanish dresses, not very unlike the pictures of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. The four in front consisted of the three princes and the Comte of

Altemira, who of course led all the others in the several manœuvres and evolutions of each class which followed.

It went off perfectly well, and though there were ten or twelve thousand spectators, there was not the least noise all the time, except of the music. The good old King has no particular passion for displays of finery, but he seemed pleased with the appearance of his sons. When this was over we all met and walked in the garden, the princes being still in their dresses; then we went as usual to the Court till dinner-time, and then to a dinner at M. de Florida Blanca's: this, however, finished at three, and I was alone till half-past six, when we went as usual till about eight to the public walk, and afterwards were at home to whoever called till about ten.

This sort of day, which in fact is a day of extreme idleness, and in which neither the mind nor the person takes much exercise, is fatiguing nevertheless; one comfort is that it would have been much more so had the weather been hot: the thermometer, however, was in no part of the day above 70°. This cool and comfortable summer, at twelve degrees to the south of Greenwich, is very remarkable, when I see in your letter that you have all been gasping with heat.

15*th*.—We took a long walk with the children this morning, and did not find it very hot, even in the sun. I have since been at Court, and we are now going to dine at the Venetian Ambassador's, where of course we shall have a crowded company and three eternal courses. These long dinners are the only fatigues that seem to affect Mrs. Eden. I have had some uneasiness about the effects which I sent by water from Paris to Bilboa, and which ought to have arrived above six weeks ago. I have just received an account that they are safe at Bilboa. I have also accomplished the point of buying two very handsome coach-horses, solely for the purpose of driving the state-coach occasionally to Court and to the Prado; as to everything else I trust, by choice,

to mules; they are never sick, and as nimble as cats, and never tired. Though the air has never been hot here since we came, it is very drying, and the ink in the ink-bottle dries up incredibly quick. The King of Spain yesterday, with his usual affability, produced to the ambassadors some glasses of fine honey which he had just received from his gardens, and made us all take spoons and eat it. I could not venture to tell him that a very large jar of it had already been sold to me, but it was very true nevertheless.

16*th*.—The season here continues wonderfully kind to us. Yesterday evening we tried to walk, but were driven home by the rain, and it poured so hard the whole evening that we could not prevail on ourselves to give a ducking to our servants, and sent an excuse to an assembly at which we were engaged. To-day the air is quite delightful, with a mixture of cloud and sunshine, and the thermometer at 68°. I had given orders for our return to Madrid on the 21st, in the evening, but the fineness of the weather will possibly tempt us to stay till the 26th, more especially as this is an attention which is taken well by the royal family. In talking of our evening walks, and of the time of returning from them, I ought perhaps to tell you that our days here in the summer-time are about an hour and a half shorter than they are in England, and in winter about an hour and a half longer; for example, on the 21st June,

	At Madrid.	At London.
The Sun rises at . . .	$4^h\ 32^m$	$3^h\ 43^m$
Sets at . . .	7 28	8 17

And on the 22nd December,

	At Madrid.	At London.
The Sun rises at . . .	$7^h\ 24^m$	$8^h\ 8^m$
Sets at . . .	4 36	3 52

I am now going, according to daily custom, to Court, where, conformable to the practice of all courts, some proportion of the conversation is passed in remarks on the weather since yesterday morning, and in con-

jectures on what it will be for the remainder of the day.

17*th*.—In our airing last night we met two wild boars; one of them was very large and handsome. They frequently break into the gardens here and make a large consumption, and on this account there are fierce dogs put every night into the princes' gardens; but in other respects they are as harmless as Beckenham pigs, unless they are hard pressed by dogs; and some little boys were pelting those which we saw last night. When it is dark they often come into the town in little parties to seek for scraps near the doors. The King does not like to kill them at this season, as they are lean, but towards the autumn he does not spare them, and the ambassadors' tables profit by it. This morning the thermometer was only at 65°, and will not be above 70° in the course of the day. At this time ten years, when we were moving from Philadelphia to New York, we had it frequently at 90°, and one day at 96°. I give myself a dispensation from Court this morning, and shall pass the day at my desk. The infantry are all well.

18*th*.—It was so wet yesterday evening that we could not walk, but we took the children in a carriage five or six miles to a part of the neighbourhood which we had not yet seen, and between the intervals of the thunder showers it was pleasant enough. At sunset, however, it was so cold that we were glad to have all the windows and doors shut; at night we went to a concert, and were very moderately amused by it.

This morning the thermometer, as usual, was at 65°. We could not walk, because we were obliged to dress early for Court, as it is a gala day. We had ten or twelve people to dinner afterwards, with Frederick North and others; and, among the rest, a Comte de Greppi and a Marquis de Trotti, who, whatever you may think of their names, are gentlemanlike men. During dinner the lightning and thunder and rain

began, and they have continued very abundantly the whole evening. This weather, according to my estimate of things, is delightful, for it keeps the air cool and wholesome, and seems likely to carry us to the end of the residence at this place without exposing us to the heats, of which we had heard very unpleasant accounts; but it is mortifying for the Court festivals and representations. To-morrow is appointed for the second *Parejas*, at which the princess presides, and Saturday for the third, at which the King is to be again present; and on Wednesday next there is to be the great illumination on the river and in the gardens, for which most expensive preparations have been making incessantly ever since we arrived here; and on the day following (the 26th) there is the fourth and last representation of the *Parejas*. All the other ambassadors will go away the same evening, if not sooner, and we shall possibly stay till the 27th. The mosquitoes are beginning to be troublesome; hitherto, however, they are not more troublesome than in most parts of England at this season.

19*th*.—The thermometer 65°: it rained all night. I have wished to see the falls of the Tagus in a great flood, and shall now be gratified. The whole river falls about fourteen feet, just under the King's window, and makes a considerable noise even in the driest seasons. I doubt much whether it will be prudent to remain here if this wet weather should be followed, which is probable, by a clear and burning sun. We shall see.

I went to Court to-day, but it was so wet and so cold, that the representation of the horses was obliged to be deferred. We dined quite *en famille*, which is not so often in our power as we could wish. It was cold and damp in the evening; we could not walk, and had a whist-table at home.

20*th*.—So here we are fairly arrived at the longest day in the year, without having yet seen the thermometer above 70°, and to-day it is only at 65°. When in future summers I am gasping under the summer

heats of England, I shall wish myself in the cool and comfortable climate of Spain. Very expensive preparations are still continuing for the illumination on the 25th; but if this weather continues the spectators will not be very numerous. We have only three kinds of fruit (besides oranges, which are all the year round), strawberries, raspberries, and cherries. The second are remarkably clear of insects, and good; the cherries are inferior much to what are now beginning to ripen at Beckenham. There are also apricots and currants, but they are only fit for tarts.

I have never said anything yet about the state of Spanish honesty. It seems to be inferior to that of France, where I never lost anything, with an open house at all hours, and amidst multitudes of servants of all sorts. Here we suffer by small pilferings, but in a trifling degree; and, upon the whole, as far as I have yet seen, my own dear good country greatly surpasses all nations in the articles of pickpockets, footpads, highwaymen, and housebreakers. There are very seldom any capital executions in this kingdom; and where the Government is so arbitrary, they would not be spared if there were any occasion for them. We dined to-day quietly enough, having nobody but Frederick North with us. The Princess de Masseran supped with us; and as she came lately from Paris, and is much connected with our friends of the Montmorin family, and is a Frenchwoman, she felt quite at home here. A little before supper the ambassadress and she went out together to make a visit of ceremony to a Spanish lady who fills the principal office at the Court, and whose birthday it is. There is an almanack printed and published here of the birthdays of the grandees, on which occasion they receive compliments from all who visit them. As the camarera-major speaks no French, Madame de Masseran, who talks some Spanish, undertook to be the interpreter. They were announced, and walked into the room, where they found the camarera sitting in a circle of about thirty Spanish ladies, in large hoops, and in court dresses trimmed

with gold. The ambassadress, who walked in first, made her courtesy in due form to the whole set, and then made her speech, and turned round for Madame de Masseran to explain it, more especially as it was to explain why they both arrived without being dressed sufficiently; but, on turning round, there was no Madame de Masseran: on seeing the circle, upon opening the door, she had been seized with a panic, and had fairly run away. The embarrassment would now have been ridiculous enough, if a good-humoured fat old lady, who happened to talk a little French, had not stepped forward and given her services. The Princess de Masseran had nothing to say in her defence afterwards but that her courage had totally failed her.

21*st.*—We received a late notice last night that, if the weather would allow, the second representation of the *Parejas* would be at nine this morning. The day proved fine, and we went accordingly, when everything passed exactly as before, except only that this time we had six children present instead of four. We afterwards went with the children to see the good old King fishing; he seemed quite sorry that, in the troubled state of the river, he could not catch a large fish to give them. There was a great crowd of the country people in the walks; and it is curious to see how peculiarly neat the women of that rank all are in the article of shoes and stockings. They all wear short petticoats, with white silk stockings and very neat shoes differently ornamented: the other part of their dress consists universally of a black petticoat and a large white veil or mantilla, of which I cannot yet see the beauty. The people who have been long here pretend to think it handsomer than any other dress. As to the higher rank (except at Madrid, where they never walk except in mantillas), they dress like the French and English, only with more expense and less taste, and with loads of foil and gold and silver. At present they are much occupied in copying as nearly as they can the dresses which Mrs. Eden has produced, and they will do the same in regard to the French

ambassadress's dresses whenever she returns. I dined to-day at M. de Florida Blanca's. In the evening we went with six children in the open carriage to meet the King on his return from the *chasse:* he had taken occasion in the morning to intimate, as if by accident, to the ambassadors by what road and at what hour he should return home, and that he should drive himself and the prince in a phaeton with six horses. It was our duty to whisper this secret to everybody else, and also to go ourselves; in consequence of which the whole road was lined with carriages and people for a considerable distance, and the good old gentleman arrived with his usual exactness. On these occasions the princesses cannot stay out, because he expects all his children and grandchildren to be always assembled in his apartment a few minutes previous to his return; and therefore they contrive to have somebody gallop forward as soon as he finishes his *chasse*, and on the appearance of the horsemen they immediately turn, and hurry home.

22*nd*.—The thermometer continues as low as 66° this morning; the air, however, is very clear, and the hot weather is perhaps approaching. We walked to see all the preparations for the illumination of the gardens on the 25th. They are said to be limited to about 7000*l*. of our money; but, from what I see of them, I suspect that they will cost double that sum, and, in the uncertain state of the weather, it is very doubtful whether the whole will not be spoilt. They must necessarily be exposed to-morrow, Tuesday, and Wednesday to the air; and if any heavy rains come on, the lamps will be filled with water, and the paper buildings and pillars and pyramids will be once more battered into their original rags. I afterwards went, according to daily practice, to Court, and we dined at the Swedish minister's comfortably enough with a small party. We have since taken a long walk, and at nine we are to go and make some visits, and must afterwards go to a concert.

You may remember that Giardini was never

very notorious for his modesty: he is here at present, recommended to the princes by their brother, the King of Naples. As he is a sort of privileged character, and has been so much in England, I was gracious enough this morning to send him a message to ask him to dine with me to-morrow. He answered, that he hoped I would have the goodness also to invite a lady (one of his scholars), who travels with him; to which I could only answer, that I was sorry that I could not have the pleasure of seeing him. He has learnt this impertinence in Italy, where scrapers and squallers are on a level with princes, and often treated with much more respect.

23*rd*. — The air to-day was warmer than it has been hitherto, but not oppressive, even in the heat of the day, and in the morning and evening perfectly pleasant. The thermometer in the shade was about 70°. We went in the morning to see the preparations for the illumination. The gardens are now locked, that the works may not be interrupted; but the Prince of Asturias saw us at a distance, and sent to have them opened for us. William is in great favour with him, and always runs to him, and shakes hands with him with the same earnestness as if he were to meet me in his walks, except that he is very careful in pulling off both his own hat and George's, which he does with great regularity whenever any of the royal family come in sight. He wrote a letter in French yesterday to the prince, which was entirely his own work, and not a very long one; so I will give you a translation of it:—"My dear prince. It is my turn to go first this morning when we walk, and so I shall make them all go to your garden, and I hope that you will see me.—WILLIAM." We pretended to send the letter without knowing its contents, and he believes that it was received and attended to.

I had some of the ambassadors and the Pope's nuncio to dinner to-day, and at Court the latter reminded me, luckily for himself, that it was a principal *maigre* day. This had never occurred either to me

or to my *maître-d'hôtel.* I found some pretext for going home immediately, and contrived at the hour and half's notice to have as luxurious a set of *maigre* dishes as this or any other Catholic archbishop could desire. After dinner we went to a menagerie belonging to the King of Spain, to see a collection of curious animals, antelopes, vigognes, camels, Peru sheep and bulls, African sheep, &c.

24*th.*—We are now busy in preparing for our return to Madrid, and sent off one large cart to-day. Upon the whole, for carts and coaches, I am obliged to apply for near sixty mules; and, what is more, I have been fortunate enough to secure them, which is not the case with everybody. Many people will be obliged to stay here till the middle of next week, because the demand for mules for the Court is so great that there is no means of moving. It is a curious sight to see from seven to eight thousand people all moving off in the course of the week, with baggage, furniture, &c. They say that the melancholy appearance of this place afterwards is quite pitiable.

The third exhibition of the horses was this evening, and the princess presided, the King being at his *chasse.* The ambassadors and the ministers of the cabinet were appointed to meet at a quarter-past six in the princess's ante-chamber, where ices, cakes, &c., were served. The three princesses and the children came out at half-past six — for everything is arranged here to a minute. They walked through the galleries to the balcony, where we attended, and stood by them. The ambassadress was at the opposite side with all the seven children. At night we went to a concert of the Duchess d'Ossuna's, and somewhat against our inclination; however, the rooms were cool, and we have in some degree established a practice of coming away at half-past ten.

25*th.*—As the fair weather continues the air and earth are gradually heating. All the princes and princesses went at half-past seven this morning to a comedy, which is given to them in a sort of barn near the King's

dairies. His Majesty never allows any of them to go to the theatres, nor even to go into the town of Madrid, though the palace is at the edge of the town. They have three or four of these private comedies in a year, and a short concert just before supper every evening. The King is supposed even not to know that there is an illumination of the gardens to-night, and he will contrive not to find it out, though it is said that there are above 90,000 lamps, lighted urns, columns, paper flower-pots, paper suns, moons, and stars, which will be in sight of his windows. He has two reasons for not knowing it: in the first place, he does not like to countenance such an expense; and in the next, he is so good-natured that, if it had once had his consent, he would not like to refuse his presence, and he is afraid of the night air. Nobody, therefore, makes any allusion to it, and though the ambassadors have had two conversations with him every day, and in a room where it is impossible not to see the bustle, and part of the preparations, there has never been any mention of it. In going out to his *chasse* and in his return he contrives to avoid passing near that part of the river.

26*th*.—It grew hot towards the evening yesterday, and the thermometer rose in the coolest place that could be found to 79°, in other places, even in the shade, it was at 80°. We must expect it still higher in due time. Nothing could be finer than the evening for the illumination: about nine I put the children into a carriage and drove round with them; we then sent them to bed, and went together to the river side, where we sat in chairs surrounded by our servants, and in a mob of at least 15,000 people. The mob in these countries is a very gentle animal; it must be confessed, however, that the smells were very bad, and also that we were annoyed by a large range of lamps placed all along the water's edge for near a mile, in order to show the people to the princes, who were comfortably in their own garden; they afterwards got into fine illuminated barges and

rowed by us, and bowed and talked in passing by. This is the only occasion where the ambassadors have some little reason to complain, for neither they nor the grandees are ever asked to the garden suppers. We are, however, so graciously treated in every other instance, that, upon the whole, we cannot be angry. By way of consoling us, it is intimated that the illumination is made only to be seen from the opposite side of the river, which is partly true, and the view was certainly fine. There were 17,000 illuminated paper balloons or globes, and 90,000 smaller lamps, besides all the pyramids, &c. This evening we all met as before in the princess's apartment, and went afterwards to the fourth and last *Parejas*. It was so hot that the ambassadress and the children did not go, but waited in the shade in the garden. As soon as this was over, a great number of people went off to Madrid, in order to have the cool air of the night on the journey.

27*th*.—This morning, about half-past three, we all assembled at breakfast, that our beds and remains of baggage might be sent off early, so as to arrive early in the evening at Madrid, and we meant to have gone ourselves at four, but five o'clock struck before our army of mules and muleteers was ready to march.

It was warm and fine when we set off, but it changed suddenly, and rained and thundered the whole day, and our servants, who had left their great-coats with the carts, were half drowned. We got to Madrid about ten o'clock, and employed the rest of the day in examining the house, and allotting to every person their respective rooms, and in ordering different articles of furniture, and in an infinite number of little teazing arrangements, which are not inconsiderable in so large an establishment and house; such a business is very plaguing anywhere, but it will be teazing and almost endless here, for the women are bad and idle, and indifferent whether they are employed or not, and the materials cost much and are worth little.

28*th.* — This evening we went with the Prince Masseran to see his review of the Garde de Corps, about a mile out of town. The weather was cool and pleasant. Afterwards we went to the Prado, which tired and disgusted us beyond measure. It is a very broad road between thick rows of trees, under which are walks and seats, and several fine fountains. In the walks there are great multitudes of people walking, but it is quite impracticable for anybody of the rank of the ambassadress to get out and walk; if she did, she would be as much stared at and crowded round as a tame dromedary walking in Cheapside. Accordingly, guards are placed in the middle of the broad road on horseback, to direct the manner in which the carriages of the ambassadors, the grandees, and others are to drive, and you necessarily go at a foot-pace up one side and down the other till you have sufficiently exhibited yourself, and then you go yawning home. It is an additional amusement that you are obliged to bow all the way almost as much as when chaired at an election. To complete the whole, the princesses arrive on Monday, we meet them there on their arriving, and shall have that pleasure repeated every night till we go to St. Ildefonso. Mrs. Eden felt like a new caught bird in a fine cage, and was ready to cry for vexation. When we came home we opened our doors to all who came, and had abundance of company.

29*th.*—The weather still continues cool: thermometer 67°. We have fine long mornings in this country, for we generally rise about six; and fine long evenings, for we always dine before two. It is lucky at this moment for me that there is no particular bustle of public business, for I have enough to do for some time in putting this house to rights, and also that at St. Ildefonso. We were obliged to make and receive various visits to-day. It is a sort of rule here never to be denied to visitors; and the form is this: there is a Swiss or porter with a fine dress, and great stick and belt, and sword, in a lodge near

the door; when any person is admitted, the porter, if it is an ambassador or grandee of Spain, or any of their ladies, rings a bell three times; for any other person he rings the bell only twice. They are then met at the first ante-chamber at the top of the staircase, if the bell has rung twice, by a servant in livery, who conducts them to the second ante-chamber to a servant out of livery; but if the bell rings three times, the servant out of livery comes to the top of the staircase; and all this is more important than you may perhaps imagine.

This is so new to my French servants that I have had some difficulty in carrying the point that always when we are at home there shall be a servant in livery in the one ante-chamber, and an officer of the house, as the others are called, in the other. The birthdays and namedays of the grandees are here printed in an almanack that their friends may have notice of them. This was the nameday of Count d'Aranda, a respectable old friend of ours, who was the Spanish ambassador when we were at Paris. It was intimated to us that he would be glad to see us, though the rest of the foreign ministers were not asked; we accordingly went to-night about half-past eight. We found about fifty people sitting in great form round the room close to the wall, and without tables. The Countess d'Aranda, who is a very pretty woman of twenty-two years of age, and great niece to her husband, who is seventy-two (and who, by the bye, to the great joy of the family, is far advanced in pregnancy) was as fine as possible, in gold and silver, and loaded with diamonds. She placed the ambassadress next to her; and then the *rifresco*, as it is called, was served, which consists of ices, chocolate, cakes, &c. People sat afterwards for about half an hour, all the ladies at one end of the room and all the gentlemen at the other. They then rose and walked through a suite of apartments to the ball-room, where we left them dancing at half-past ten. They had not above ten or twelve couple of dancers; and some of them

were ladies of fifty and misses of twelve. As to the rest, though it sounds formal and ceremonious, it is not so in fact. It is the custom, and, therefore, people are at their ease. Mrs. Eden had been so bitten upon the left eye by flies or mosquitoes, that she was obliged to go in a bonnet.

30*th*.—This is a very cold country. The thermometer still continues at 67°; and we went out at midday in a chariot to every part of the town to make visits, and felt no warmth more than we wished. This is a severe town for our horses and mules; there are so many ascents and descents in the streets. It is severe also for the carriages, for the pavement, though neat and well kept, is sharp and rough. We had eight English gentlemen to dinner to-day. I believe, however, that we had all who are at Madrid. Mr. Frederick North is still here, and I have a letter from Lord Wycombe that he is on the road. This evening we produced our state coach for the first time, in order to go a little way out of town, with almost all the inhabitants of Madrid, to meet the King and all the princes, who came in a train of about twenty-four coaches and six, and were exactly two hours and twenty minutes between the palace of Aranjuez and that of Madrid. It is about twenty-eight or twenty-nine miles, and they had five relays of mules; so that each set of mules galloped about five miles. I would rather go on an embassy to Morocco than run such a risk, but all sovereigns like it. Our coach gave great credit to Mr. Godsal, and with reason, for there is not any coach in Spain (not even of the royal family) that can be compared to it; and my new horses, by the help of the fine harness, made a good appearance, and stood all the noise of the trumpets and about fifty thousand people with great composure.

July 1*st*.—We all went to-day to Court, and the good old King is so seldom separated four days from the ambassadors that he seemed quite glad to see us. With respect to the palace, there is a great deal to

be said, for it is really a magnificent building, in which there are many paintings of immense value. I wish that we had it, with all its furniture, in the middle of Hyde Park. The sun was desperately hot to-day, and it is a great inconvenience in these palace visits that the sheds intended for the carriages of the ambassadors are not yet finished. They consequently stand in the sun and become as hot as ovens. At six we went in parade to the Prado. All the carriages there move down one side of the broad alley and up the other; and the princesses go backwards and forwards between the two rows of carriages. We found this very tiresome work, and as soon as we had been seen sufficiently we escaped and went to the gardens of the Retiro, which are pleasant enough, and very large. At nine we went with the Princess Masseran to the opera and came away at eleven (it was not likely to finish before twelve). The Opera house is good and cool; but, though I must not say so here, I may venture to tell you that the performers are very moderate. It is, however, much frequented, as it is the only public diversion which is tolerable. We are beginning to suffer much by flies and mosquitoes, and the poor children all look as if they had lately recovered from the small-pox. We are obliged to cover our bed entirely with a gauze net.

2nd.—I stayed at home this morning, and passed the day at my writing-table. The ambassadress put on the Spanish dress, and drove about to different shops with a Spanish lady. In the evening we went to the Prado, and then to the botanical garden; then made some visits, and then received people till ten o'clock.

3rd.—The heat increases, because the walls and pavements are beginning to be too much heated to cool in the night-time. I forgot to mention that Mr. Claplan and Mrs. Ward arrived on the 30th at night; she was desperately fatigued, and I suppose has often heartily repented the undertaking, but a few days will put her to rights again. Our system

in order to avoid the heat is to shut up, the whole morning, all the doors and windows and shutters of that side of the house which looks towards the sun, and also to have curtains both inside and outside; towards two o'clock, when the air is growing heated, even the north windows are shut up till about six, when the whole is opened till sunrise the next day: and this is done in every house in Madrid, and even in the palace. The children seem to bear it perfectly well: they have two hours exercise every morning in their garden, which is much in the shade till towards noon, and in which also there are *jets d'eau* (water-spouts) from a reservoir which they see filled every morning by a mule and a wheel. It is a good circumstance in Madrid that there is abundance of excellent water: there is even at the bottom of our cellar-staircase a little fountain, in which there is water not inferior to that of Bristol in point of taste and softness.

4th.—The air is cooler to-day, which is a great relief: but the sky continues without a cloud. It is very comfortable at this season when the wind comes a little from the mountains, which are to the north of Madrid, and where I see from my windows at this moment some fine ridges of snow. We had a specimen to-day of the affability and obliging disposition of the good old King: some of us happened to take notice of the variety of Spanish marbles with which the room where he receives us is fitted up; he said that it would break a little into his hour, but that he would show us his other apartments. He accordingly carried us through the whole, and explained and showed everything with as much attention and patience as if we were to have paid him for it at the door. We were out as usual in the evening from six till eight, visiting and walking: and from eight till ten we always receive company at home. The thermometer to-night is only 70°.

5th.—Mrs. Ward was so fond of the iced-water here that she gave herself a fit of sickness during

the last two days; but she is better to-day, and will be more prudent to-morrow. We continue without a cloud night or day, but it is not yet oppressively hot. I went this morning rather early to Court in order to present Captain Sidney Smith* to the princes, foreign ministers, &c.; the presentations of our countrymen are very troublesome when they happen here, but yet I should be glad if there were more of them. As I expected a large company to dinner, I thought that I might venture to absent myself from his Majesty's second conversation, and came home at one. Unluckily, in consequence of something which I had said yesterday about marbles and mosaic work, the King had, with his usual condescension, ordered his whole collection of mosaic work to be brought into the room, and I was not forthcoming; I must make the best excuse that I can devise to-morrow. In the evening we went out as usual with two carriages to the gardens of the Retiro, which are as large as those of Kensington, but not so well kept.

6*th*.—This was a gala day, being the birth of one of the young princesses; everybody was fine, and the heavens were as usual without a cloud. The King excused my accidental absence yesterday from his exhibition of tables, and was so good as to show them to me to-day: they are very curious, but a wonderful perversion of human industry and ingenuity. Some of them are landscapes, others are pictures of birds, butterflies, books, &c., done in mosaic work, and in as much perfection as seems possible, but at an enormous expense, which at best produces only an imperfect picture. In the evening there was at the Prado a numerous display of bad coaches and fine liveries.

7*th*.—One of our worst grievances at present is that the poor children are almost eaten up alive by mosquitoes or flies: the latter abound in thousands in every apartment of the house. It is rather hotter

* Afterwards Sir Sidney Smith, the hero of Acre.

to-day than it was yesterday. We had yesterday the first trial of our chapel, and were well pleased with Mr. Claplan's reading, which is sensible and unaffected. We shall be kept a few days later here than we meant by the tardy arrival of my effects from Paris. They are at last safely lodged in this custom-house; but three or four days will still elapse before I can receive them, after which the unpacking and arranging, whilst the weather continues so hot, will be the work of a week at least.

To-day, all the gentlemen, and a great many of the men-servants of my family, went for the first time to the bull-fight: from the report which they give, I do not think it likely that they will go again. They saw eighteen bulls killed and nine horses, and the whole passed with all imaginable cruelty; you see a poor bull struck perhaps with a dozen barbed darts, pursuing a poor horse, already gored, and with all his bowels trailing on the ground; the horsemen sprawling on the ground, and protected by footmen with cloaks, which they throw over the bull's eyes very dexterously whenever it is necessary. It is the same amiable spectacle with little variety—except as to the greater or less cruelty—from morning to night: but the Spaniards are fond of it to a degree of madness, for in other respects they are a gentle and humane people. At the morning representation yesterday there were about seven thousand: they separated to dine, and after dinner there were at least as many as in the morning, and above half the number is generally females, and many of the highest rank, except that none of the royal family ever go, and the King always speaks of the amusement with indignation; but though in other respects he has absolute power, he cannot prevent the bull-fights, which are here every Monday, and very often in the provincial towns.

8th.—The heat increases. I did not go to Court, but we had a dozen people to dinner. The dinner and coffee were of course finished before four. I had a whist party till six, during which time Mrs.

Eden and the Princess Masseran sat quietly in a cool corner and talked over the histories of their friends at Paris. We then went to the Prado to make bows to the princesses and to exhibit a fine equipage, and then we sat in the botanical garden, wishing for a great storm of rain (even with all the thunder and lightning that belongs to it), till nine — after which we had company till ten. Nobody stays after that hour, for it is not usual to give suppers in this country.

9th.—This was our young Eleanor's* birthday, who enters into her twelfth year with every appearance of becoming in due time everything that we can wish. Though it was her birthday I was obliged to put on black, and so was the ambassadress. The King of Spain always wears mourning on the two days that his father and the late queen died, and all who are likely to see the royal family in the course of the day are expected to do the same. I went into mourning, therefore, because Philip the Fifth died on this day about fifty years ago. I found his Catholic Majesty much pleased at having killed a woodcock yesterday: he said that it was the only one he had ever seen at this season in his life. It was served to his dinner and made a subject of much remark; and he divided it and sent a part to the table of the prince, who had seen it first, but would not shoot it because he thought that it would be agreeable to his father to fire at it. The thermometer continues to rise. In the evening we were at the Prado gardens, &c., as usual.

10th. — Hotter and hotter. By means of keeping all doors and windows closed, and by watering three or four times a day all the halls, passages, and staircases, I contrive to keep the thermometer on the ground floor at about 74°. This was a gala day at Court: I was obliged, therefore, to pass the morning in a crowd and in heavy clothes, and we afterwards dined with the Sardinian ambassador at a table of about thirty-six people, which, with about

* Married 1st of June, 1799, Lord Hobart, afterwards fourth Earl of Buckinghamshire. Died Oct. 15, 1851.

forty servants in the room, and three large courses, made a fine fever. We meant after dinner to have had a little quiet in one of our coolest rooms, but we unluckily happened to have several visitors, who stayed till we went to the public walks, where there were above a thousand carriages going a foot's pace and passing each other. We never remain there above a quarter of an hour. We then went to the botanical garden, where M. de Florida Blanca met us and gave the children a sieve full of very fine apricots and carnations.

11*th.*—The heat having kept me awake all night I did not go to Court to-day; but I got up at five o'clock and walked about the streets and into several churches, and in every church there were several people at their devotions. Towards seven o'clock I was driven home by the heat. We had the eight English gentlemen who are here to dine with us. At six we went with the children and Mr. Robertson, and Mr. Claplan, and Mrs. de Grave, and Mrs. Ward, to see the palace, which is well worth seeing.

I received your letter to-day, in which, by the advice of the Marquis del Campo*, you caution us against eating much meat, because it is so rich and so succulent. It is pleasant to see how prejudiced all people are as to what relates to their own country. It is easy to eat well and even luxuriously in Spain, because the fish, the turkeys, the venison, the vegetables, the fruit, the rabbits, and the hares and partridges, and ducks, are all excellent, and the veal is sometimes good; but the beef and mutton are lean and hard, and dry, and tasteless, and we hardly ever touch either the one or the other.

12*th.*—The same hot and clear sky still continues; I must, therefore, make my escape into the mountains and go among the snows, which lie in sight of my windows still unmelted. As her excellency may possibly be tempted to stay there for her lying-

* The Spanish Ambassador.

in, I must make my preparations accordingly. This is troublesome, tiresome, and expensive work, but I am glad that it is the system of the Court, for it would be dreadful work to pass the whole summer in Madrid.

13*th.*—Hotter and hotter: we are all so languid that the preparations for moving the family go forwards very gently. We have fine mulberries and good figs all day long, and in about ten days we shall have grapes, which will continue till the end of February. There are not yet any new potatoes, but those of the last year continue good. I suppose that they are kept somewhere in dry sand under snow; but our great comfort and support is London porter, of which I have a large stock, and which, when well iced, is safe and refreshing. We had our chapel this morning; after which I went, as usual, to Court. We had at the chapel twenty-two persons, and when it begins to be regularly attended and by all who can come, there will be about thirty. The King of Spain sent me to-day a present of a fine dictionary of the Spanish, Latin, and Arabic languages, in three volumes folio, which is lately completed here. He had ordered a few copies to be done on large paper for the ambassadors.

14*th.*—It continues dry and hot. We had company to dinner. My morning, of course, was cut in two by going to Court, and the afternoon by preparations for St. Ildefonso. We stayed late to-night at the public gardens. It is very remarkable that there is no appearance of dew here, which, however, is not the case in other parts of Spain, where there is more wood, or marsh, or verdure. We always come home at night in an open carriage in order to catch a little cool air, and afterwards we sit in the balcony till supper-time, and I generally sleep with the windows of my chamber open. Many of the lower people here leave their chambers and sleep in the streets at night during the summer, and we remarked the same practice at Aranjuez.

15*th.*—The blue sky still continues in full splen-

dour. I stayed at home this morning in order to settle various arrangements for St. Ildefonso. It is no small matter to give a detail of everything necessary for a family which is numerous in itself, and in which there are above thirty servants, exclusive of the whole history of the cellar, kitchen, stables, carriages, &c. You should observe, too, that in hot countries the understanding is as much relaxed as the person, and that an exertion which would give little fatigue in England is quite overpowering here. We made a progress, however, and sent off two large carts before we went to the evening walk. One subject of general conversation to-day was the bravery of yesterday's bulls. Four of them were given by a young lady of the first rank (the Duchesse d'Ossuna), and they killed several horses, and dangerously wounded the two principal fighters (the matadors). The Duchesse d'Ossuna had much pressed Mrs. Eden to go with her. There was not the slightest idea of going; but it is difficult to find polite negatives, for it is impossible here to speak of the favourite diversion of the nation with the abhorrence which is due to it. It was universally thought a very flattering day yesterday to the lady who gave the bulls; and almost all the people that we know were present. There were only eighteen bulls killed.

16*th*.—The thermometer is now seldom lower, even at midnight, than 76°, and at about 83° in the day. We feel comfortless under the heat; but as we are not obliged to expose ourselves to the sun it does not affect us. The making visits is troublesome, and takes about an hour every day; but that is done in a carriage with blinds. Though the streets are remarkably clean the pavements are rough and bad. This was a gala day; I was obliged, therefore, to pass it in fine clothes. The service of Sèvres china arrived all safe, only one piece of no great value was broken; I am, however, sorry to have brought it with me. We had nobody to dine with us to-day but Frederick North. The impatience of his family to

see him forces him back to England in a few days, which is unfortunate for him. He is ill prepared for the English climate. Here he has tolerable health and spirits, but is so tender that even under this baking sun he is chilly, though he wears three waistcoats.

17*th.*—I went to Court to-day to take leave for my journey to St. Ildefonso. The whole family is now in the bustle of preparation. We are quite sorry to hear from the King of Spain that there has been a warm wind two days in the mountains, which has melted most of the snow. The thermometer has not yet been higher here than I have seen it both in Paris and at Greenwich; but the difference is that the heat is incessant, and lasts through the twenty-four hours. Mrs. Eden went to-night to the public walk to say a parting word to the Princess of Asturias whilst the carriages pass; but all the princesses were gone to a convent for the reception of one of the maids of honour as a nun, a young woman rather of good looks than otherwise, who takes leave of the Court to-day, in the finest dress possible; and after being paraded to every part of Madrid to different visits was, with great ceremony, shut up for life to-night.

18*th.* — The thermometer in some of my apartments is at 86°, and in the lower part of Madrid must be considerably higher. It is time to be gone. I have accordingly been very busy all day in my preparations. We are obliged to carry so many things to St. Ildefonso, that for carts, servants, and carriages, I am obliged to have above seventy mules, exclusive of my own horses and mules, which only carry the stable people.

19*th.*—Last night, at seven o'clock, we set off with two carriages and eight men servants, four of whom were despatched forward upon the road to make the inn comfortable for us at the half-way, and afterwards to proceed to this place. Mrs. Eden and I and four children went in the first carriage (an open landau), Mrs. Degrave and Mrs. Ward and the other three children went in the next. We armed ourselves with a stock of Bristol water and bread and

fresh milk. The air was very pleasant, and our young companions chattered away till eleven o'clock, when they fell asleep. It was a beautiful night, and the appearance of the sky is certainly much clearer here than in other parts of Europe. At one o'clock we arrived at the supposed inn, when the servants met us with melancholy faces, and told us that the inn was not finished, and that there was nothing within it but the workmen.

This did not greatly discompose us. We got out and walked about among the rocks for near an hour. It then grew cold: we shut up the landau, and all the children fell as sound asleep as if they had been in their beds. I should have told you that we went this road by the advice of the King of Spain. It was now opened for the first time, and it certainly is an astonishing work. It makes the distance from Madrid about fifty miles, instead of nearly seventy, which we must have gone otherwise. This is done by carrying the road in a zig-zag over the high and steep mountains; and we accordingly now proceeded to ascend a steep hill, about three leagues, and descended afterwards about the same distance. This is managed so well, that the ascents and descents are easy and perfectly safe, and we had no occasion either for poles or drag-chains; nor had we any alarm till we came to one part of the descent where there were some hundreds of workmen finishing a part of the road, who gave us a loud hurrah, as being the first gentleman's carriage that had appeared. It was curious, in many parts, to see the second carriage as if upon a great shelf over our heads; and as the mountain is wooded, and surrounded by other mountains on this side, the views were very beautiful. At nine o'clock we began to look sharp for our house; and from the magnificent descriptions which we had had of it we looked, but in vain, for some superb chateau. About ten o'clock we passed through the town, and were driven up a wooded hill, about half a mile from the town, to the place which I had calcu-

lated to be the stable of our castle, but which proves to be our Spanish castle itself. In external appearance of walls, windows, and tiling, it resembles a large farm-house in England. Within it is not grand (except, I suppose, by comparison with the other houses here). There is a dining-room and drawing-room, each of which are about the size of my library at Beckenham, and about nine or ten smaller rooms. There is nothing over these but garrets, and I am obliged to hire two or three apartments at a little distance for the rest of the family. We breakfasted very comfortably on wine and Bristol water and cold veal, and then those who were sleepy went to sleep till dinner-time. We already found the air considerably cooler, and in the evening the children ran about the lawn before the house and the wood, and were quite wild with delight. The prospect is certainly beautiful and romantic. On every side you see mountains which rise to an immense height. Some are wooded, others are bare and bleak; between some there are steep and dark valleys. St. Ildefonso is in a sort of bason in the midst of these hills, and our house is upon a wooded eminence at a little distance from the town. There wants nothing but a large lake and a distant view of the sea to make the scenery perfect. It is the fashion at Court to say that St. Ildefonso is an odious, savage place, and that none but the King of Spain and the English ambassadors like it. Poor Lord Grantham always spoke of it with rapture, and so did Sir James Gray; and if it proves healthy for the children I certainly shall like it.

20*th*.—To day three more coaches arrived with a further detachment of the family. We were busy all the day in settling ourselves and arranging furniture, &c., and the children lived upon the lawn. There are herds of the large deer, which come sometimes to the door, and the shepherds in the evening bring their flocks of sheep and goats here from the mountains to save them from the wolves. The eagles,

and hawks, and vultures, and storks are flying about at all times of the day. We have not yet been to the palace or gardens.

21*st.*—It is impossible to describe to you how comfortable it is to find ourselves in a cooler atmosphere than that of Madrid. I write this at noon; my windows have all been open the whole day, which never could be at Madrid. The snow in the neighbouring hills was in general melted by the late siroc, or hot wind, but there still remain on the mountains in front of our house four very handsome tracts or ridges of snow, which will probably last till the new snow begins. We have a large tubful brought to us every morning, and it is a great luxury, and I believe very healthy in cooling the butter, fruits, cream, wine, water, &c.

22*nd.*—Yesterday evening we went to the gardens, which proved better than we expected, though we cannot reconcile our English ideas to the expensively bad taste with which they are laid out. They were done by Philip the Fifth, who had a natural wish to make them as like as possible to the gardens which he had left at Versailles, and he could not have taken a worse model: they consist much of straight alleys and clipped hedges; the trees, however, are grown so large, and the groves are so thick, and there is so much water, and the sand from which the walks are formed is so compact, that upon the whole it is a pleasant spot. The waterworks in the garden are said to be the finest in the world. We saw a great variety of statues, basons, cascades, &c., but they were not in movement. We next went to the river walk, which few people like here, and therefore the road to it is so bad that we were obliged to quit our carriages; but we were quite enchanted by it. We found a small trout-stream rattling among large rocks,—the stream quite clear, and in no places above three or four feet deep, and winding through two ridges of low wood, over which on all sides we could see the high mountains. It was so like some English

scenes that we recollected at Cocher and at Mr. Aislabie's, and at the same time so much wilder and greater, that it pleased us beyond measure: but we had one curious grievance, the evening was much too cold, and we all returned home shivering.

Mr. Frederick North, who supped with us, and who set off this morning for England, is as much struck as we are with the fine scenery and natural magnificence of this place, which he thinks by far the finest thing of the kind that he ever saw. I am sorry that his family have forced him home. The Spanish climate agreed well with him, and gave him some chance of recovering a broken constitution. I think an English winter very likely to kill him; and his present journey of 1200 miles in the dog-days is also bad for him. This morning the thermometer is at 64°, and we have taken a long walk in the sun, and the three boys are passing the whole day in the grove without any fear of being over-heated. I shall be quite sorry if the cold forces us back to Madrid before Mrs. Eden's lying-in. I do not conceive it possible for any great city to be duller or less agreeable than Madrid: its cleanliness is its only virtue, in every other respect it is an execrable place. The pavements are rough for carriages, the *trottoir* is so narrow that it is difficult to walk afoot; the society is formal and the reverse of gay, and the air, which stifles you with heat in summer, cuts you in two with cold in winter. Aranjuez as an ornamented garden, and St. Ildefonso as a savage scene of romance, are certainly both very pleasant places.

We have some drawbacks here, but they give us little uneasiness; in the first place, there is a little snug magazine of powder not very distant from us, about 150 yards; I have had it examined, however, and am assured that it could not do mischief to us even if the lightning should strike it. In the next place, it is said that there are a competent quantity of very respectable vipers among the rocks, and Mrs. Eden and I saw one this morning, but he was more frightened than we were; and thirdly, in driving from my door

to the palace, I am obliged to drive down a hill sufficiently steep, more especially as my horses and mules are all rather lively; hitherto we have always walked to the bottom of the hill, but that will not always do. I may almost mention the grasshoppers among the grievances, — they abound to such a degree that in every step you take hundreds rise before you, and when Mrs. Eden came in to-day, the maids picked about half a peck from her apron and petticoats and folds of her gown, and they are not such sneaking little starved grasshoppers as you see in the county of Durham, but large substantial jumpers, almost as big as a finger.

23*rd*.—I omitted to remark that the grievance of the powder-magazine is almost compensated by its having a weather-cock upon it. Yesterday evening we went with the carriages to a place where our little river is accessible, and carried the gentlemen with us, and the children. We ordered the carriages to the bridge of Segovia (as it is called), about two miles farther down the river, and walked among the rocks and by the banks for nearly two hours, and had the pleasure of seeing the children scamper and climb and enjoy the free use of their activity, which they have not before had since we came to Spain. The evening was cool, and felt like a fine October in England. To-day the thermometer is at 64°, which feels chilly after all the roasting which we lately had. This evening we continued our researches by the banks of the river, and found many most romantic and beautiful spots, and many rapid falls of water among the rocks. We are plagued a little by flies here, but the children are no longer devoured by mosquitoes.

24*th*.—The royal family arrived to-day: none of them but the King like this place, and all the courtiers adopt the sentiments of the young court respecting it. We shall be very honestly of his Majesty's small party in the dispute. This afternoon the children had an opportunity of seeing the mode of shooting in Spain. The Infante Don Antonio took his stand upon

our lawn opposite to the windows at the corner of the wood, three or four gentlemen stood by him with guns, and about thirty men and boys were sent into the wood to force the birds towards him; his amusement was to kill whatever came, turtles, huppoos, hawks, cuckoos, &c. The King was not fatigued by his journey, and went fishing immediately after dinner, and to-night he sent us four very large trout which he had caught. It was rather warm to-day, so we did not walk but sat in the gardens whilst the children amused themselves with making mud pies, and launching paper-boats down the garden rivulets which run through every alley.

25*th*.—This morning little George had nearly given us a serious alarm. We had gone out early into the forest about half-past six, and after walking about half an hour, I turned round on hearing a rustling among the bushes and found that it was George, who, on being told when he got up that we were gone out, said nothing to anybody, but set off in pursuit of us, and most fortunately took the right road,—we were in the middle of the wood and about half a mile from the house when he found us. In the mean time his escape had been discovered, and all the women of the house were running different ways to no purpose. His Majesty this morning sent us some trout of a different kind, which he had received in snow from the province of Galicia. I must now dress, and drive through the hill to Court. I have had a seven days' recess. There is no other ambassador here except the Duc de la Vauguyon.

26*th*.—I found the Court yesterday much in retirement, for I do not recollect that there was anybody there, except those who belong to it and are in waiting. This sort of solitude may reasonably be unpleasant to the princesses, who love to be surrounded by crowds and by courtiers, and who cannot have recourse to fishing and shooting. They accordingly make no disguise of their hatred to the place and to its whole system. We went in the even-

ing in a carriage in full form to meet them upon the road, where they every night go with about sixteen coaches for an airing; ours was the only carriage there which did not belong to them; it was upon the whole so melancholy an operation, that we privately determined to go no oftener than may be absolutely necessary. To-day it was hot even here, and must be immoderately so at Madrid. Madame l'Ambassadrice was obliged to go to Court, as it was the birthday of one of the princesses: it seemed quite ridiculous to us to see ourselves in gold and silver embroideries driving round the wood in which we live. To-night it thundered much and had every appearance of a storm, but we ventured to the back of the palace-gardens to see a place called in Spanish "the sea," which is about twice as big as my old friend the town pond at Windlestone; in other respects, however, we thought it a very pleasant spot.

27*th.*—The thunder yesterday evening, did not not cool the air. We had prayers regularly at half-past ten, after which I went to Court as usual. I must not forget to mention that we find here two excellent articles for the table—good bread, and as fine potatoes as I ever saw. We were much disappointed by the bread at Madrid; the whole city is supplied by a royal privilege, under which the good and bad flour are mixed, and the whole heats itself in large stores. In other places the Spanish bread is remarkably good. Abundance of thunder this evening, and some rain, but people met as usual in their carriages.

28*th.*—The thermometer appears, by the accounts from Madrid, to have been at 84° during the greatest part of the day. We should all have suffered much if we had remained there. Our system here is to have always a table placed for twelve. I generally ask two or three or four, as occasion may offer, and if there remains room for all the children they dine with us, and if not, then some of them go to a side table. As soon as dinner is over, and the dessert, coffee is served (soon after three o'clock), and we

then disappear and retire to our own apartments, either to read or write, till half-past five, when the open carriage comes to the door. This place, amidst its beauties, has two great defects; there is no verdure in the grass, it is burnt and brown, and all the trees are small,—there are very few above eighteen or twenty feet in height. We had an event in our walk this evening which gave us little or no alarm, because there was no danger except of catching cold: the younger Eleanor fell into the river; we were standing by, and the five eldest monkeys were amusing themselves in scrambling over stepping-stones. Eleanor, who led the party, slipped at a shelving rock, and in she went. The worst of the story is that we were above three miles from home, and could not venture to send her in the carriage for fear of its chilling her. It was also a bad circumstance that she had a new silk petticoat on and a gauze frock, and was dressed to go and meet the princess at the promenade.

29*th.*—The weather is at present little warmer than we like to have it, and we have the pleasure to hear that they are all fried and fricasséed by the sun at Madrid. Eleanor caught no cold by her wetting last night. This is one of the girls' birthdays, and of course a gala in the family. They are all occupied in giving a breakfast to the women of the house, and to some of the men, and have been several days preparing it. We went this evening to a fruit and flower garden, which the prince has made among the rocks at some distance from the place. We found the strawberries and cherries coming regularly forward there, and the flowers, &c., almost as much advanced as they were at Madrid two months ago.

30*th.*—We hope sincerely that the Scarborough excursion may be beneficial to my sister. From the facilities with which the whole family travel through the north road, you may be apt to imagine that the movements of my caravan were less troublesome than I have described them; but you would find it a very different story in foreign roads and in foreign inns.

It is, I believe, above thirty years since you were at Scarborough, and above twenty since my sister or the archbishop were there. The seeing any place after so long an interval always gives me the idea of having been buried and brought to life again.

His Catholic Majesty continues from time to time to send us part of what he kills or catches; exclusive of which the supply from poachers is as plentiful here as it is in France, though that trade is punished in both countries by the galleys. We advance very little in the speaking of Spanish. French is talked in almost all the society we have, and therefore we have little or no practice, but I begin to read it easily enough, and the two Eleanors are making a greater progress in it than I shall ever do. The lessons go forward at a great rate, and occupy the whole morning regularly from nine till half-past one (besides music in the afternoon), and the children are all so accustomed to them that they take them as cheerfully as their daily bread.

31*st.*—There was abundance of wind and thunder yesterday evening, which made it so unpleasant that we did not go from home; and about eight the French ambassador and his son-in-law, the Prince de Listenay, came and sat with us, and talked over French news, which involves the interests and anxieties of so many of our friends and connections in that country, that it interests us almost as much as English news; and at present much more, because it is brought to a very critical point. The postage of letters in this country is a tax equal almost to all the personal taxes of which we complain so loudly in England. It costs me generally three guineas a week, and frequently four or five; and yet all my heavy packets, and even the daily newspapers, are sent to me by messengers. It is a gala day, and we are both going to Court. It is not, however, a grand gala, and therefore the ambassadress is not obliged to go in a hoop, which would not do at present. As it was cool this evening, we went out in the open carriage early, and took several long walks. In one of the roads

where we saw the Princesse des Asturias and her children coming towards us, my children climbed up a small steep rock just large enough at the top to hold them, and there they made their courtesies and the boys their bows. The little princesses saw it with astonishment, for children in this country, except of the low people, never run nor climb.

August 1st.—To-day the fine weather is come again, and it is warm; but not so much so as to prevent our having the windows open. In Madrid everybody is now sitting without either light or air. The heaps of snow in front of our house are sadly diminished this last week, and will probably not last many days longer. A great wet cloud lay upon them all day yesterday like a feather-bed. We had six English gentlemen at dinner to-day, being all that we could find. There are at Madrid very few English of any description; but the French ambassador assures me that there are above 10,000 French. We have several Irish in the Spanish troops (probably 3000 or 4000), who are encouraged by the Irish priests to seek their fortunes (which they sometimes find) in this country.

2nd. — The wind was high and very noisy all night. I am not sorry to-day to open the windows on the sunny side of the rooms. After all, the utmost heat that I have yet seen in this country is very inferior to what we felt at New York, where the thermometer was sometimes at 96°; and here it has not been higher than 86°. There are considerable numbers of blind people in Spain, which perhaps is partly occasioned by the glaring clearness of the air. We went to-night to see some very large asses and some very little horses, belonging to some of the princes.

3rd.—The weather is at present very English, not too warm, and with a few fat clouds parading about the sky; this is quite a relief to the eye, for the glaring and uniform clearness of the air here soon fatigues the sight. Having been at Court

ten days together, I thought it reasonable to give myself a dispensation this morning. We had our chapel service very regularly attended by the five or six English who are here, exclusive of my family. We gave rather a formal dinner to-day to such ambassadors as are arrived, and to some of the Court people. There is no danger of receiving any excuses to invitations, for I do not find that, except the French ambassador and myself, anybody yet has either an establishment or house here equal to giving a dinner. In the evening we went to the walk, and preceded by our children, met the Princess of Asturias, afoot, preceded by hers, like two boarding-school mistresses, except that one of the mothers had a train of livery servants, and the other a suite of full-dressed courtiers.

4th.—The day warm, but not oppressive. I was as usual at Court. The King had killed a buck, the weight of which was 275 lbs., or about 20 stone. The horns were on his table, and weighed about 15 lbs. This led to his showing me his collection of horns, which is a favour he confers on every new ambassador. They were brought in, one pair after another, by a principal grandee who happened to be in waiting, and planted against the wall; among the rest there was one immense pair from Mexico. The largest that he showed to us belonging to animals killed here had weighed, he said, about 22 lbs., and the animal had weighed altogether about 32 stone, or 445 lbs.

We had some English to dinner, and after dinner the waters of the gardens played for the ambassadress. This is a ceremony of attention towards new ambassadresses, and was formally notified to us by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who desired the ambassadress to fix whatever day and hour she liked best. She had accordingly a most fatiguing walk of an hour and a half, at the head of several hundred people; and though it is the finest thing of the kind that exists, we were quite

glad when it was over. The expense to me was about eight guineas. The highest *jet d'eau*—and it is the highest that ever was known, is said to mount about 130 feet, but I think that they add twenty or thirty feet to its true height. At one place the sight produced was curious: the quantity of different streams in the air was so numerous that it produced rainbows, some of which were quite complete, and varied in their appearance according to the position of the spectator. One great beauty of the sight consists in the clearness of the water, which is as pure as any water that is served at table. I was told before I came to this country that it was advisable to be careful in eating at the Spanish tables, because of the frequent use either of copper vessels, or of tin linings mixed with lead. Three days ago some of the ambassadors who dined at Madrid, and a whole company of fourteen people, were dangerously ill on the day following, but they are all recovering. All my kitchen furniture was bought in London.

5*th*.—It was warm to-day, though there was abundance of wind; it was one of the hot winds which are not uncommon here; it has made an impression on our heaps of snow, which are now reduced to two. In the evening we found out a very beautiful airing of about six miles through woods and among high rocks. The road was rather severe for our carriage, but the prospects compensated us for the risk, and we returned in time to meet the princess in the road near to the palace, where she now walks every night with her children.

We have an account to-day that Mr. Frederick North was taken ill at Valladolid, about eighteen leagues from this place. Captain Sidney Smith, who is here, will be so good as to go to-morrow, and see whether he has been able to go forwards, as, if not, he must want assistance. The anxiety of his friends in England to see him has led them to force him home from a climate in which he would probably have quite recovered, to a climate which will pro-

bably be fatal to him; and they obliged him to undertake this journey of 1200 miles in the dog-days.

6*th.*—Warm, but pleasant. Mr. Robertson and Mr. Claplan in walking this evening through the woods, met a snug little party of five wild boars. The poor beasts did not resent the blood of one of their associates, of whom we had had a joint at dinner to-day. The children also received a visit from a tame porcupine, belonging to a gentleman here. This porcupine was as tame as any cottage pig; we gave him grapes, pears, &c. He once grew peevish, and made a violent shaking, in the course of which one of his quills dropped, but I saw no reason to believe that he could dart them so as to hurt. He came from Africa.

7*th.*—I stayed at home and wrote the whole day till half-past six, when I walked out with two of the girls to meet all the other children, who were gone in the landau, and one of the girls was led by the eagerness of her spirits into a bog, which obliged us to return home again for dry clothes. As I think it likely that you may sometimes pass a summer in this country, I ought to apprise you, among other matters, that the green-gage plums are as good as in England, and much more plentiful; the grapes hitherto are sweet, but they have no other merit. I have already told you that the potatoes are excellent—I never saw better, even from Liverpool. We have red currant tarts here every day, and it is, I believe, the only place in Spain where red currants are found in any plenty, and the confectioner is at this moment occupied in making black currant jelly, provisionally against colds. To-night the Princess de Masseran, who is arrived, and will stay here till October, came and sat with us; she is the only female society we can expect to have here. The ladies belonging to the Court are confined there like state prisoners, and besides, they speak little French. As for men, there are enough, and I can have a party to dinner and to whist as often as I like.

8*th*.—A fine day, which we passed as usual—Court in the morning, a small company to dinner, a book afterwards for two hours, and in the evening airing and walking, and company till supper. Nothing remarkable, except that the cold of the two last nights put an end to many millions of grasshoppers; there still remain, however, as many as are agreeable.

9*th*.—The thermometer is now generally from 66° to 70°; and I suppose that it is nearly as high at this time at Scarborough; in the mean time, it is a great luxury to us to hear that it is from 72° to 82° in Madrid. Instead of going to Court this morning, I went to a conference with the minister. In the evening, rather early, we carried all the seven children to the river side, where they worked very hard, and with some success, near two hours, in throwing in stones so as to make a large heap between some of the stepping-stones, and to turn the stream another way. I must confess that I entered into the spirit of this undertaking, and worked with them; and Madame l'Ambassadrice would have been glad to do the same, but she grows rather heavy, and thought it more prudent to sit upon the rocks and to be a simple spectator.

10*th*.—The King of Spain told us this morning that one of his dogs had been bit in the fields yesterday by one of the poisonous animals, and had died in less than two minutes. We dined to-day at the French Ambassador's, and the children came to the dessert, and by the help of the son of the Masserans and of the Duke de la Vauguyon's, two young men, made a glorious noise, and greatly annoyed such of the company as were not accustomed to children. We afterwards went to the garden to see the princes play at *maille*, and then to the walk as usual. I saw an eagle this morning of a magnificent appearance; it is, to my feelings, a great addition to the wild beauties of this place, that you cannot look out of the windows without seeing birds of prey of different

kinds, and flights of storks, etc. We are all in mourning to-day for Philip VI. (a brother of his present Catholic Majesty), who died in 1759.

11*th*.—I have now got much into the system of giving myself a dispensation from the Court duties on the two post days (Mondays and Thursdays). This is not objectionable now that other ambassadors are arrived, and accordingly I stayed at home to-day. We had a large company to dinner, and a whist table afterwards, and the same party of children as yesterday, who rioted upon the lawn till it began to rain, and then adjourned their noise into the house. It would amuse you on these occasions to see all the children, even down to George, dispute and make their claims good in French, with the same earnestness as if it was their natural language.

12*th*.—Mr. Robertson and Mr. Claplan are gone to-day to Segovia to see sights; and we are determined, for once in our lives, to have a mere family party with the children; in the mean time I must go to Court. It is a circumstance which may be placed in the opposite scale to the St. Ildefonso vipers, that madness among dogs is very rare in this country. It is hardly ever heard of; and yet it is a common sight to see dogs sleeping in Madrid in the sun, upon the pavement, and under white walls, in a degree of heat which, in countries where they are not accustomed to heat, would drive them mad in a few minutes.

13*th*.—Nothing can be pleasanter or more temperate than the weather is at present. The wood in which we live fills our rooms with flies, indeed; but there are few or no mosquitoes. This was a grand gala for the Queen of Naples, and we were obliged to be embroidered. I had a company to dinner of the new comers who arrived on this occasion. Our lumps of snow upon the hill are reduced to one small piece, and he is in a consumption.

14*th*.—I stay at home this morning, pursuant to the wise privilege which I have lately esta-

blished to that effect. I forgot to remark that yesterday we had a haunch of venison from the King of Spain, with near three inches deep of fat, and as well-flavoured as any that I ever met with, of the same large kind, in England. His Majesty is to send us some of the larger sort next week. Poor Lord Grantham always assured him that the St. Ildefonso venison was as good as the English, and I should be bound in duty to say the same; but I incline to believe that it is true. The peaches are growing plentiful; we have had a few as good as any of the melters upon the large tree opposite to the melon ground at Beckenham; but in general they are very inferior to the French peaches. We have also had a few good nectarines, but they are not plentiful.

15*th*.—Nothing occurred worthy of remark except that Mr. Claplan, having completed a large paper kite for William, launched it into the air with great success. The children in this country seem neither to play nor to work; it is nearly impossible to buy either toys or books. The medium of the thermometer continues at about 70° here, and at about 80° in Madrid. I begin to fear that our small remains of snow will not see the month of September.

16*th*.—It is warmer here to-day than it has been, but not oppressive; it must be insufferably hot at Madrid. The King of Spain sent us some more venison to-day of a larger kind, which he undertook yesterday to kill for me, upon my asking if it was as good as the small kind: I afterwards thought that I must have had the appearance of begging for it.

17*th*.—Warmer and warmer: the thermometer towards mid-day here will be about 77°, and in Madrid about 86°. It is very fortunate for Mrs. Eden that we are not there at present. As it is, here we sit with the windows open, and can walk about in the shade at any part of the day, and in the evenings it is so cool that we are glad to shut up all the windows. We have such a consumption of claret and books, that I was obliged to dispatch

the butler yesterday to Madrid for a further supply from our stores, both of drinking and reading. There is not anything like an amusement here of any kind. Our house is generally open from seven till ten for cards to such as come on Tuesdays and Fridays, but that does not produce more than one whist table, and a trictrac table (which is my favourite game), at which I play either with the French Ambassador or Swedish Envoy; as to the rest, though there are so many people assembled here, there is not so much as a puppet-show; and nobody is permitted either to fish or to shoot, not even the younger princes, except in districts where there is little or nothing to be found.

18*th.*—We have a large company to dinner. His Majesty has just sent us some more venison. One of my people is sent out this morning to a lodging on account of a fever and ague. I suspect that it is very practicable to catch bad colds here: the changes in the atmosphere are very frequent and very sudden.

19*th.*—It must be confessed that his Catholic Majesty's stag venison is better in the forest than on the table, but it is a misfortune that I must confess it to him this morning; he will ask me how I liked it yesterday, and will probably appeal to others who dined with me; and I certainly thought it execrable. I shall answer that the small venison of last week was excellent.

It is at present sufficiently hot here. We should have been like dried apples if we had remained at Madrid. Mrs. Eden has been very busy during the last ten days in making a bouquet, which she completed last night, and carried to-day to the princess, in return for the natural flowers which she has often graciously given to us. It was a gala day, and the princess added it to her dress, and secured abundance of praise to it; for when she came out of her apartment into the circle, she began by asking all the courtiers if they did not think it very beautiful.

Those who supposed that it was her Royal Highness's own making were quite in distress for sufficient words to commend it; and those who had seen the process of making it in my house were polite enough to be equally full of admiration: it was also worn in the public walks this evening, and, upon the whole, there never was a bouquet which made its fortune more completely.

Mrs. Eden went to-day to Court as the last visit to the princesses till after her lying-in. The Princess of Asturias expressed concern that the etiquette of her situation would not allow her to come from time to time to sit by the side of the cradle, and have a quiet conversation.

20th.—Our supply of fruits multiplies as the season advances, and the pears, peaches, nectarines and green-gages are sometimes as good as I have seen anywhere; but I am told that they almost all come from the royal gardens at Aranjuez, &c., and that the ambassadors are supplied with them by connivance; consequently, that they seldom if ever go to private families, who, however, have plentiful quantities of grapes, oranges, figs, and melons and mulberries. I wish that I had at Beckenham alive all the blackbirds and thrushes that the King of Spain shoots in a year. It is his amusement when he walks round his gardens every morning to have the birds driven towards him, and he shoots whatever comes; and the whole are strung upon a long stick, and laid on the table in the room where he receives us. The becaficos and quails are now growing fat and numerous, and will make a diversion in favour of the other birds. We had all the English that we could muster to dinner to-day, but they were only six.

21st.—When his Catholic Majesty asked me yesterday how I liked his stag venison, I took the liberty to say that I had found it very indifferent; I softened this by doing justice at the same time to the smaller venison, which is really excellent. He had happened, just before I came into the room, to put

the same question to another of the ambassadors, who thought it more consistent with the duties of our profession to say that it was *superbe, magnifique, parfaite.* He said with good humour that he believed I was right; that he had had doubts about it, and that he would soon send some fatter and better.

22*nd.*—This day was very hot, and the thermometer was near 80° in the coolest corner of the house. The heat must have been quite killing at Madrid. At five o'clock, however, we took a long walk by the side of the river, where the rocks are so high that the sun seldom penetrates. The flies grow more numerous and more troublesome; they make it impossible to sleep except when the room is quite dark. We had abundance of company to-night at whist, tric-trac, &c. We have two rooms opened for this: if we have any business to do there is no form to prevent us, and supper is served at the usual hour, to which nobody sits down except our own family.

23*rd.*—I had limited my ambition in this country to the seeing that piece of snow which is before my windows in the month of September; but the hot wind of yesterday has given him a furious knock, and I apprehend that he will be carried off by a consumption in two or three days more. This day slipped through my fingers like a glass of water. In the morning I had a difference to settle upon a point not worth sixpence; I then went to Court, and from Court to a crowded dinner at M. de Florida Blanca's; and after dinner I played half an hour at tric-trac; we then went out with the children to meet the princess, and on our return home found company in our apartments of various nations and descriptions, and they stayed till supper time. By the by, we never have any rain: we have not had above three or four good showers since we left Aranjuez, and there is not within our whole extensive prospect food enough for a grasshopper.

24*th.*—We had our chapel this morning as usual, and visits from four English gentlemen, who are

arrived from different parts, and who all have recommendations to me; besides which, I expect Lord Wycombe every hour, for I find that he called yesterday morning at my house in Madrid. The usual business of dinners, visits, presentations, &c., will go on at a great rate on this occasion. To-day we had fourteen of the ambassadors, ministers, &c., to dinner; after which we went to a little village fair about three miles off with all the children, and with our whole company. The fair was a religious one, and there was nothing to be bought at it but melons, figs, and colics; it was in honour of St. Bartholomew. A large crowd was collected there, and some in curious dresses from the mountains. All the royal family came except the King, and the carriages drove in circles, passing one another and bowing; and then we came home—lively work! I do not make any progress in speaking Spanish. I often amuse a leisure hour in studying niceties and difficulties of the French language; I suppose, therefore, that when I leave Spain I shall begin to study Spanish. My poor lump of snow! he is in the last agonies to-day.

25*th*.—This was the grand gala for the name-day of the princess (St. Louis, Louisa). It was very warm; in honour, however, of the day, I was obliged to put on a coat of gold and silver stuff, embroidered with spangles, glass, foils, &c., and weighing above fourteen pounds. Everybody kissed everybody's hands except the foreign ministers', who are the spectators of this ceremony; and as there were 335 kissers, and eight who were kissed, my sister will soon ascertain that there must have been 2680 kissings of hands. As soon as this was over we went to a great dinner at the French Ambassador's in honour of the King of France's nameday. About fourscore people were at dinner: the ambassadress had excused herself, but she called for me at five, and we went to meet the princess in the gardens, where all the country was assembled to see the royal family and the waters. We paid our court with some risk of colds to our seven

children, who were all together there in white, and surrounded by a crowd wherever they went. At about six the air, as is usual here, changed suddenly to a chill.

26*th.*—I proceeded to-day with the presentations of all the English visitors; and we had ten English gentlemen at table to dinner with us, which is said to be a most extraordinary circumstance in the history of St. Ildefonso. I will mention their names, though I doubt whether you will derive much information from it:—Mr. Robertson, Mr. Claplan, Mr. Garlike, Lord Wycombe*, Mr. Parsons, Mr. Pettiward, Mr. Liston, Mr. Merry, Mr. Young, and Mr. Allwood. In the evening, as usual on Thursdays, we had most of the foreign ministers here to whist, tric-trac, chess, &c.

27*th.*—It was quite cold this morning: the thermometer at 60°, and the air sharp and clear, like a fine day in England in October. I found it expedient to quit summer clothes, and put on a spring velvet in order to go to Court. The King dined at half-past eleven to-day, and went at one above six leagues, twenty-eight miles, in pursuit of some wolves. He carried his three sons with him. As he will return the same distance before sunset, he will have had good exercise for a gentleman seventy-three years of age. He has great success at present in shooting quails, which arrive now in flights from Africa. On his return he generally distributes them among us. I dined to-day with all my English gentlemen at the French Ambassador's.

28*th.*—It is little George's birthday, and everybody is employed in overwhelming him with presents. The Paris footman, who belongs to the three boys, has built him a house upon the lawn, and others are bringing him little tables and chairs and all sorts of furniture for his house; and I have promised to dine quietly at home without company. The Venetian Ambassador has charged himself with my visitors.

* Afterwards second Marquis of Lansdowne.

29*th*. — His Catholic Majesty did not kill the wolves; he could have killed one, but one of the servants being in the line, must have been shot at the same time, which was thought an inconvenience. He was consoled, however, by shooting four foxes. We have had during the last two days the most beautiful weather possible. The air is as clear as crystal, and neither hot nor cold, but fevers and colics in a slight way are frequent enough.

These three last days have given us a good specimen of the Spanish climate in its best dress. There has not been the smallest cloud in the atmosphere, nor any wind; and yet the air has been neither hot nor cold, the thermometer varying from 65° to 70°. We had this evening about thirty people to tric-trac, whist, and conversation, from seven till half-past ten, but no female except the Princesse de Masseran. The ladies of this country speak French with so much pain to themselves, and we speak so little Spanish, that they enter little into our society; in truth, they associate little with each other; they have their small parties at home.

30*th*.— My little heap of snow dies hard: it still continues visible, but I fear he will not survive the next forty-eight hours. I was at Court as usual to-day, and afterwards carried Lord Wycombe to dine at M. de Florida Blanca's. Fine weather continues.

31*st*.—We had a large congregation at our chapel to-day, as we were above twenty in number. I then went to Court. I afterwards had company to dinner: we next went an airing, and then I shut myself up, and sat alone at my desk for the rest of the evening. It is difficult to avoid having company to dinner four or five times a week, varying in number from two to twelve: but it is not troublesome, for as soon as the dessert is finished we rise from table, and coffee is brought, and as soon as I have taken a dish of coffee I always disappear without scruple or offence; and consequently the whole operation of meeting and dining is not above an hour and a half.

September 1*st.*—Hurrah! I have carried my point, contrary to the expectation of the most experienced judges in Spain. There evidently remain upon the mountain opposite to my house two pieces of snow: they are small in appearance, but possibly may last three or four days longer; it is probable, therefore, that we shall see snow in this cold climate in every month of the year. The same mild and clear weather still continues. We had fourteen to dinner to-day; but our English visitors are all departing: some go to-night to Madrid, others to-morrow to Segovia, and others on Wednesday to the Escurial. They are well pleased with the great civilities of this Court.

2*nd.*—As the weather was cool, and as it was the fashion to go to Segovia, we took a sudden resolution to-day to be as active as the rest of the world, and accordingly set off this afternoon at three o'clock, in a family way, in an open carriage, with three of the girls. The distance is about two leagues: we arrived in less than an hour, and drove to the cathedral, where there is abundance of pictures, gilt chapels, monuments, painted windows, &c. We next went to the Aqueduct, which is supposed to have been built in the time of Trajan, and is in full repair and use at this day, and in some parts of the town is a great height, with arches upon arches: in some places it has the appearance of a bridge considerably above the tops of the houses; we were well pleased with it. Lastly, we proceeded to the palace, which was built by the Moors, and in which all the old rich and gilded ceilings remain in full preservation at the end of near five hundred years. We also saw there an establishment of one hundred young cadets for the army; they are said to be well taught, and certainly are kept with extreme neatness. The officer who conducted us was so desirous to show us everything, that, without apprising us of his purpose, he carried us into the infirmary, where six of the young gentlemen were lying in bed with fevers: we immediately ran away with as little impoliteness as we could, but

with so much earnestness, that he believes we are still running.

I should have told you that Mrs. Eden, in order to avoid being followed by crowds in Segovia, (which would have happened had she gone in her common dress, put on the redicilla, the mantilla, and the basquine, and, in short, dressed herself completely like a Spanish lady in a provincial town. This succeeded well enough at Segovia; but I was determined that it should not finish there, and contrived to time our return exactly to meet the princesses and all the Court in the evening walk; as it was an open carriage, she had no means of escaping, and was finely roasted, to the great amusement of the children.

3rd.—There are some clouds to-day; they are the first that we have seen during ten days. Mr. Robertson and Mr. Claplan are gone this morning with several of the English gentlemen, to see the palace of the Escurial, where there is the finest (single)-collection of pictures in Europe; they will return on the 5th. I know no news, but that the King of Spain killed a buck last night which weighed 375 pounds (fifteen arrobas): he will distribute it among us to-day.

4th.—We had a violent storm of warm wind last night during several hours, but it brought no rain; and to-day the weather is as clear and almost as calm as usual. We had company to dinner, and I made my peace with the large breed of bucks: for we had a haunch to dinner which proved excellent.

5th.—The eccellentissima señora was not well to-day, and under alarms, and would not go out; so I took the señoritas with me, and we had no carriage with us; in consequence of which we narrowly escaped a storm, which began to menace us at two miles' distance. It has ever since been wet and cold; and the black clouds which roll about us at the lower parts of the surrounding mountains form an appearance unlike anything that I ever saw.

In the evening we had the foreign ministers as usual.

6*th*.—It continues wet and cold. I went this morning to the Spanish ministers' conference, and afterwards dined with them. There was a monk at Court from some neighbouring convent, who said that it had snowed this morning in the mountains. Though the weather is so severely unpleasant to-day (and in truth, very English), the King went a-shooting this morning before the levee; and this evening he is fishing in the rain at the river side. I wish that you would breakfast with us here sometimes; you will always find excellent grapes and figs, and good honey; and sometimes good peaches and nectarines;—when you come, be so good as to bring a little English cream with you.

7*th*.—It will give you a magnificent idea of our climate, when I tell you that yesterday evening it was as cold as in December, the thermometer at 50°, and the air sharp and chilly, and our mountains all buried in clouds. This morning there is not a cloud in the atmosphere, the thermometer is at 66°: and the mountain opposite to my window appears with large tracts of fresh snow, which will much flatter the King of Spain, because he yesterday foretold it. There had remained to the last a small speck of last year's snow.

8*th*.—The new snow is melted, and the weather is once more very pleasant, but I cannot profit by it these two days, having an opportunity of sending some letters and despatches by a courier to England, and my preparations for that purpose most fully occupy me. The version* which we received here respecting the famous Scarborough cruise gave us to understand that the heads of the church and of the law were both within an ace of being laid low among the prawns, pebbles, and porpoises. From your correct account, I find that it was only a party

* It had been stated in the English newspapers that the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Thurlow had been in great danger.

of pleasure for the archbishop's lady, the Lord Privy Seal, and the Lord Chancellor, and one of the chaplains, to take an emetic together, and afterwards to play till midnight from morning with a pack of cards as thick as muffins in an alehouse at Filey. I sincerely wish that we could have been of so delightful a party; and am also glad to find that the very pacific and uninteresting state of Europe allows so much leisure, and such long absences, to his Majesty's cabinet ministers.

9*th*.—We passed a great part of yesterday and the whole of this day in answering various letters, which we had received from friends at Paris and Versailles, and were quite surprised at our own success in getting through a dozen French letters (some of which were necessarily long) with almost as much ease as if they had been English; we had an opportunity of sending them to-night by a messenger of the Duc de la Vauguyon.

10*th*.—I was kept at home this whole day for more interesting reasons: we have been under continual alarms that the young Spaniard was arriving. All preparations for him were put accordingly into great forwardness, but the only consequence has been that our anxieties are quite awakened. After all, I only send away the French letters at present, and keep the English.

11*th*.—The same state of expectation has carried us through a second long day. I have not had the courage to go to Court; and besides I have wished to stay at home, to read novels, and to take little short walks, and to cut bad jokes, and to keep the children in order; and, in short, to do anything that may turn the poor lady's mind from unpleasant speculations. She sees nobody now in the evenings but the Princesse de Masseran, who comes and sits with her from seven till half-past nine, during which time there are generally eight or ten of the ambassadors and ministers in the next room at whist and tric-trac. It is one comfort at present that the weather

has grown exceedingly fine again, and is neither hot nor cold.

12*th.* — As this teazing state seems at present further from coming to an end that it did three days ago, I thought it a point of duty to return this morning to my attendances at Court, and brought back some very kind messages to the lady in the elbow chair from the Princesse des Asturias. We heard to-day that the young princesses had last night produced two fine dressed dolls in the public walks, that they might no longer be insulted by the four dolls of our children. I was persuaded in consequence of this interesting intelligence to carry our girls to-night to the walk, but we did not arrive till the princesses had passed, and they returned galloping hard to be in time for the King, and they had not time to hold up the dolls so as we could distinguish them; we returned, grievously disappointed.

The Queen of Naples having produced another son, it will cost me dear; for I must illuminate my house three nights together, and what is worse, I must wear grand gala clothes three days together. I suppose that this will begin on Sunday next.

13*th.* — In order to avoid inquiries about the ambassadress, to which I could only give the same answers that I have given all this week, I did not go to Court to-day, but I dined with M. de Florida Blanca, and then took a long walk with the children, and worked hard with them to establish a bridge of stepping-stones over a shallow and rapid stream, after which we had as usual the ambassadors and ministers to whist and tric-trac.

14*th.* — This morning, early, your little Spanish grand-daughter came into the world*, it is a nice little señorita, and so now we have of five nations. The gracious anxiety of the princess respecting the ambassadress made it my duty to send a Spanish note to the camarera major (the first lady of the bed-

* Married, 26 June 1806, Andrew Wedderburn Colvile, Esq. Died 1858.

chamber) to notify the birth; and the form is in Spanish language to assure her that the child is very much at her service if she chooses to have it. I went afterwards to Court, which was a grand gala for the Queen of Naples, and this evening my house is illuminated, and all the buildings in the town at a distance. Some of the children are convinced that these rejoicings are on account of the birth of their little sister.

15*th.*—Our illuminations continue this evening and to-morrow. In the midst of them couriers are arrived from Portugal, with an account of the death of the Prince of Brazil, who is a nephew of the King of Spain. As the Prince of Brazil's sister is here, and within a month of lying-in, this death possibly will be turned into a secret. It rained from three o'clock yesterday evening till midnight, and very hard; but the King of Spain went at four to his *chasse*, and carried with him the Prince des Asturias, and the Neapolitan Ambassador, Prince Raffaldael, who keeps his bed to-day with a fever; and if he is wise he will remain in it till the weather is more settled, otherwise he must go again to the *chasse*.

16*th.* — The death of the Prince of Brazil is to be kept a secret, as I supposed. Though there was violent thunder and lightning during three hours on Sunday night, it never occurred to us till to-day that the powder-magazine is behind our stables.

17*th.* — Here, my dear madam, I finish this large package. I am sincerely glad to get rid of it. So, wishing you the safe possession and successful perusal of this three months' work,

I remain, my dear Madam,

Your very dutiful and affectionate son,

WM. EDEN.

St. Ildefonso, Sept. 19th.

My dear Madam,—My Journal will now go in a smaller compass, for you know our style of life, in which there is little variety. You have had descrip-

tions of most of the novelties which present themselves, and there will be few occurrences worth mentioning. It will be long, therefore, before I can make you out such another packet as I dispatched to you this morning. This day passed as usual, except that the cold is growing great, and there is but one fireplace in my side of the house, and Donna Maria Louisa has taken possession of it.

20*th*. — I attended the minister this morning, and afterwards dined with him, and was writing all the evening by a Spanish courier, by whom you will receive a few lines from me.

21*st*. — We had prayers quite in a regular way, and a congregation of sixteen, exclusive of the ambassadress and her young infidel, who were in the next room, with a prayer-book between them. This was a grand gala in our household; as I could not dine at home yesterday, it was agreed that Kitty's* birthday should be kept to-day. Preparations have accordingly been making during the last three weeks, as it was understood that she was to give and receive presents to and from all the house; and as little or nothing can be bought here, ingenuity and labour were both necessary. There was, accordingly, a great exchange of housewifes, purses, old ribbons, scissors, inkstands, drawings, &c., and the next work was for each of them to order two dishes for dinner; and they invited all the English gentlemen, and in the evening they gave caudle to the foreign ministers, and so we arrived at being one day older, which is a natural piece of morality, when it is recollected that ten years have slipped away since Kitty was born in America. The good old American† nurse is quite shocked to have been so long absent from her family.

22*nd*. — A very wet day. I was not sorry to put on black cloth for a Court mourning. In the evening we walked to one of our brooks, which is in

* Married Right Hon. Nicholas Vansittart, afterwards Lord Bexley. Died 1810.

† The good old American nurse passed her life in Mr. Eden's family.

a flood — and floods here are like wild beasts, and very respectable; they tumble with such violence from the mountains. The thermometer now varies from 54° to 60°. This would not be very cold for September weather in England, but it is chilly here so soon after the Spanish summer. In Madrid, as usual, it is ten degrees higher.

23*rd*.—It continues wettish and windy; but our lawn is shaved so close by the goats, the sheep, and the deer, that the children can walk upon it immediately whenever there are intervals between the showers. There is now a very beautiful verdure; we were beginning to forget that grass is naturally green.

24*th*.—I dined from home to-day, which I avoid doing as much as possible; and the four girls and William took a long drive with two of the French-women to show them the neighbourhood, and the lying-in lady was obliged to stay at home quietly with the nurse and the little Spaniard.

25*th*.—We have once more a warm air and some sunshine; and I took a long walk with the pack of children, and picked mushrooms, which are fine here. I then dressed and went to Court, after which I had a large company to dinner, and madame was well enough to let them drink their coffee in her apartment.

26*th*.—This was our wedding-day, and we dined together with the seven eldest children at the table; the youngest in the room in her cradle. It was at all events certain that she would dine in the company of her mamma. In the midst of our attachment to the memory of this day, it was rather melancholy to reflect how quickly twelve happy years have been passed by us. As to the next twelve, we will hope the best; but they will also slip away even if they are allotted to us. I drove about eight miles after dinner with William, Mr. Robertson, and Mr. Claplan, to a palace belonging to the King of Spain, which has never been inhabited, and probably never will. It is a very fine house, built by the late Queen-Mother, in a dreary neighbourhood, and where there

is neither town nor village to receive the numerous followers of the Court. It was impossible not to regret such immense expense to such little purpose.

27*th.*—This morning the King went with his three sons to dine at a convent about eighteen miles from this place, and on his return he will shoot as usual, for which purpose all the game of the district will be driven to one point. On this occasion the two princesses dined with the Princesse des Asturias, who represents a sort of sovereignty for the day, and gives the word to the guard; and the ambassadors stand by to make a conversation during the dinner. We have at present as fine weather as possible, and it is again quite warm enough.

28*th.*—The two boys and I had a fine chase after the mushrooms this morning. I then had the chapel, and then went to Court, and then dined with the Prince de Masseran, and then stayed quietly at home for two hours, and then drove with the girls to see a waterfall, and to proceed with a bridge of stepping-stones which we are fabricating over the rivulet, and for which we are always scolded when we come home because we do great mischief to our frocks and petticoats; and then we had tea as usual, and received a few of the foreign ministers, &c. His Catholic Majesty, in returning from dinner yesterday, shot seven foxes and three stags. To-day he is killing upon the lawn and in the wood in front of my house, two unfortunate fat bucks, who have passed a great part of the summer in sight of my window.

29*th.*—It continues warm and pleasant enough. I passed the whole morning at my desk, and dined at the French Ambassador's.

30*th.*—The weather continues favourable to us. The air is become rather damp; but, in other respects, it is mild enough, and neither too hot nor too cold, and at present we should not wish for fires even if we had chimneys. I went to Court this morning as usual, and afterwards had the whole *corps diplomatique* to a dinner, which was in honour

of a newly arrived minister from the Court of Dresden.

October 1*st*.—Nothing can be more perfectly pleasant than the weather of this week. We sit the whole day with all our windows open. There is not a cloud to be seen nor any wind to be felt. I wish much that it may continue a few days longer. His Catholic Majesty killed four wolves yesterday afternoon, and saw three more, which escaped. He brought them home behind his coach. It is a good thing for the neighbourhood that three of them were lady wolves. This was a good day's sport, and he seemed well pleased with it. He once killed nine here in a day, and once also seven. I find that the snow still remains upon the mountain opposite to us, though we no longer see it. Some of my servants passed by it a few days ago on their way to a convent, and saw a considerable quantity in the hollows, part of which is brought down every day by the poor people for use.

2*nd*.—The atmosphere continues perfectly calm and clear, and the air is neither warm nor cold. I have seen something like this weather sometimes in October in England, but then there is always a little degree of harshness at the same time in the air. The autumn which I passed at New York was occasionally fine, but I never felt any air so delightful as this has been during some days. This morning we saw an immense eagle perched upon a bit of rock, and he held us in such contempt that he suffered us to go within a few yards of him.

3*rd*.—It is contrived at each of the *sitios* (the country residences) to have some remarkable exhibition at which the ambassadors are expected to attend, and this is done partly through politeness and condescension on the part of the Court, and partly to prevent people from going away. At Aranjuez we had the *parejas;* here it is always a *grande battida*, which, in plain English, is a great beating of the woods for game. Accordingly, a few days ago we

were invited by a circular note from the minister to meet his Catholic Majesty yesterday at a rendezvous about four miles from this place. In order to partake properly of this honour, it was necessary to make an uniform similar to the King's, which is not unlike what I have seen in many pictures of about fifty years ago. I will have the pleasure of waiting upon you in it some day at Lambeth. Thus prepared, and after being well ridiculed by my girls, I proceeded to the Prince Kaffaldael's, who, as one of the family ambassadors, has the privilege of giving an early dinner on these occasions. Our dinner was finished before one, when we proceeded in our carriages to the spot appointed, in order to be ready to receive the King on his arrival. On alighting from our carriages some *écuyers* attended to present each of us with a horse, covered with royal trappings. We, most of us, however, declined the horse, and crossed the river by the aid of the stepping-stones, which was the only use for which the horse was offered (except the more solid purpose of a piece of gold to the groom, which is given whether the horse is taken or not). On the other side of the rivulet we found a small stone building, without any roof, and open on one side, lined with cloth and furnished with seats; at each corner of the open side the wall was lowered from ten feet to about four, and there was a stand at the one corner for the King, and at the other for the Prince of Asturias, and a heap of arms arranged and ready loaded. In about half an hour his Catholic Majesty and the Prince arrived, and we walked out to receive them; after which there was about an hour's conversation before signals were made of the herds of deer approaching. In the mean time there was a great noise in the hills behind us of guns, and trumpets, and boys screaming, and men hallooing, all which is managed in such a direction, and by planting people in different places, so as to force all the game to pass by the building. This lasted near two hours. About 2000 deer passed.

20112

and two foxes, and one wild boar. The King and prince selected only the fat bucks, and avoided killing the does as much as possible, though in the crowds which passed some of the latter necessarily suffered. The fineness of the day, and the noise of above 2000 people who were employed, and the largeness of the herds, made it certainly an interesting sight; but in other respects it was piteous enough, for in front of the place and within a few yards of us, the dead and the wounded were all lying, either bleeding or struggling; some only with legs broken, &c. At last it finished, and then the *chasseurs* ran in and soon put all the poor beasts out of pain that had any life remaining; in order to do this, however, dogs were also necessary as to several. The whole were then extended in a row upon the grass, in order to be opened, &c.; and all the country people and others stood round in a large circle at some little distance. His Catholic Majesty then proceeded to fish in his way to the *sitio;* and we all went to our homes, to get off our boots, and at seven we went to the palace, where we found the King with his children and grandchildren, and after a conversation we proceeded to the exhibition of the game, which was all extended upon an old carpet in the antechamber, and consisted of forty-six bucks, nine does, a fox, a hare, and a small basket of trout. By the bye the smell of so much warm blood was very unpleasant. There were about 8000 lbs. weight of venison, for they all had been weighed; all this is given to the *Gardes de Chasse*, who distribute it among the villagers, where it is salted by the poor people for their winter provisions. I should have mentioned that, just as the King was remounting his horse, a poor deserter came out of the wood and fell at his knees. The poor fellow was pardoned, and this was the best incident of the day. We now proceeded to the French Ambassador's to either a late dinner or an early supper, whichever you please to call it, after which we had whist and tric-trac; and so the day was dispatched.

This morning we of course attended at Court to talk over all that had happened; after which I had a large company to dinner.

4*th.*—The beautiful weather still continues, and it was of particular importance to me to-day, for it was a part of my duty to pass above six hours with his Majesty on horseback. I accordingly went at 11 o'clock to the Neapolitan Ambassador's, when I proceeded with him and with the French and Portuguese Ambassadors in one of the royal coaches to a place called the *Rio Frio* (cold river.) It was about eight miles' distance. We had a relay of mules at four miles, and drove it in about 35 minutes, and we returned in 32 minutes. It is a most unpleasant sensation, but on such an occasion a man makes up his mind, and abandons himself to his fate. At the Rio Frio we were all furnished with handsome horses, and rode from half-past one till six with his Majesty and the Prince, to see them shoot stags, and the poor beasts stood for that purpose as quiet as calves in a farm-yard. When this was done we returned and supped at the French Ambassador's. It may be said, without offence to his Catholic Majesty's condescension, that the pleasures of such a day are very fatiguing to those who are not accustomed to them.

5*th.*—Everybody is now going to Madrid or to the Escurial. The King of Spain to-day showed to us some immense pieces of silver which are just arrived, in their crude state, from a newly discovered mine in Peru. Among the rest there was one which weighed 300 lbs., and which he reserves for his cabinet of natural history. It looked like the scrap of a rock; but on striking it with metal it sounded like solid silver, and is supposed to be of the value of 1200*l.* sterling. He offered it to any of us who would lift it.

6*th.*—The fine weather still continues, but I think that I see symptoms of its dissolution. There has been a comedy here every night for some time.

Some of the gentlemen went once or twice, and were diverted. One night the plot turned on an old *malade imaginaire*, who is rich, and has three daughters. Three sharpers, who wish to carry them off, are introduced to him as physicians; and after a long consultation, and much disputation, they get into a quarrel with one another for the sake of knocking down the old gentleman, and then finish the business by running away with the three young ladies, whose parts were acted by brown, coarse fellows, in petticoats, for actresses are not allowed here. Another night there was a bull-fight introduced, and the bulls were acted by calves, and all killed upon the stage, except one which jumped into the pit, where he was dispatched by scissors and penknives. In the midst of these absurdities I am assured that there is sometimes great wit and humour in their plays.

7th. — I went to Court to-day to take leave of the Court for some days. They all go to-morrow; and the bustle and noise of the general movement are very considerable. In the mean time, the complexion of the weather is changing fast, and we are much gratified to-day by the sight of a thick English autumnal fog.

8th. — The thermometer, which was yesterday at 62°, is to-day at 51°, and all the hills round us are covered with snow. The royal family went to the Escurial at eight o'clock this morning; and we have this moment received a most gracious message from the princess, desiring to see her little countrywoman whenever the ambassadress shall be well enough to go to her at the Escurial.

9th. — The thermometer is to-day at 47°, three days ago it was at 68°; there is a depth of snow upon the ground of about six inches, and it continues both to rain and snow so plentifully that such a storm cannot be supposed to last long. We are busy in packing up; and as I move all the furniture of this house (much of which I bought here) to Madrid, I understand that I shall want from fourteen to

eighteen carts, exclusive of what will go with the carriages.

10*th.*—It froze hard this morning at nine, and at twelve there was a warm wind, and the sun was hot enough to make us order all the fires to be extinguished, and the windows to be opened. We sent off three waggons this morning to Madrid, and some servants.

11*th.*—We are quite snug here for the three or four days which remain. No Court in the morning; no promenades after dinner; no conversations with the *corps diplomatique*, and no cards at night; and I am even obliged to send a man twenty-one miles (to the Escurial) to get my letters. The snow is melting, and the weather is again tolerable. Madame went this morning an airing for the first time since her lying-in; and Mr. Liston and I went to the King's glass manufacture, and arrived luckily at the moment of the people being employed in casting three large plates; one of them was very large, about eight feet by six; and we saw the people polishing one which seemed to be about twelve feet by ten. It is a fine manufacture, and produces great works; but the King of Spain, who maintains it, certainly is a great loser by it.

12*th.*—This is the christening-day for Mary Louisa, and all the children are busy in preparations for the ceremony. They have insisted on my quitting the mourning for the Prince of Brazil, and have forced me to put on a fine coat. Mr. Robertson represents the godfather (Mr. Beresford), and Eleanor and Kitty the two godmothers (Miss Shafto and Madame Huber), and you may easily suppose that the two latter will walk through the day upon stilts.

13*th.*—This morning we despatched three more waggons, and are all busy, even down to little Henry, in collecting and packing up the remainder of our movables. The weather is very favourable to such home work, for I never saw worse either in France or England in the last week of November.

14*th*, *Guadarama.* — To-day, at nine o'clock, I put the army into motion. It consisted of four coaches, with six mules to each; a cart, lightly laden with our beds for to-night, and ten men servants on mules. We divided our line of march, and sent a part straight forward by a short and steep road to Madrid, and we came with the children by a better and longer road to this place — Guadarama. Nothing could be more remarkable than the change of climate upon passing the chain of mountains which surround St. Ildefonso, where we left large tracts of snow and a cold fog. On this side we found a clear day, a warm sun, and we no longer see snow. We happen to travel with our cook, and with wine, and provisions, and beds; but a Spanish inn must be comfortless beyond all imagination, and even distressing, to a family travelling without these advantages. No fire, no eatables, no drinkables, dirty beds, no candles, &c.

15*th*, *Madrid.* — After a pleasant drive of about six hours we arrived here safe at two o'clock, and met the dinner ready upon the staircase. The climate here is as different from that of St. Ildefonso as the general climate of September from that of November. We left the thermometer at St. Ildefonso as low as 49°, and here it is at 62°.

16*th.* — Very busy in unpacking, arranging, furnishing, and receiving visits at the same time; for it is not customary here to be denied to visitors even in the agonies of death.

17*th.* — Three men were executed here yesterday for a murder: capital executions being unusual in this country, it was quite an event. One of the criminals, being a man of some family, had the privilege of an hour's precedence, and of being put to death by the *tourniquet;* the other two were simply and vulgarly hanged, like the lowest fellows in London every six weeks. Some of our countrymen went to see this sight, though they probably never thought of going to our own dear Tyburn. The gentleman who had

the privilege of dying separately rode to the place of execution, and was seated in a chair, and surrounded by monks with crosses. The two others remained on the gallows till night, and money was collected to say masses for their souls. The executioner stood behind the gentleman's chair like his footman, and when the signal was given, strangled him with a turnscrew. It has rained nearly the whole day; but we are so case-hardened by the cold of St. Ildefonso, that the air feels quite comfortable.

19*th.*—This was as mild and as fine a day as I ever saw in the third week of August in England. We had our chapel as usual on Sundays, after which Mrs. Eden and the children walked into the fields, which are very near to us, and they were not much followed. We had company to dinner, and immediately afterwards went and sat above an hour in the open balcony to enjoy the fresh air. At four Madame l'Ambassadrice went in her gala coach (which remained here all the summer) to the public walks.

20*th.*—The same fine weather continues, and we are more pestered with flies than we were in July. I should mention to you that there is large white jessamine in bloom in our garden, and violets; and ripe pomegranates.

It has been supposed an objection to the houses in this street, which in other respects are the most pleasantly situated, that they are near to the great storehouse for pork and bacon, which articles are confined here to the management of a company with an exclusive privilege. We have not yet experienced any inconvenience from this neighbourhood, and should not even know that it exists if it had not been mentioned by a lady who wanted a reason for moving to some other part of the town. We do not even hear the poor animals cry out "murder," though it is said that 200 or 300 are often massacred in a morning. They are never seen; for they do not, as in London and Paris, enter the town through the streets: on all such matters the police here is very strict.

21*st.*—We are all once more at present in love over head and ears with the Spanish climate, and with some reason, if there should be many spells of weather like this. We had a large company to dinner to-day, and dined in the large dining-room, which is about fifty feet long and very high, without any fire, and with the windows open. By the bye, the Spanish winters have one solid advantage over those of England and France: the day at present is here near three-quarters of an hour longer than with you. On the 21st of November they will be near an hour and a half longer than with you; and on the 21st December the sun rises here at 22 minutes past 7, and sets at 38 minutes past 4. With you it rises at 8 minutes past 8, and sets at 52 minutes past 3.

22*nd.*—It continues mild, and the thermometer at 64° during a great part of the day, and at 60° in the evenings.

23*rd.*—This same climate of a better world still continues: we begin to forget that there are such qualities in the atmosphere as clouds and wind, and heat and cold. We carried two coaches full of our children last night to see a collection of the wild beasts which the King of Spain keeps here in an old palace, and we saw some handsome animals. There was among them a large lioness, which had a violent appetite to eat Henry, though he spoke Spanish to her almost as well as her keeper. By the bye, we advance very gently in learning Spanish. The French seems to be the favourite language, and the five eldest children oftener talk French voluntarily, and even when at play, than their own natural language. The cheapest manufacture in this country that I have yet met with is damask furniture. I have had occasion to send for 300 yards from Valence for one of my rooms; the breadth is 23 inches, and the cost is about 5*s.* 6*d.* the English yard, according to my recollection; the price in England would be at least, nearly double. It will be so hung here as to put it in my power to take it down and to carry it away with me. We have

at last found a dancing-master and a music-master to our satisfaction, though not quite so good as those of Paris; they both come every day. The price of the first is about five guineas per month, and of the second about four, and in the month they give about twenty lessons.

24*th.*—If the weather would be always thus, I would entreat your ladyship's permission to pass all my winters in Spain. We drove to-day after dinner with all the eight children about five miles into the country, to see a country house and gardens belonging to the Duque del Infantado. It consisted of an enclosure of about twenty acres, divided into terraces, and water basins, and fruit trees, and parterres of flowers, and surrounded by a land prospect quite bare, which much resembled the sea. In other respects there was an appearance (not unusual in our English country seats) of much money and labour having heretofore been employed to the momentary amusement of the owner, and to no other good purpose whatever.

25*th.*—In my minutes of last month I mentioned to you that at the close of the grand *battida* a deserter had come out of the wood, and had received the King's pardon, on condition of entering into another regiment; he at the same time received permission to go for eight days to his native village near Aranjuez. He went; and after passing some time there, in concurrence with another soldier, called upon an old uncle (a priest), whom they supposed to have money, and murdered him with their bayonets; they also stabbed the maid-servant, who had sufficient presence of mind to pretend to be killed; and whilst they were employed in searching for money, ran out of the house, but the villains escaped into the woods. The gentleman who went into the house first upon the alarm happened to call upon us this evening, and made my girls as cold as ice by telling the story.

27*th.*—The fine weather continues. We had chapel as usual, and a long walk afterwards, and a small company to dinner; and then drove in form to

the public walks, which are much crowded on Sundays; and then had company at home.

28*th*.—It rained last night, and the air this morning is softer and pleasanter than ever. It is now seven o'clock in the morning, and I am sitting at my desk with the sun shining upon it, and the thermometer at 64°, and all the windows of my apartment wide open; and yesterday the children brought me a handful of violets from the garden. I am going after breakfast with William to see some friends of his in the gardens of the Retiro—two begging bears to whom he gives apples, and four ostriches which are in a small enclosure, and quite tame; they are taller than I am. Please to take notice that this is the fourteenth day of fine weather.

I am in hourly expectation of a summons to the Escurial, upon the lying-in of the Infanta Donna Mariana. In strictness it is a part of my duty to be present (that is, in the next room); but as there is no house or means of lodging my family there, it will be sufficient that I arrive the next morning. I have the prospect of many of these journeys in the course of the next month: fourteen leagues each day, besides the pleasure of dressing and breakfasting before it is light. The posting here is immoderately dear: in order to go the seven leagues to the Escurial, and the seven leagues back, the expense of mere mules and postilions to my carriage is twelve or thirteen guineas. In France I could go the same distance for less than three, and in England for about five, exclusive of the pleasure and safety of having four good horses and two postilions, instead of six mad mules and a driver seated upon the boot. In going, however, by the post there is one postilion.

29*th*.—It happened as I expected. About an hour after writing the preceding paragraph one of the *Gardes du Corps* came express to tell me that the Infanta was in labour; and he added (which was true), that he understood before he left the Escurial that she was brought to bed. This left me at liberty not

to go down till this morning. I accordingly set off in my post-chaise with Mr. Liston at a quarter past seven, and arrived at the palace precisely at eleven. I made all the visits; saw everybody dine, and saw the King proceed in pursuit of some woodcocks of which he had received intelligence; and was again in my hotel before five o'clock. We had eight relays (forty-eight mules) for the fourteen leagues; the people drove well; and the expense is not so great as had been stated to me, being little more than ten guineas. In the Escurial I had a transient view of some of the finest pictures in the world; it is a magnificent but melancholy old convent, situated high on the side of a mountain, surrounded by low wood, and looking towards Madrid over a bare and dreary plain as far as the eye can reach. The pleasure of the journey was damped by finding the poor Infanta in a dangerous state, and the new-born child with little hopes of its living.

30*th*.—To-day we had some showers, but the air at intervals was clear and pleasant; and upon the whole it may be stated as the sixteenth successive good day. The thermometer is at 62°. In the evening we drove into the country, with an intention to walk, but the rain came on suddenly and heavily, and sent us back with our people half drowned.

31*st*.—The weather is growing worse to-day; and my English and French post letters are gone to the Escurial; and there are five-and-forty thousand flies in my house; and the children have slight colds, and one of the footmen who waited on them has got the measles; and the two coachmen have quarrelled, and one or both of them must be dismissed; and the workmen employed in the house have so many church holidays that they make no progress; and in the midst of all these small grievances, we are very seriously concerned to hear that the Infanta Donna Mariana, who was already in a dangerous state from her lying-in, is declared to have the small-pox, of the confluent and worst kind: her brother, the Prince of

Brazil, lately died of it. The new-born child was before not expected to live; and the Infante Don Gabriel, her husband, is so worn by watching and fatigue, that last night he had two fits. In the midst of this, though the other young children are under the same roof, and have not had the small-pox, it is contrary to the King's principles to allow the Prince and Princess of Asturias to send them out of the way, as it would be flying away from the decrees of Providence.

November 1*st.*—The servant whom I sent to the Escurial brings better accounts than we expected, but the whole Court continues naturally under the utmost anxiety and consternation. The weather is wet and bad, but sufficiently warm. The Spanish messenger arrived to-day, and brought me immense packets of letters and papers from England.

2*nd.*—The accounts from the Escurial continue not worse. We had company to dinner to-day, and a great deal of company all the evening. The weather is again very fine and mild.

3*rd.*—The day clear and warm. I this moment receive the account of the Infanta Donna Mariana's death, which gives us very real concern. We live so much with the royal family here, that we enter into their cares almost as much as if we belonged to them; and the loss sustained in this case by the husband, who is a very amiable prince, is irreparable. He never quitted her to the last, and took no rest during seven days and nights. I saw him for a moment on Wednesday last; and though then there were some hopes of a recovery, he spoke to me like a man more than half distracted with grief and anxiety. We are all well in this family at present.

I am, my dear Madam, very affectionately and dutifully yours,

WM. EDEN.

Madrid, Nov. 4th, 1788.

My dear Madam,—I yesterday transmitted a long letter to you by the messenger who carried to France

and England the account of the Infanta's death. The funeral took place last night, and many of the ambassadors attended; this unpleasant duty could not be expected of me as a Protestant. Previous to the burial she was exposed to public view, which, to my feeling, was a ceremony which might have been dispensed with, for her face, considering the manner in which she died, must have been a spectacle of horror, and the idea was more shocking, as ten days ago it was very handsome. This was the King's birthday, and was to have been kept with great parade; in consideration, however, of what had happened, an intimation was given that it would not be kept. I remained here in the enjoyment of soft and clear weather.

5th.—This being the first day of the general mourning, I got up at five, and dressed, and drove to the Escurial. I went early, because I wished to see the Spanish minister before the levée, and I carried Mr. Robertson and Mr. Claplan, that they might amuse themselves with looking at pictures whilst I was with the Court. I went to-day with hired mules, because of some misunderstanding at the Post-office, and I had, as usual, a good specimen of the dangers of that mode: you know that the four leading mules have neither rein nor postilion; we were going nearly in a gallop, they saw to the right a large house, and turned off the road suddenly and went to it; luckily there was neither ditch nor precipice, and no harm ensued, but it helped the circulation of the blood. This happens often, but the King's authority, however absolute in many matters, is not great enough to compel the people to ride upon the foremost mule. Though I have seen something of the world in which we live, I was astonished at the appearance of the Court. My feelings respecting what had recently happened were such that I entered the apartments with a grave and melancholy countenance, but I found everybody gay and noisy, and I think rather cheerfuller than usual: the late events, in a place

where there are not many events, seemed to have awakened and enlivened all the followers of the Court. The Infante Don Gabriel, however, remained too much dejected to receive us, but I suppose that in three or four days he will be obliged to dine in public in an apartment hung with black cloth. Before I came away, it was declared that the new-born child had the small-pox.

6*th.*—The fine weather continues, and we are plagued by the flies and mosquitoes as much as in the middle of the summer.

7*th.*—Our house at last is arranged for the winter, and comfortably enough; but it has been hard work, for the people here have so many days which they keep holy, that in some weeks there are not more than two days in which any business can be done. I wish, however, that my good countrymen were not so much in the other extreme; if they went oftener to the church, they would go seldomer to the gallows. I am convinced by what I see and learn that the practice of confession in Roman Catholic countries tends much among the lower people to the prevention of dishonesty and of crimes; on the other hand, the practice of absolution has very bad effects upon the morals of the higher ranks, among whom there exists great and general profligacy.

8*th.*—Baillard arrived to-day whilst we were at dinner, and I was employed till twelve o'clock at night in opening packets, and in reading and arranging their contents. He brought two large portmanteaus for me, filled either with letters or despatches, or papers, magazines, pamphlets, &c., from London and Paris. Though we were heartily glad to see him, it is always an anxious moment to open packets which come in haste from so great a distance.

9*th.*—I had occasion to go at five o'clock this morning to the Escurial, and went with post mules, and completed the seven leagues in very little more than three hours. It is frightful work, the

mules are so strangely harnessed with long ropes, and gallop so much like mad cats. I attended the Court, and whilst I was there the young Infante died. I returned home at five, and prepared to re-dispatch Baillard.

10*th.*—I was busy at home to-day, and except during the time of dining with the brats, never quitted my writing-table. In truth, Baillard brought me so abundant a collection of little private businesses from Paris, as well as from London, that I shall have some days' occupation before I can extricate myself, even if public affairs did not contribute to interrupt me.

11*th.*—I passed this day precisely as I passed yesterday, and I make this minute after midnight, having just sealed and given my packets to Baillard, to whom I wish a pleasanter ride than the feel of the air this evening forebodes.

12*th.*—Though I did not go to bed till one, I was obliged to rise at five o'clock this morning, and to dress by candlelight in grand gala, it being the birthday of the Prince of Asturias. I arrived at the Escurial at half-past ten, and saw above 200 persons kiss the hands of all the royal family, and waited on the Infante Don Gabriel for the first time since his late loss. I felt quite ashamed to go to him in a gay and pompous coat, but in honour of his brother he was obliged to be dressed in the same manner. He was much affected on receiving us, and is still under the deepest affliction.

13*th.*—Four journeys to the Escurial within a fortnight, being as much as I think agreeable, I was not sorry to pass this day quietly. It began yesterday before I left the Court to blow and rain most violently, and it has continued to do so ever since. The bad weather of this country does not show itself often, but when it comes, it comes with a vengeance. The thermometer to-day tumbled down to 50°, and we are all shivering and shaking except in the two or three rooms where there happen

to be fire-places. The different ante-chambers are warmed by large pans of charcoal, but I do not allow it in the other apartments, for it is a very dangerous kind of fire except to those who are used to it.

14*th.*—We have accounts to-day that the Infante Don Gabriel was seized yesterday with many symptoms of the small-pox, and the five young princes and princesses are sent off to the palace here. I fear that this precaution will now be taken too late. The wind and rain continue without intermission, and the cold is of a kind which penetrates to the bone. How pleased your ladyship would be to pass a day here at present without any coal, and with few chimneys.

15*th.*—We are quite sorry for the state of this unhappy prince at the Escurial: the eruption began to show itself yesterday, and is of the confluent kind. The Queen of Portugal in the course of six weeks has lost her son, her daughter, and her grandchild by the small-pox, and it is likely at present that she will also lose her son-in-law. The weather continues so bad that we do not think of stirring beyond the threshold.

16*th.*—Cold and wet. We had chapel as usual, and some company at dinner, and passed the rest of the day quietly. The children of the royal family are all, at last, sent from the Escurial to the palace here, in order to avoid the small-pox: this precaution comes very late. I must go in full form almost every day to see them, and the ambassadress is ordering a bombazeen court dress wholly and solely for that purpose, and to visit children, the eldest of whom is not above eleven years old; but the etiquette requires it.

17*th.*—The wind and rain have ceased, and we are happy to see the sun shine again; but our little Caroline, who has had a cough and slight feverishness during the last two days, shows symptoms of the measles this morning. It is a severe season for this disorder, but it has prevailed much

lately, and of so favourable a kind, that we hope they will all do well, for we take for granted they will all have it.

18*th.*—The weather continues clear, but the cold is more of a penetrating kind than I have ever experienced—Madrid being in the centre of the Peninsula, and rising gradually for about eighty leagues from the sea, is, in fact, very high, and the air is consequently very pure and subtle; but in addition to this there are several high mountains round us which are now covered with snow, and will continue so till April; they add, of course, very greatly to the cold. In addition to my usual flannel waistcoat, and which I found an ample protection against cold in France, I am now glad to wear a leathern waistcoat, and this, with the addition of a cloth waistcoat and a cloth coat, and a cloak when I go out, does pretty well.

A gentleman and two Scotch ladies dined with us to-day, in their way to Seville, about a hundred leagues from here, and through a country thought unsafe for travellers; I have, accordingly, had occasion to apply for two armed dragoons to attend them on horseback all the way; the young lady will, I think, be a good deal alarmed by these precautions for her security.

19*th.*—It is charming weather now; but we are kept uneasy by our children falling one after the other into the measles; and in the midst of this, we receive, through Paris, a report of the King's death.

20*th.*—Only two of the brats are decidedly caught by the measles (Caroline and George), and they are doing well. The weather is once more fine and steady; and my apartment, though large and without chimneys, is so well warmed through the day by the sun, that I feel no inconvenience from the cold.

21*st.*—We have received this morning the newspaper of the 4th from London, and some private letters; I have also some letters from Paris of the

11th, but not a word from any of you at Lambeth, nor from anybody else respecting the King's illness, though a report arrived here on the 17th that on the 7th his Majesty's life was despaired of.

22*nd*.—The Infante Don Gabriel, contrary to all expectation, and in despite of the disagreement of his three physicians as to every circumstance of his treatment, appears to-day in a fair way of recovery. A court lady died a few days ago, and I have just received a card from her principal relations, desiring me to pray for her soul; if I do not forget, I will enclose it in this packet.

23*rd*.—No news yet from England of a later date than the 4th, except by reports through Paris. I parted yesterday with one of my seven carriages for 200 guineas; its cost to me, about two years and a half ago, was 260. In London I suppose it would not now have sold for eighty, and yet I am thought here not to have taken enough for it. The coaches made in Madrid are all heavy, and ugly, and immoderately dear.

23*rd*.—We had chapel as usual this morning, after which I took a long walk into the fields, and we had eight English gentlemen to dinner, and several of the foreign ministers all the evening, with melancholy accounts of the death of Don Gabriel, who this morning was considered as out of danger at seven o'clock; at eight he began to have a violent discharge from the glands about the throat, not unlike what sometimes happens in a violent cold: he had not strength to get clear of it, and it increased so rapidly that at half-past eleven it was thought necessary to administer the last religious ceremonies; and on this occasion the Pope's Nuncio did a very respectable action. It is much doubted whether he ever had the small-pox, and on that account he had hitherto avoided the Infante's apartment, but to-day he went without scruple and gave the papal benediction. The Infante expired at half-past twelve. This was exactly the time of the ambassadors going to the King, and they found it

necessary to go and look gay as if nothing had happened. It will be a severe stroke to the worthy old King's feelings; the prince is not to break it to him till to-night. This has been a shocking history and made us all quite grave the whole evening. The Infante Don Gabriel was thirty-six years of age, with a pleasing figure and manners, and with a cultivated understanding, and even a degree of learning. About four weeks ago I saw him as happy as possible on the birth of his child, though agitated by what the Infanta had suffered, and now he, and the Infanta, and the child are all dead.

24*th*.—It is supposed that the good old King of Spain suffers exceedingly from these repeated calamities within his family; but he never utters one word upon the subject. Last night, upon his return from shooting, he asked for his son's physician, upon which one of his officers of state gave him to understand, by a sign, that something bad had happened. He immediately retired with the Prince of Asturias and the confessor, and afterwards supped as usual, without any apparent change of manner. This morning he went to the *chasse*, and again in the afternoon, and during the absence the Infante was buried.

25*th*.—I have received to-day a letter of the 11th instant from Lord Carmarthen, and though he assures me that there was not then any actual danger respecting the King's life, his expressions are such as to leave us under extreme anxiety for further accounts. I do not make complaints because none of you have written on the 11th, for I can easily conceive that in such a moment it is not only unpleasant to write, but difficult to know what account to give. The weather continues to be a thick fog every morning till about eleven, after which it grows clear. Though I have so few chimneys, I have just paid near £200 for charcoal and firewood.

26*th*.—I ought to have attended the Court today to the grand *battida* at the Escurial, when, probably, above 200 stags and other animals will

be killed; but whilst this suspense remains as to English news, I cannot feel such a philosopher as his Catholic Majesty, or enter into the spirit of such an amusement: I have, therefore, made my excuses under the pretext of a slight illness. I could not assign the true reason to him who is thus innocently amusing himself so immediately after so many deaths within his own family.

27*th.*—We had to-day some English to dinner who are newly arrived, partly on claims of business and partly brought by that restless disposition which makes Englishmen appear from time to time in every part of the globe. Though on our arrival here we abused the Prado as the dullest of all dull airings, and worse than that of the old ladies at mid-day in Hyde Park, we are gradually acquiescing in the custom of the country, and order the carriage for the Prado very regularly after dinner. After which (that is from sunset) we continue to stay always at home and receive everybody that calls.

28*th.*—The foreign ministers all arrive to-day from the Escurial. The weather continues cold and sharp, but with abundance of sunshine. The only news I hear is that his Catholic Majesty yesterday killed nine wolves. It never happened to him but once before to kill so many.

29th.—We dined to-day at the Russian minister's. Miss Mary Louisa went with us, and had a warm room near to the dining room. This is the first visit that she ever made, and she performed it with great success. Our hospital for the measles goes on well. Caroline* is recovered, George is recovering, and William began to-day:—there are only five more to begin.

30*th.*—I have omitted to mention that there is an influenza here which seems disposed to take everybody by the throat without exception; for my *chasseur* had it yesterday, and I understand that his

* Married Arthur Vansittart, Esq.

Catholic Majesty had it to-day, and half of our visiting list is passing this fine day in bed. It is not very severe, and I have not heard of its proving dangerous to anybody. Mr. Claplan (the chaplain) is very ill; but we suspect that, in addition to the influenza, he caught a fever by coming out of a crowded play-house and walking home in a thick fog.

December 1st.—We are now twenty days without any news from England. It could not be worse if we were at Petersburg or at Madeira. We console ourselves with presuming that no news is good news. We may expect to have letters to-morrow.

2nd.—We have at last received a further account of the King's* indisposition, and are, upon the whole, more shocked by the circumstances of it than if we had been informed of his death. It is a dreadful history in the case of the husband of an excellent woman, and the father of thirteen children. I will, however, say no more about it, for you will hear much more than enough. We are surprised not to have traced this sooner in letters from private friends in England. His Catholic Majesty in his afflictions derives great resource from his field sports, but they are permitted only to himself. Yesterday afternoon he shot thirty-seven woodcocks, and three or four days ago, in one afternoon, he killed nine wolves, which made him very happy, it being only the second time in his life that it has happened to him to kill so great a number in one *chasse*.

3rd.—As the King of Spain now dines at eleven, I am obliged every morning as soon as breakfast is finished to dress for Court; and as soon as Court is over, to undress for dinner; and as soon as dinner is finished, to go with the ambassadress to the Prado to meet the princess; and as soon as the Prado is over, we are liable to receive visits of all sorts till supper-time. The consequence is, that the day is cut into small morsels, and falls through my fingers piecemeal.

* The King of England.

We continue to have much occasional sunshine, but the air is cold and piercing.

4th.—To-day I gave rather a large dinner as a parting one between Mr. Liston and his friends. He goes to-morrow or next day through Portugal to England.

5th.—Breakfast, Court, dinner, Prado, tea, company, supper. We continue without news further from England. Our French friends seem to think much more of us than our English ones; for we have received from M. de Montmorin and from the Duchess of Orleans particulars three days later than from England. Our hospital goes on well as to the measles, but Mr. Claplan continues very ill. There is a disorder which is here at present like an influenza, and they call it "La grippe," not because it gives any colic, but because it catches you by the throat and throws you down, and leaves you to get up again, which you generally do in a day or two. It has, however, killed the King's confessor, and news is at the same time arrived of the death of the Portuguese confessor. These are events in the Catholic world.

6th.—The weather to-day is quite beautiful. I wish that we could import a great many such days into England for winter use. We might at present, if we liked it, go to different assemblies and conversations every night, but the measles among the children is in that respect convenient: it will serve as an excuse for a few days longer.

7th.—His Catholic Majesty, on returning from his *chasse* last night, found himself indisposed, and keeps his bed to-day. This has rarely or never happened to him, and the woodcocks are at present so plentiful and the weather so fine that the confinement will sit heavy on him, even if his disorder should be slight; besides, he is so much accustomed to exist in the open air that the change of life must be critical to him. I am, of course, obliged to attend in his ante-chamber every morning to receive the news of his health. To-day I had a small company to dinner,

after which we attended a crowded Prado, and had company as usual in the evening. The weather grows cold; in my apartment, which is to the south, and where there is not any chimney, the thermometer remains steadily at 52°; but on the other side of the house it is at 40°, and in the open air at the freezing point. We seldom admit braziéros (machines with charcoal) except in the rooms of passage; for I suspect that they occasion various disorders, and particularly epilepsies, which are not uncommon here. Mr. Liston went away to-day to England after an absence of five years. He goes by Lisbon to London, and I have desired him to pay his compliments to Lambeth. Such is the effect of habit, that I believe he goes from this country with most sincere concern.

8*th*.—The King's illness is rather increased. His annual excursion at this season for a few days to Aranjuez, which was to have taken place on the 10th, is put off. To-morrow is the Princess of Asturias' birthday, and the ambassadress has been employing her females during several days in preparing her dress for the occasion. She has to-night received a message that her royal highness's attentions to the King will put it out of her power to receive her.

9*th*.—Though so many of this royal family died lately, and though the King of Spain is still confined to his bed, I was obliged to dress to-day as fine as a gold fish, and to go to Court, and to dine with sixty people at the French Ambassador's, and then to go in my gala carriage to the public walks. We have at last received accounts of a less hopeless nature from England, and I am very much obliged to the Archbishop for his comfortable note of the 21st of November; it gives good reason to expect still better accounts.

10*th*.—The opera theatre was illuminated last night in honour of the princess's birthday, and with so many wax lights in every corner that it must have been a service of considerable danger to all who went there. Among the dances there was the Judg-

ment of Paris; and at a particular part of the dance the princess's picture descended among clouds, upon which all the gods and goddesses fell down upon their knees. It often happens in the midst of the comedies that the Host passes through the street: this is announced by a bell to the guards, on which the actors and actresses break off in the middle of their song, and remain on their knees till they understand that the Host is gone by: they then rise, and proceed as if nothing had happened. The weather is cold and cloudy to-day. Only three of our children have had the measles, and they are recovered; the others do not seem disposed to take the disorder. Mr. Claplan has had a most dangerous fever, but he is now recovering. We went to-night to a large assembly: it was formal beyond any possible description, but the house was fine, and there was a suite of ten or twelve rooms all well furnished and well lighted. The company consisted of about 150 gentlemen and about thirty ladies. We came home as usual very early.

11*th*.—The King of Spain grows worse, though it is the fashion to assure us very solemnly and positively every day, in answer to our inquiries, that he is doing well. I am satisfied that he is in a most dangerous way.

12*th*.—The news of the 28th November, which we have received to-day from England respecting the King's indisposition, fell very short of what we had hoped to receive, and afflicts us much. We now fear that his recovery is nearly hopeless. His Catholic Majesty grows worse; and I suspect that in a day or two I shall be obliged to send a valet de chambre to Paris with the account of his death, to be forwarded by the Duke of Dorset to England. If I could conveniently spare the servant, I would send him all the way to England. Death has committed sad ravages lately in this Court.

13*th*.—The King of Spain is this morning in the utmost danger, and the Court presents quite an afflicting scene. All his old servants and officers,

and his children, and several of the ecclesiastics, are in the deepest affliction. He maintains his senses perfectly, and to a certain degree his cheerfulness. Processions of all sorts are going about; and of images of saints, and the exposition of merits, and the ashes and bones of saints; and altars are being decorated in the palace apartments. From respect to these ceremonies, we have all quitted our mourning, and have put on fine embroidered clothes. I was at Court a great part of this morning, and am going there again this evening.

It is now late in the evening, and I am just returned from the last visit that I shall make to the Court of Charles III. I found it melancholy work. Whilst I was in the antechamber the good old King received the extreme unction, and the papal benediction from the Nuncio. Prayers were going on for his recovery, but under every appearance that he will not live many hours longer. In the mean time he retains his senses and voice, and the utmost composure; and when the choking upon his breast does not hinder him, he talks of different things with the same goodness and good-nature as usual.

And here I conclude this 13th near midnight, my dear Madam, very affectionately and dutifully yours,

WM. EDEN.

P.S.—Say everything from me to the Archbishop and my sister, and Sir John and the Captain. We are all well.

Madrid, Dec. 14th, 1788.

My dear Madam,—My Journal has for some time been a mere bill of mortality, a parish register of deaths and burials: it closed last night with the account of my return from the palace, leaving the good old King of Spain within a few hours of his end. He died accordingly about one o'clock this morning. I feel very sincerely sorry on this occasion. He possessed many excellent qualities: in the course of

daily conversations with him during eight months, I never remember to have heard him use an improper or harsh expression; and even yesterday he went through his last scenes with the same guarded tranquillity and complacency. He had a private conversation with his four children; he took occasion also to say something kind to some of his old servants; he made some alterations in his will respecting the orphan child of his late son; and then he whispered to his old valet de chambre, to whom he had just given a legacy of 2000*l.*, that earthly affairs were over, and he would see nobody further, except religious persons, such as his confessor and the Nuncio. The confessor happened to ask him if he died in full forgiveness of all his enemies: he said his best answer to that was, that he could not recollect he had any enemies. He left some religious legacies, and about 30,000*l.* among the servants of his chamber. I went this morning to inquire after the health of the new King and Queen, who will remain till after the burial in their private apartment, and consequently will not receive us. I found multitudes of people in the entrance of the palace, and many occupied in taking the furniture out of the late King's apartments, and in hanging the whole with black, as the body is to be exposed till Tuesday, decorated in all the orders, and with a crown, &c. These posthumous exhibitions of human vanity always strike me as proofs of our being a poor set of beings. Nothing can be more melancholy than Madrid to-day: great guns are fired every fifteen minutes, and will continue till the funeral; they shake the whole town; all the bells are tolling; and the weather is cold, cloudy, and very wet; and in order to enliven the scene, we are required to dress in black, without ruffles and without powder, and the ladies even wear black handkerchiefs.

15*th.*—It continues to rain; and the guns continue to give me a shake every fifteen minutes; and the bells continue to toll; and the whole conversation of all who call upon us turns on deaths and

graves, and epitaphs, and wills, and last words, and agonies. After all, the accumulations of deaths between these two connected houses of Spain and Portugal in the course of a few weeks is very remarkable: first, the Prince of Brazil; then his sister, Donna Mariana; then her child; then her husband, and the confessor of the Queen of Portugal; and the confessor of the King of Spain; and the King of Spain himself, the uncle of the Queen of Portugal; and the Spanish ambassador on his way to Portugal. The Portuguese ambassador here is now very ill: he will, of course, die of the fright, even if the disease and the physicians spare him.

16*th.*—Great guns, church bells, and wet weather. We had some company to an early dinner; and went immediately afterwards to see the procession with the good old King towards the burial-place at the Escurial. The attendance and whole appearance fell far short of our expectations. In the evening, nearly the whole *corps diplomatique* assembled at our house. I played with one of them at tric-trac; and the others sat round the fire, with the ambassadress, talking over all that has happened lately. It is remarkable how little the ladies stir from home in this country; they seldom call but when they are formally invited, except three or four, who are either French or have lived much in France.

17*th.*—It is lucky that the events of this country, however melancholy, are such as to draw off our attention a little from what is going forward in England; for the delays of the post at this time of the year are quite unmerciful; we have no accounts from London of a later date than the 28th of last month.

18*th.*—The climate of this country when it chooses to be wet, does not go about it in a little, sneaking, whimpering style, as in France and England, but roundly and decidedly: it has rained almost incessantly this whole week, and to-day it falls more heavily than ever. This new government begins, as

is the case in all ranks of life, by making great changes in the system of the predecessors: a different apartment is to be inhabited; a change is to be made in the staircase of the palace; several buildings begun by the late King are suspended till further orders; the deer at the Pardo (and this is a very sensible alteration) are to be prevented from trespassing upon the farmers' grounds; the old favourite *sitio* of St. Ildefonso is not to be visited; but the royal family and the foreign ambassadors are to be broiled or stewed through the whole summer at Madrid. Two alterations, however, are made by which we profit much: the journey to the Pardo for ten weeks, which always took place at this season is laid aside: this will save me many wearisome journeys at a very unpleasant season; and the conversations with the ambassadors which with the good old King were twice a day in every day of the week, are now limited to Sundays and Fridays; we are still, however, informed that we are to be admitted every day during the dinner, and till it finishes, if we think proper. The weather is so bad that we do not at present stir from home; but we had company to dinner to-day, and company afterwards till supper. This will be much the case during the winter: the opera and playhouses being shut up for three months.

19*th.* — We got some letters of the 2nd instant from London to-day, and they hold out some small hopes of better news hereafter. We have nothing, however, from Lambeth; but we begin to listen with attention for the arrival of Baillard. It continues to rain, and more heavily than ever. We ought at present to be making visits of congratulation to persons who are promoted on this new accession; but we have not yet the courage to attempt it. The form is, that those who receive promotions send a note to say that "the sovereign (God preserve him) has deigned to give such-and-such a place, &c." If I recollect, I will enclose some of these billets, for they are curious.

20*th.*—It continues to rain, and handsomely. We have a part of the *corps diplomatique* to dinner to-day.

21*st.*—We waited to-day on their Catholic Majesties for the first time since their accession. Now that a few days have elapsed—however sorry they may have been for the late King of Spain—it is natural to suppose that the change in their situation is very pleasant to them; for they have hitherto lived in all the constraint of children in a nursery: whereas at present they are the most absolute and uncontrolled sovereigns in Europe, and at the head of an empire so extensive that it is proverbial to say of it that the sun never sets in it. They received, however, our compliments of condolence with perfect decorum; the ambassadress also had her audience of introduction to them in the Queen's apartment, and they were particularly kind to her. In this new reign there is a great change in the manner of paying our court: instead of having two conferences every day in the week as hitherto, we are to have conferences with their Majesties only on Sundays and Fridays, and if we attend upon the other days, it is to be during the dinners. You may easily suppose that this is a satisfactory arrangement to the whole *corps diplomatique* it was a sad nuisance and annoyance to be obliged in all weathers and every morning to dress and go to Court.

22*nd.*—We have at last got clear weather and sunshine again; and I took a very long walk this morning. This town is walled round for the sake of collecting the duties, and there are gates at proper intervals, many of which are of handsome architecture; and very handsome roads quite round, which in most parts are planted at the sides. I find that I can with ease walk the whole round in about two hours: suppose, therefore, that it may be about seven miles. You know that the whole number of inhabitants is about 156,000: they were strictly numbered last year. I estimate that the whole may be about the sixth part

of London. If I ever said that the town was very neat, I now retract it; except in some principal streets which are well kept, it is at this season execrably dirty. I have no doubt that when your ladyship comes to Spain, you will gradually fall into the customs of the country. I had heartily resolved never to use brasiers and charcoal in my apartments; but the late damp and cold weather reconciled me to them. We have not yet any accounts from England of a later date than the 2nd instant. Patience!

23*rd*.—We have once more settled fine weather, and take long walks every day. The cold, however, before sunrise and after sunset is in the open air very severe; this morning at seven it was at eight degrees below the freezing-point. In the day-time, it is not unpleasant, and in the sun it is quite warm; the water freezes, but hitherto the ice has never been above half an inch thick. This evening we went with the children to the principal square of the town, which on this occasion is decked out with stalls covered with sweetmeats, toys, images, &c.; and is crowded so as to make it necessary to have guards constantly present; the Queen was expected, but did not come; the people were civil and amused with the sight of the children, who were in a carriage surrounded with glass; we sent afterwards and bought a great many toys for very little money.

24*th*.—The fineness of the air tempted me to walk nearly eight miles this morning. We had company in the evening till near nine, when we went for half an hour to a Spanish assembly, and then returned home quietly; everybody else went to the churches, which are full and crowded at midnight in honour of Christmas. I will enclose a list of presents made to a bride here upon occasion of her marriage. You will observe that there are many comfortable articles, such as diamond necklaces, plate, coaches, &c.; among other articles, almost everybody in that list gives six English fans highly ornamented. This is a pretty opportunity for your learning Spanish.

25*th*.—We wish you all a happy Christmas, and many and much merrier than this seems to be either in London, or at Madrid. We had our chapel regularly to-day for the first time since Mr. Claplan's dangerous illness; after which we took a long and very pleasant walk in the gardens of the Retiro. We had to dinner all the English that we could find, but they amounted only to six, including the gentlemen of our own family. After dinner we drove out in form to pay our respects to the Queen, at a walk out of the town, which she takes for privacy in her carriage, during the first month of her mourning, but to which everybody in Madrid goes to meet her. She spoke from her carriage to ours with the same unaffected cheerfulness as when she was princess.

26*th*. — The weather continues calm and clear, and there has not been a speck in the atmosphere during the last six days. This was a Court day. I am growing by degrees an admirer of fine pictures. The present King of Spain is supposed to have a good taste in that way; he has made several new arrangements among the curious pictures in his collection, and in the apartment in which he receives us there are some of the best of every principal painter. The refinement of this luxury bears no great affinity to another which I am going to mention. In our neighbourhood here there is an establishment which has the monopoly of supplying fresh and salt pork to all Madrid, and which is conducted with extreme neatness in every respect. It is no nuisance, except that Dr. Robertson in his apartment sometimes hears them squeak and call for help, and that cart-loads of pork often pass in sight of our windows; in other respects, we should not know that any such establishment exists. They are allowed to kill from November to March: in the interval between March and November the work is suspended. They killed 80,000 last year, and received about the same number ready salted from Estremadura, and this year they expect to sell a larger number. Please to take notice, therefore, that

this is an allowance of more than one hog weighing from seven to twelve stone for the consumption of each man, woman, and child, within the year, in Madrid. It takes away all appetite for pork to think of such a carnage.

27*th*.—It froze magnificently last night. I am told that there is now in some places ice of four inches thick, but the days are so fine that the warmth in walking is rather beyond what is agreeable, and the people of the town pass a great part of their time in the sunshine under the walls. The custom of exposing dead bodies is a considerable nuisance here. Yesterday, in going to the public walks to meet the Queen, we saw no fewer than two; one in the street upon a bier, very decently dressed, and fixed with the hands in a praying posture, and the head upon a cushion; and the other in a creditable shop (the corpse of a lady in a religious dress) surrounded by lighted torches.

28*th*.—The nights grow very cold. I was at Court to-day, and had our countrymen to dinner afterwards. Five of the children have now passed with great success through the measles; the other three have escaped hitherto. Those who are taken ill are always removed to a distant apartment, called the hospital, and the others write every day to the hospital, sometimes in French and sometimes in Spanish. They know much more of the latter language, by the help of the Spanish maid-servants, than I am ever likely to learn.

29*th*.—We went last night to a sight which the children would describe to you better than I can. The Archbishop has probably seen some exhibition of the same sort upon a smaller scale in Italy, and even at Paris. It is called a Racimiento, or the Nativity of our Saviour, and is a collection of figures or puppets, amidst landscapes, cottages, cities, sea views, ships, droves of cattle, taverns, fairs, stables, piggeries, &c., &c., all thrown into an excellent perspective, with a beautiful sky, and a sun rising and

angels floating about in the air. In a retired corner of all this bustle there is a stable with the Virgin and the Infant, and in a few days the whole will be thrown into a new form, with the procession of the wise men, &c. What I am describing was prepared for the amusement (with a mixture of devotion) of the Prince and Princesse des Asturias, at an expense it is said of from 50,000*l.* to 60,000*l.* sterling. To this several presents from the King of Naples, and the collection of the late Infante don Gabriel, have been added. The whole is in a large room built upon a scaffolding at the outside of the palace: it disfigures the building grievously, but is beautifully decorated within, and with small streams and little fountains supplied from reservoirs, and with other circumstances of expense. It is at this season lighted every evening from Christmas-day to twelfth-day. Their Catholic Majesties' private society assemble there, and the children with their *gouvernante*. An invitation is always given to the ambassadors and foreign ministers, and to the principal persons belonging to the Court, and a general permission was given to the ambassadress to go as often as she pleases with our children. We accordingly went last night with Eleanor, Charlotte, and William, in as much mourning as could be put upon them at a very short notice. The others remained at home with heavy hearts; but the weather was so cold, and they are so lately recovered, that we could not venture to carry them. Now you must know that William conceived a great liking for the King, when Prince des Asturias, at Aranjuez; so upon going into the room, instantly on seeing the King, he went up to him in the most natural manner possible, but without any rudeness, and took hold of his hands. The King was so pleased that he took him in his arms and carried him about to every part of the room, and made him repeat everything that he said both in French and English, and the boy was as much at his ease and as animated and as eager as if

he had been alone with me. At last he was set down to wander about by himself, and, finding a fisherman, or some figure which struck his fancy, he ran to the King and said, "Venez ici, je vais vous montrer quelquechose, si jolie, si jolie." At the end of about an hour, cakes were served round (by the Duke d'Ossuna) and then we made our bows and went off. It is honest to confess that a sight like the above pleases me almost as much as the children, and Mrs. Eden was so much occupied that though she took great pains to settle a day and hour for waiting on her Majesty with Mary Louisa, she has totally forgotten both the day and the hour which the Queen appointed, and I am obliged to use a long contrivance to get them ascertained to-day. This morning is intolerably cold. I went to the canal in the Retiro Gardens for the sake of saying that I have walked upon the ice in Spain. People are so disused here to see skating, that a Danish gentleman, who happens to have brought his skates, is said to-day to have had at least 10,000 spectators.

30*th*.—We received to-day letters from England of the 13th. They are of a kind to give hopes, but not to remove anxiety.

31*st*.—The frost continues, but we have much clear sunshine. A part of the *corps diplomatique* dined with us to-day, and here I heartily say farewell to the year 1788. We have personally had no reason to complain, but it has somehow had a melancholy cast everywhere.

1789, *January* 1*st*.—Many happy new years to you all. We went this morning to Court with our little Spanish brat. I attended merely to see that all went safe, and as soon as I had safely lodged the ambassadress in her Catholic Majesty's ante-chamber, I went away and made some visits in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Eden was obliged to go in a full court dress, and in that way to make her courtesies to their Majesties with the baby in her arms, and old Mrs.

Degrave * attended, dressed in black and powdered. This is the second Queen † that old nurse has had the honour of visiting. They were all received with infinite graciousness and good-humour, both by the King and Queen, and the little señorita acquitted herself of her first court visit with great success. We afterwards went to a snug little dinner of about thirty people at the French ambassador's, and now I am come home to finish a few letters which I have an opportunity of sending to-morrow by a safe conveyance.—Believe me, my dear Madam,

Very dutifully and affectionately yours,

WILLIAM EDEN.

Madrid, January 2nd, 1789.

My dear Madam,—I sent off a packet to you last night by a French messenger; and such is the habitual exactness of mankind on the subject of letter-carrying, that I make no doubt the lucubrations in question will be safely delivered, if they should not the loss will be no great calamity. The frost continues here, but though we complain of the cold, I fancy that it is not to be named in comparison with what you are all suffering in England and in France. Our friends M. and Mme. de Montmorin and M. and Mme. de Rayneval (who, by the bye, prove excellent correspondents, and often send us English news before we receive it through any other channel), write us freezing accounts of the cold which they are suffering. Here the cold is very piercing, except when the sun shines, but the days are warm and perfectly pleasant. I was at Court this morning. The Queen, on account of her pregnancy, now receives us in a chair; she is much subject to miscarriages; she has had I believe, eighteen children, and has only five living, and they are all small and delicate. On this account, also, all the streets through which she passes in her

* The American nurse.
† Marie Antoinette was the first.

airings are previously covered with small gravel. We had company to dinner, and in the evening we went to a large assembly at Comte d'Aranda's, where, as usual, all the ladies were seated in a row against the wall, and the gentlemen in a group at a distance, or in different rooms. The *rifresco*, of biscuits, ices, &c., is served about nine, and then the whole company walk in a sort of procession through a long suite of rooms to another apartment, where they play at cards, and where there is less formality, but always more than sufficient.

3rd.—The weather is milder to-day. I received this morning the account of the great debate, fermentations and divisions in the House of Commons, and have felt ever since like an old hunter who has his head tied fast to a rack and hears the hounds running at a distance. The scenes in England are certainly melancholy when the calamity which occasions them is considered; but, notwithstanding that, it is confoundedly unpleasant to be separated from them by the Pyrenean mountains, and about 1,200 miles of land and sea. *Paciencia!* It is a favourite phrase here, and one of the few which I have learned in the country. We had a small company to dinner to-day; and in the evening, we went once more, by the gracious permission of their Catholic Majesties, with five of the children to the Racimiento; we found only the King there, talking with some of the people of his court. The Prince of Asturias, and one of the little princesses next came with the *gouvernante, sous gouvernante, &c.* We inquired about the other little princess, and were told that she was suffering a *pénitence* for some fault, and therefore was not permitted to come. In about a quarter of an hour afterwards the Queen arrived, and then the ambassadress was allowed to obtain a pardon for the little criminal, who is a fine little girl, and made up the quarrel with the King and Queen in the prettiest manner possible, to the great delight of our girls, who did not conceive that the human mind could invent a more cruel punishment

than exclusion from such a sight. There was nobody there but our family and the immediate attendants on their Majesties, who conversed with us in the most affable manner for about half an hour, and made the children run about and eat biscuits, &c.

4*th*.—We had chapel this morning, and then the Court, and then a long walk in the mildest and finest air that I ever felt; and then a family dinner; and then a drive in the gala carriage to meet the queen, who had gone another way, and whom consequently we did not meet; and then we had nearly all the *corps diplomatique* for the whole evening.

5*th*.—This was a post day and I had some business to do, and hardly stirred from my desk during the whole day.

6*th*.—We continue to have the same clear weather. It is a melancholy thing to see how soon the hobby horses of the dead are sent to grass. The late King of Spain had hoarded up with great care and exactness all the horns of all the deer that he had killed in the course of his life, and they were all billeted and dated, with the weight marked, &c. They must have amounted probably to 20,000 or 30,000 pair of horns, and some of them were really fine and curious: and so carts have been employed during some days to carry them to the laboratory at the hospital, where they will be converted to hartshorn, calcined powder, &c.

It is quite a lesson on the vanity of human pursuits: the fatal day may come when the 3000 figures of his present Catholic Majesty's Racimiento will be sent to the pastrycooks. More than half the days at this season are fêtes or holidays, and no work is done, and on other days there is but little work. The people live temperately and cheaply, and love to sit under a south wall, and to enjoy the sun. If I go into a bookseller's shop and buy ten or twelve books, no inducement will make him send them home; and he will rather return my money to me. If a servant is sent to buy twelve pounds of sugar, the woman of the

shop says, "Have you brought something to put it into?" if the servant answers "No," she quietly puts the sugar away, and wishes you a good morning, for it is not her business to furnish paper; and this same indifference goes through every branch of trade. One of my servants, a few days ago, carried a slipper to be mended; the shoemaker told him that it was his business to make and mend shoes, and nothing would induce him to touch the slipper; and the staymaker employed for the children refused to alter some stays made for them at Paris; he said, that as he had not made them it was not his business to mend them. If you want a looking-glass, you must buy the plate at St. Ildefonso, you must next send it to one part of Madrid to be silvered, and then to another part to be framed, and to another to be gilded. All this trouble is given to you with perfect civility, and by poor creatures who are in extreme want of the money, which they will not take, because they will not go one step out of the beaten track; and the consequence is, that a great part of the business is done by bad manufacturers here, for the prejudices are such that Protestants have little encouragement.

7th.—We gave a great dinner to-day, and we dine at a great dinner to-morrow, and we give another on the next day. To-day our company was in chief part Spanish, and among them there were two of the court ladies, whom we found very cheerful and pleasant. Upon the whole there was much noise and little formality, which I presume is the best that can be expected at a crowded dinner. It snowed all night, but our good friend the sun appeared with unusual brightness this morning. There is in this neighbourhood an enormous fat black pig—I wish you would come and see him, and then you might see us into the bargain; but you must come soon, for he must in a few days bid adieu to the good things of this earth. He has been in a principal street near two months upon straw, and a monk sits by him with a table and pen and ink. The pig is not tied, for he is

as incapable of moving as the table itself. The monk has a book before him and a pen in his hand; and the passengers from a mixture of piety and avarice give a piece of money nearly the value of a halfpenny, in return for which, the monk writes down their names and address, and assigns them a number in a lottery, which will be decided on St. Anthony's day, in which the pig is the great and only prize; and the money, which is a considerable sum, goes to the monastery which had the spirit and talents to succeed in putting so much fat on the ribs of the pig. As my sister* loves lotteries, I have taken half a dozen tickets for her. She may pay threepence sterling into the hands of Messrs. Drummonds, and if she should have the great prize, as she possibly may, I will dispatch it in a cart without delay towards Lambeth Palace.

8th.—The air is this morning more unpleasantly cold than I ever felt it anywhere. The thermometer is ten degrees below the freezing-point. There is much snow upon the ground, and much more evidently, in the air. I am now writing, with a Mount Etna of burning charcoal in the middle of my room; and, under the impression of the cold, have lost all idea of the danger. In the room where our company will dine to-day, there are three large brasseros with charcoal.

I observe that in my minutes of the 6th inst. I talk about the idleness and helplessness of the labouring-class of this country; I should make three exceptions in which they show both talents and exertion. First, as to great buildings, gateways, &c. — there are many in this city of a recent date, which are magnificent, and perfectly well executed. Second, as to bridges, which are fine, and numerous in every part of Spain, to so great a degree, that whenever there is any steep ascent and descent in the public roads, it is not unusual to build a considerable bridge, even where there is no water. Third, as to the public roads, in the making of which, from

* Mrs. Moore.

the mountainous nature of the country they have incredible difficulties to encounter, the labour and ingenuity shown in this respect is infinitely beyond what I have ever seen or heard of in any other country. In addition to these three exceptions, I ought to have mentioned those indefatigable fellows who follow the carriage, and run ten or twelve Spanish leagues a day, by the side of the mules.

9th.—I was at Court to-day, and received many compliments upon the goodness of the cheeses with which I had the honour from time to time to supply their Catholic Majesties, and I mention this for the satisfaction of T. Eden, and of the cheesemonger whom he employs. We had afterwards a large company to dinner, and they stayed and were joined by others till ten o'clock at night; nobody ever stays later with us. We then have a quiet supper, and talk about Beckenham and Lambeth; and form conjectures as to debates in Parliament and the arrival of couriers, and the change of ministers; and her excellency, who used to wish when we were going to America that we might be brought back by a French fleet, is not far from wishing at present that we may be recalled by the hostile act of some new government.

10th.—By the by, twenty-two days are now elapsed since the date of our last accounts from England. *Paciencia!* The snow is so deep on the mountains, that people are employed to dig passages for the couriers.

11th.—We had chapel this morning as usual, after which I went to Court; and at dinner we assembled all the English gentlemen who are here (nine); among them there was a Mr. Clarke, of Sussex, who is introduced and recommended to me by Miss Shafto and Lord Lisburne. It has rained all this evening as it rains in Spain; for the heat and the cold, and the good and the bad weather are here all in extremes without mediocrity.

12th.—This was the post day, and I have passed it among my papers. It was not easy to do other-

wise; for it has rained so hard all day, that we could neither go out nor expect visitors, but at eight to-night we, nevertheless, went with six of the children once more to the Racimiento, where we found the King and Queen with all their children, and were graciously and affably received. The Racimiento has been much changed since we saw it last: to-day we found the arrival and procession of the three kings, with fine horses and followers; and whilst the kings are going up to the child in the manger, the attendants are occupied in different parts of the landscape, in fixing the tents, dressing the horses, and preparing dinners, &c. It is impossible to give you an idea of all the variety and expense of this fanciful arrangement of a religious toy-shop. Your grand-daughter Kitty, who went to-night for the first time, felt herself among the fairies. When the children had seen everything, and had had cakes, the King and Queen contrived to separate them from us, and got them into a corner, and made them give an account of every circumstance respecting the manner of living, their diet, sleep, instruction, dress, &c.; and they made remarks upon it to each other, in short Spanish phrases, which the children understood perfectly, and reported to us afterwards. They had no embarrassment, except that they called the king "Monsieur" very often in speaking to him, and always corrected themselves, and said "Sire," which made him laugh.

13*th.*—It rained all this day as usual. At four o'clock the ambassadress went pursuant to the Queen's permission last night to the royal nursery, and to see the little infante undressed and put to bed. It is a remarkably fine child; but he would have a better chance of continuing so if he had a few nurses at five pounds a year, instead of five or six young women of rank, who are charged with every circumstance belonging to him, and who alone are allowed to touch him. Mrs. Eden carried some playthings to the princesses, and stayed above an hour with them, and they were as noisy and as riotous as possible. On

her return she found an assemblage of the *corps diplomatique* here for the rest of the evening.

14*th.*—My last letters from England were dated 22nd December. *Paciencia!*

All the world here is busy in preparations for the three days' grand gala, dinners, balls, illuminations, &c., which begin on Saturday upon the proclamation of his Catholic Majesty. One of the grandees gives a fête upon the occasion, the expense of which is estimated at 20,000*l.* In respect to their Majesties, I produce new laced liveries, which cost about 400*l.* in Paris. I shall have few other expenses except for the illuminations. Luckily, my own winter clothes have not before been produced, nor those of the ambassadress. This circumstance saves her not only much expense, but much embarrassment, for it is very difficult here to make purchases that she would like. The weather looks to-day as if it would improve; it is material that it should, for there are many long processions on Saturday next through the streets.

15*th.*—No letters yet from England. *Paciencia! Paciencia!* By way of a morning's airing we made some visits, and it is no small exercise, for the streets are very rough. All the world is alive here, for, exclusive of the balls, illuminations, and processions, great promotions are to be declared in two days, with a distribution of Toisons d'Or, Grandes Croix, &c. Among the other processions, there is one of almost all the mules and horses of Madrid to a convent, where a small sack of corn is presented with each mule, and the priest returns a small part of it after having given it his benediction. This arrangement supplies the convent with means of subsistence, and is believed to contribute much to protect the mule against diseases and accidents for the rest of the year; and if it is true, both mules and monks have reason to be satisfied.

16*th.*—Twenty-six days since we have any accounts of what has passed in England. *Paciencia! Paciencia! Paciencia!* Our last news was

22nd December. I have, however, an opportunity of sending this scrawl, and so it shall go. It will at least tell you that we are all well. I am, my dear Madam,

Very dutifully and affectionately yours,
WILLIAM EDEN.

Madrid, January 17th, 1789.

My dear Madam,—Having despatched a packet to you last night, I begin a new one with the mention of a circumstance which is not known to have happened in the course of a century. We are now twenty-eight days in arrear as to English news, our last accounts being dated 22nd December, and I believe near twenty days as to Paris news. This is a full proof of the severity of the winter, which has interrupted all communication; and we feel the disappointment the more because the reason of it no longer appears. The bad weather seems to be finished here, and to-day it feels like a fine spring day in April. We are this morning entering into more bustle and splendour and gaiety (for a period of three days) than Madrid has seen during the last thirty years. I write this at nine o'clock whilst I am dressing as fine as a gold fish to go the palace.

18*th*.—The remainder of the day yesterday from ten o'clock was sufficiently occupied; at that hour I went to the palace, and at eleven accompanied the King and Queen of Spain to the balcony in front of the great square of the palace. They placed themselves in chairs, with the ambassadors standing on one side, and the great officers of state on the other. The square was so full of people, that you might have walked upon their heads; but a circular passage was kept by soldiers for the procession, which began as soon as their Catholic Majesties entered the balcony. It consisted of a great number of grandees, with their attendants mounted on fine horses richly caparisoned, and accompanied by the lieutenant-generals, corregidor,

alguazils, heralds, &c. In the centre there was a stage which one of the grandees ascended, with the royal standard in his hand, and proclaimed the King. The acclamations of the people then followed, and then the heralds threw a considerable quantity of gold and silver into the crowd; and we returned with their majesties to their apartment. Fortunately, the day was calm and warm. On returning home I received as many letters from England as cost about ten guineas, and I did not grudge the money, the news being interesting, though not pleasing. By the by, how came Mr. Fraser to fancy that I receive no daily paper *by the post?* I always receive Woodfall's, and sometimes others, direct from London, besides what are sent to me from Paris. We dined quietly, and returned to our packets, and at half-past eight went to the French ambassador's ball. His house was handsomely illuminated, but too small for the company, which consisted of more than four hundred. There was hardly room to stir; the English ambassadress, however, was made to dance three minuets. We escaped before twelve o'clock. To-day is our poor English Queen's birthday, and an unhappy one it is. I was at Court to attend their majesties at a kissing of hands (*á besar manos*). We stood before them whilst 1171 kissers of hands passed by, to many of whom they spoke. I never saw so tiresome a ceremony. The Queen made signs that her hands were sadly dirtied. We had all the English to dinner, and then went in full form to the Prado, and in the evening we had company.

19*th.*—This was also a day fully occupied. In the first place it was your grandson William's birth-day, and everybody was occupied in exchanging presents with him. I gave him a specimen of the several different kinds of money which were thrown among the people, and he gave to his mamma a fan with the royal standard painted on it, and a picture of each of their Catholic Majesties. This fan she carried to Court, for she went to-day in form, both to pay her compliments

on the occasion of the proclamation, and to show one of the fine gowns which she brought from Paris. She was received in all the formalities, and seated on the *tabouret* opposite to the Queen, with a great number of the court ladies on each side. As soon as that ceremony was over the King entered; she then rose, and there was no more form. We had a small company to dinner, and to-night we dressed again to go to the Duchess d'Ossuna's ball.

20*th*.—I am a bad hand in describing balls; for as soon as I had seen my wife begin the minuets at one end of the room, and the Duchess de Alva at the other end, I retired to one of the card-rooms, and had a party at whist. It must, however, be confessed that the whole was a specimen of real magnificence. The expense is said to be 8000*l*., and I think that there was a fair appearance to the amount of about 6000*l*. In the first place, they had built in ten days an immense temporary room for the dancers, with an open gallery all round it, as at Ranelagh, and seats all round under the gallery. There was quite an army of servants in new rich liveries, and supper regularly served with three courses, desserts, &c., with places at table for about four hundred. The whole number present was about a thousand. The Queen was gracious enough to send word that she was sorry her pregnancy put it out of her power to come. There is one comfort attending these crowded meetings in foreign countries, — the order maintained among the carriages is perfect. Dragoons and infantry are placed in all the neighbouring streets and at the place to enforce regularity; and accordingly we drove to the door, and came away from it without a moment's delay. We are not sorry to be quiet to-day: we have received letters this morning from England as late as the 6th, with accounts of the death of Mr. Cornwall, the choice of the new speaker, &c. This evening (and indeed almost every evening) the *corps diplomatique* will assemble here.

21*st*.—We are once more all in black; the ladies,

however, have left off their black caps and black handkerchiefs, which made them look like tragedy queens and fair penitents. I have omitted in the bustle to mention that the weather has grown fine again. I have also neglected to say, in respect to England, that we have not omitted the good custom of mince pies, goose pies, roast turkeys, &c., as often as occasion would allow this season. We have had considerable success and applause in that way.

The young ones to-day, in combination with the nursery woman, dressed William as a girl and Caroline as a boy, and then introduced them as two strange children to Henry, who took a fancy to them, and carried them about to show them everything in the house, and made them presents, and could not be convinced of the deceit till he saw them change their clothes.

22*nd*.—Beautiful weather, and a roasting sun. We could spare you a few of his rays, and they would not at present be superfluous in the county of Kent. The two most remarkable events that I recollect in this day were, the one, that we had as fine a turbot for dinner as ever was landed at Billingsgate stairs; and the other, that we had its twin brother for supper, and yet we are almost three hundred miles from any sea.

23*rd*.—This morning was cut to pieces by my being obliged to dress and go to Court. I cannot believe it possible to have gone seven times a week to Court, and yet I did it very often under the late King. We dined quietly, and did not go to the Prado after dinner. One of his Catholic Majesty's ministers and his lady came to see us. The two eldest girls received them, for I was writing in my private apartment, and Madame was dressing for the evening. When I went upstairs I found the two eldest girls doing the honours in the Spanish language as naturally as possible. The monkeys have learnt enough for this purpose from their music-master and from their Spanish maid-servants. At night we had (as in truth we have almost every night) an assemblage of the *corps diplomatique;* and

this evening they were tempted, by the appearance of our ale, and by a turkey pie with truffles, and by a Stilton cheese, to sit down to supper; and some French visitors who were of the party, with the Duke de la Vauguyon, did so much justice to the ale, that, as they are not used to it, I expect to hear of their being in fevers to-day. The days are growing so long, and the spring is approaching so fast, that we begin to be anxious to know in what way we shall get northwards towards the month of May.

24*th.*—The only event of the day is, that his Catholic Majesty is gone to Aranjuez, partly to shoot some wild boars, but chiefly for the purpose of making some new arrangements respecting the apartments of the palace there; for the Court is to pass a part of April and the month of May at Aranjuez.

25*th.*—To-day the Queen received us alone, as his Catholic Majesty does not return till the 27th. We afterwards went, of course, to visit the other several branches of the royal family. They are much reduced in number; and I am sorry to remark, that in these circuits of Court civility we are very apt to forget that the orphan child of Don Gabriel and Donna Mariana is still in existence, and in the palace. It will be lucky for him if his nearer relations do not also forget him. We had six or seven English to dinner; we then went to the gaieties of the Prado, which was so much crowded that we felt more impatient than usual, and struck suddenly out of the circle, and came home. The foreign ministers assembled at our house as usual.

26*th.*—I was at my desk nearly the whole day, except during a quiet family dinner, and a walk of about three miles, which I take almost every morning into the country upon a place called Los Altos (the heights), as near to my house as Hyde Park is to Lord Bathurst's, but the resemblance is not great in other respects; for it has neither trees, verdure, nor water, nor any appearance of inhabitants except a few mule-drivers and straggling soldiers, and idle

shopkeepers shooting larks. In the higher ranks, except the foreign ministers, few people here either ride or walk. They rise late, and then lounge an hour in the ante-chambers at Court, and then dine in their own way privately, and then go to the Prado, and then go to a conversation, which is called a *tertullia;* and in this way the whole year goes, with little variation. It is accompanied with abundance of *cicisbeoship;* but that system is so fully allowed and avowed here, that it makes no variation in the dull uniformity of life; the only difference is, that the ladies, instead of going with their husbands to the Prado and to the assemblies, go *always* with their *cortejo*, as he is called; and the husband is sometimes allowed to make a third in the party.

27*th.* — His Catholic Majesty, who is this week making great havoc at Aranjuez among the birds and beasts, sent us to-day some woodcocks, and this evening the Queen sent us some wild boar. The present King of Spain dislikes the wild boars, which in fact are good for nothing, and do infinite mischief to the gardens; and I understand that he has already shot forty-eight in the course of the last three days. At this rate he will soon destroy them all; but the poor old King will give a groan in his grave.

28*th.* — This is the most beautiful day that I ever saw anywhere. The sky is clear, and the air is as soft as milk; the thermometer in the shade at about 56°. Her Catholic Majesty to-day sent us some venison. It is said that the King killed 120 deer yesterday: of these, two or three of the best are generally selected for the palace and for presents, and the remainder is distributed among the attendants, who sell it in the markets and villages.

29*th.*—This day is finer, if possible, than yesterday, because the ground is now growing dry. I take long walks about sunrise, but I find it prudent to carry an umbrella, for the sun is so hot, and the shade and the houses are so cool, that without this precaution it is perfectly practicable to catch an ague.

To-day the man was executed in the Grande Place here who murdered his uncle at Aranjuez some months ago, as I mentioned to you at the time. As he was rather above the common rank, he had the privilege of being put to death by the *tourniquet*, seated in a chair.

30*th*.—The weather as yesterday; and please to take notice, that on this 30th of January we had prohibited all fires, and dined with the doors and windows open in a very large room. In going to Court this morning, I passed through an immense crowd who were attending to see a man punished: he was a poacher, who had shot at and wounded a gamekeeper of the King's. I do not know which is the greater offence, murdering or poaching in a sporting country; but he was led half naked upon an ass through all the most populous streets, and received a certain number of lashes at every corner. This, however, is only a prologue, for there remains afterwards a sentence to the galleys for life. It must, nevertheless, be confessed that punishments in this country are rare, and in general not severe.

31*st*.—Mrs. Eden returned from the Prado last night with a shivering and headache, and to-day she is confined to her bed by a fever; it is, however, so slight, that I received a large company to dinner that had been already engaged to us.

February 1*st*.—Her fever seems to be abating to-day. It seems difficult to be ill in such weather as we have at present, and yet I believe it was the weather which made her ill. The fineness of the day on Thursday last tempted us to walk much in the sun, which is certainly dangerous here. The King is returned from Aranjuez; he has done great execution there. It is computed that in that *sitio* there are 100,000 head of large game, but it is intended to kill all the wild boars and all the common deer; the latter are very numerous. I was at Court this morning, and dined afterwards at the French Ambassador's.

2*nd*.—This same fever has given us uneasiness, and has been rather severe.

This is a day of great processions here, first for the benediction of the candles in the different churches, and next a general procession of the whole town in accomplishment of a vow made in 1582, in expiation of a sacrilege at that time committed by some naughty ladies of the town, who had dressed up an image of the Virgin Mary in fine clothes, and had placed it at their windows in order to entice the young men to come into the house. Accordingly, an image of great height was produced to-day and ornamented in the richest manner with a crown, &c., and carried through a principal street, attended by the priests and people, through the Prado to a chapel out of the town, with hymns, music, &c. I did not go, because I cannot with propriety appear in a crowd otherwise than in a carriage, which is tiresome work; but some of the foreign ministers who were here to-night had been present, and say that above 100,000 people were assembled, and that the Queen and the royal children attended.

3rd. — The fine weather continues without interruption. The sun is so warm, that I think it prudent to take my morning's walk before breakfast. This evening the three eldest girls made me escort them into the fields; in the course of our perambulations we met the King returning from the *chassé*, with his carriages laden with deer and wild boars.

4th.—The fineness of the weather, which is beyond description, and a wish to see the environs of Madrid, led me this morning to walk above eight miles, and foreseeing that I should be tired, I ordered a carriage to wait for me at a certain distance, and so completed my morning's walk at dinner time.

5th.—Mrs. Eden's fever has been severe enough to give me considerable uneasiness, but it began to abate yesterday, and to-day she wants nothing but attention and caution.

6th.—My journal in my present mode of life may be comprised in few words, for all amusements are now suspended, and the royal family have left off

dying. This morning I walked early, and regretted much that the month of February in England is so unlike what it is here. I then visited madam, and made breakfast for her. I next received the papers and letters from England to the 20th of January, which occupied me fully for the rest of the morning, in the course of which I was obliged to go to Court. I afterwards had four or five of our countrymen to dinner. I then took the four girls in the glass-coach to the Prado. I next wrote some letters to the sea-ports of Spain, after which I sat with the recovering lady till eight; in the mean time, most of the corps had assembled as usual in my apartment, and many of them remained till past twelve o'clock.

7th.—The same fine weather as yesterday, and except that there was no levée here, and no letters from Paris and London, the day was passed in the same way.

8th.— Walk; chapel; Court; company to dinner; Prado with the children; alone from five till seven; company for the rest of the evening.

9th.—Mrs. Eden is again well, though meek and weak from the effects of the fever. It is remarkable that our little Spanish girl was in no degree affected by it.

Our sunshine continues, and the spring is beginning to show itself. The Italian sweet-scented double narcissuses are already blown in great abundance in my garden, and also the hyacinths, and the lizards are running about in abundance; I forgot to mention that I saw one as early as the 30th of January. With a little more industry gardening, by the help of so much sun and water, might be carried to great perfection here, but it is ill-understood and disregarded, and though we continue to be supplied with fruits and early vegetables, we derive it from the King's garden at Aranjuez, and that advantage (which, by the by, is a costly one) is confined to the houses of the ambassadors. We still have excellent raisins and pears; the oranges, though immediately from

Seville, are not so good as you have from Covent Garden.

10*th.*—This is Mrs. Eden's birthday; all the children, including the little French mutineer, have been occupied during the last fortnight in preparing their several presents for her, and these preparations are always made in great secrecy, in confidence with the different servants who are employed, in addition to which they each of them have the privilege of choosing and ordering a dish for dinner, after which they give a tea to the maids.

Do you know that we begin to be very impatient to see the means of getting away from here before it grows quite hot, but we continue without either recall or leave of absence, and without any prospect for some days of either.

11*th.*—One of our English gentlemen (recommended to me by Lord Lisburne and Miss Shafto) left us three or four days ago, and proceeded on his travels, and another of them (a friend of Lord Wycombe's) proceeded towards Cadiz and Gibraltar this morning. The restlessness of the English disposition leads our countrymen to every corner of the world, and there are few considerable towns upon the continent of Europe in which you may not be certain to find one or two Englishmen. Mrs. Eden went an airing to-day, so that I trust her recovery will now go forward rapidly.

12*th.*—I walked at seven this morning into the country: the air was so soft, and the sun so hot, that I was quite glad to use an umbrella and to walk slowly. Towards mid-day the air suddenly changed to extreme cold; this capriciousness is a great defect in this fine climate, and calls for continual vigilance to avoid colds and colics. I dined to-day at a great dinner at the French Ambassador's.

13*th.*—The air continues cold, and the sun hot. We drove to-day in a chariot from the gate which is close to us quite round the city, at the outside of the walls, and entered again at the same gate. The road

is fine, and the distance seems to be seven or eight miles.

14*th.*—The air is once more mild, and the atmosphere is clear without interruption night or day; and all the people are sitting on the pavements in the streets as if it was the month of June. They sit thus for hours together quite idle, and from time to time drink large glasses of water, which is sold by men who go about with an immense bottle on their backs. The foreign ministers continue to assemble every evening at our house; and the barrelled ale, and goose pies, and English cheeses, sometimes tempt them to sup.

15*th.*—The morning was of course passed at chapel and at Court; after which I dined at the Sardinian Ambassador's, and in the evening we had company. Mrs. Eden avails herself of her late illness to avoid these great dinners. From a regard to veracity and perfect accuracy, instead of goose pies in the preceding paragraph, please to read turkey pies. Geese are very rare here.

16*th.*—His Catholic Majesty went early this morning towards the mountains for the day. He seems to be fonder of the *chasse* than his father was, and shoots birds and beasts of all sorts on the same day without distinction. The old King had particular days allotted to each species of game, and never fired at a wild boar when he was looking for a wolf. Another great dinner is given to-day by the Venetian Ambassador. I believe that last spring I mentioned to you that William and I in our walks in the Aranjuez gardens had found a young nightingale in the nets and had redeemed it from destruction. We have it still, and it has this last week began to sing so finely that we are quite sorry to think we must leave it behind us; but, if I were to attempt to carry it to England, it would be as troublesome on the road as a ninth child.

17*th.*—The fine weather still continues. It has now lasted above three weeks with the interval only of one day. I believe that I have already men-

tioned to you that the mutton here is by no means so good as the wool, though in general it is nearly as dry. Last night at supper, and to-day at dinner, we had some as fine as we ever tasted either at Lambeth or Beckenham. Upon inquiry, it proves to have been a pet sheep belonging to my coachman, which had been fattened on short straw. We are sorry for the poor pet, but it proves at least that the mutton would be good if properly fattened.

How tired I am of the church bells: they are worse here than at Oxford. This city is not large (about 7500 houses), and yet from the heights near to my house, I can count above 100 spires; and there are about seventy monasteries and nunneries.

18*th.*—We continue to have the same calm and clear weather; but though the sun is so warm there is little appearance of vegetation in the fields, which is probably kept back by the chill of the nights. In the garden the rose-bushes are coming into leaf, and the lizards are running about, while the sun shines, in great abundance. We have also half a hundred flies every morning to breakfast with us.

19*th.*—I passed all this morning at my desk, as it was the post day. At half-past four we went to the Prado, where the Queen always makes a gracious speech as the coaches pass. In the evening we had the *corps diplomatique* as usual.

20*th.*—Letters and newspapers from England. The levée at eleven. An airing with her excellency at half-past twelve, in order to talk over the English news. A small company to dinner at two, the Prado at half-past four, the ambassadors and ministers at half-past six.

21*st.*—I passed the morning at Count Florida Blanca's, it being his day of weekly conference. The rest of the day was disposed of as usual. It is difficult to describe how much time we have for reading, and how much we read in this sort of quiet life. We brought a large stock of books with us, but we are borrowing more from all quarters.

22*nd.*—Chapel and Court: after which I dined at the Nuncio's with a very large company, and Mrs. Eden came after dinner, and we went to the Prado. Though the Nuncio represents the Pope and is an Archbishop, he had a faro table and several other card tables for the whole evening; and this is not reckoned improper in the usages of Roman Catholic countries.

23*rd.*—The weather is less pleasant than it was, but there is nevertheless a great proportion of sunshine in the course of the day, and we cannot reasonably complain after the fine climate which we have had during the whole of this month. The playhouses and opera are shut up all this time on account of the public mourning, but the actors and actresses are permitted to give representations in their lodgings; and it is said that there are about twenty-seven spectacles every night, including puppet-shows. All this will finish in two days when Lent begins.

This is Shrove Monday. I am told that they have not here our amiable custom of throwing at cocks; but that a string is tied across the streets, to which the animal is suspended by the legs, the women are blinded and a sword is put into their hands, and the first that cuts off the head of the bird takes him. There is, of course, much hacking and hewing before this is completed.

24*th.*—We have had the domestic misfortune to forget to have pancakes to-day for dinner. As the best consolation that occurs should be taken in such cases, we have ordered pancakes both for to-morrow and the next day.

25*th.*—I have caught one of the colds which abound so much in this country, and am obliged to stay at home. Happily there is no city in the habitable globe where confinement is attended with fewer sacrifices; for all pretensions to the few amusements of any kind which there were, are suspended from this day to the 13th of April; and I do not believe that in the evenings there is so much society

collected anywhere in Madrid as there is regularly in Mrs. Eden's apartment, except, perhaps, at one or two places occasionally, where there are meetings for the mere purpose of gambling.

26*th.*—A cold here is not very unlike a cold in England, it rises gradually to a certain degree of restlessness, feverishness, and stupidity, and then, I trust, diminishes in the same manner.

27*th.*—I went to bed early last night, and about an hour afterwards the news of Baillard's arrival was brought to me. I was not sorry to sacrifice part of a night's sleep, in despite of my cold, to the purpose of reading some of the principal letters which he brought, and I felt well repaid by the good accounts of the King. I have been occupied during the whole of this day in reading the remainder of the written papers, after which there is a noble stock of printed papers, as he has brought me from Paris and London two large portmanteaus full, sufficient, I trust, to occupy us as long as we remain on this side of the Pyrenees.

28*th.*—The children represented their play and farce last night, and with great success. They had, by the aid of the servants, provided scenes and curtains, and a great variety of dresses. They all acted except Henry, who was an actor also when the masquerade began. They had composed the stories and speeches for themselves, and were as attentive to their parts as Mrs. Siddons can be to hers.

March 1*st.*—This morning we had our chapel service at ten; at eleven I went to Court; at twelve I passed a considerable time in a conference with the Spanish ministers; at two we had a small company to dinner; at half-past four we went in grand gala with our glass carriage, new liveries, &c., to the Prado, where the King appeared for the first time on his return from some chapel in honour of some saint. He was on horseback, attended by officers, guards, &c., and rode for about an hour by the side of the Queen's coach, under the view of about 80,000

spectators, who were very well pleased to see him there, and cried, "Vivat! vivat!" at a great rate. Your grandson William was amongst those who were most pleased, for he thinks himself the particular friend of his Catholic Majesty. On returning home we found company already assembling in our apartment for the evening; and so this day was disposed of.

2*nd*.—I passed nearly this whole day at my desk. It was the foreign post day. There was little temptation to go abroad, for a violent and cold wind arose, in the midst of which a well-dressed lady placed herself on the pavement upon her knees, at the bottom of a steep bank on steps, which rise for the space of about 100 yards to the church, opposite to my window, and in that attitude she moved gradually forward, balancing herself, as well as she could, up the bank and up the steps into the church. I am assured by those who minutely observed her that she was forty minutes in this operation, which must have dirtied and spoiled her clothes beyond measure. It is said that at this season the same ceremony is very common at the entrances of the different churches, but whether the penance is voluntary or prescribed by the confessors I do not know.

3*rd*.—This was the day for installing the different persons on whom his Catholic Majesty some weeks ago conferred the different orders. On this occasion the mourning was discontinued for the day, and the French Ambassador gave a dinner to a snug little party of about sixty, composed of the different ambassadors, grandees, &c. Mrs. Eden, on these occasions, excuses herself to the dinner part of the story, and comes afterwards.

4*th*.—To-day I gave a dinner to the Dutch ambassadress, who arrived two or three months ago, and has since been ill. Though the gentlemen of my family dined out, and I protest against large companies, and omitted several who probably expected to be asked, I could not contrive to have

fewer than seventeen, and in the evening many others came. At about nine or ten to-night, and whilst our company was with us, Mrs. Eden had a shivering fit, which obliged her to retire. This is a most trying climate. Dr. Robertson registers the changes of the air; at eight this morning the thermometer was at 33°; at midday it was at 80° in the shade, and a few hours afterwards again nearly at the freezing-point.

5th. — Eleanor (Mrs. Eden) has a regular fever again. She was appointed this morning to wait on the Queen. I have just sent her excuse.

6th.—Eleanor continues ill, but her fever is rather abated.

7th.—She was so much better this morning that I attended the Spanish minister's conference, and dined afterwards at the French Ambassador's, who goes on the 9th to France, and will be so good as to carry this package.

8th.—She is doing very well to-day, and I am going to Court to give a good account of her. All the others are well. Adieu!

Yours dutifully and affectionately,

W. EDEN.

Madrid, March 9th, 1789.

My dear Madam,—The scarcity of facts, events, and of subjects of remark is grown so great in this metropolis, that my diary might now be continued in the form of words which some physicians are said to adopt in their prescription for a whole hospital—"The same as yesterday;" but I have a sort of perseverance belonging to me which decides me to continue these minutes till I arrive once more in France, where they were begun; and this consideration alone would be a reason for proceeding homewards soon, if there were no other motive. On recollection, it is not true that there is a scarcity of facts. Yesterday some wild boars were baited by dogs at the bull amphitheatre, "by permission of his Catholic Majesty, for

the benefit of the Convent of the Fathers of the Divine Agony." I translate the words of the advertisement. And this morning there is in the Madrid newspaper a long anathema from the Inquisition against several books published of late years in Spain. It is useful to me, because it gives me the names of the books which I wanted, and some of which are said to be good and well written. They will be sold to me, as a privileged heretic, without difficulty. But this is not all. Last night a fattish lady was playing at cards at an assembly. Her partner screamed out: "Dear me, Madam, what are you doing, what can you be dreaming about?—you have the ace in your hand, and you suffer the adversary's king to pass." On further explanation, it was found that the poor lady was under the stroke of an apoplexy, which put an end to both her and the rubber!

I stayed at home quietly this whole day, partly at my desk among my papers, and partly in Eleanor's apartment. She is so much better now that she insists on having a great deal of chat.

10*th*.—The weather continues cold, windy, and comfortless. We are in great anxiety for further letters from England, to ascertain that the King's happy recovery has no check, and that he is in complete re-possession of himself and of his throne. I dined in a snug family way; on which occasions we are only eleven or twelve at table. In the evening the *corps diplomatique* assembled here to talk over the news by the different mails, and play at whist and tric-trac.

11*th*.—These March winds are very English and very comfortless. I think you know that if, in passing through the streets here, you meet the sacrament (the Host) going from any church to a private house, or returning to the church, it is necessary to get out, and to give your carriage to the bon Dieu (as it is called), and to attend afoot. This has never happened to me, and it is not likely to happen, for though I should of course do as they do in Spain,

I think it fair to require of my coachman, whenever he sees any symptoms of such a ceremony, to have recourse to the crane neck, and to turn into some other street. But a few days ago, as their Catholic Majesties were going together in their carriages, they met the Host. Their Majesties alighted, and, with the Infantas, went upon their knees in the middle of the street whilst the procession passed by. The priest went into the King's coach, and his Majesty followed afoot and bareheaded. I have seen something similar to this at Versailles; and the Archbishop must have seen such instances often in the towns of Italy.

14*th.*— I attended at Count Florida Blanca's this morning. The weather continues harsh and windy and dry. There is a new influenza of colds, accompanied with a degree of sickishness. The cure for the lower people here, on such occasions, is to drink large quantities of warm water, and to lie down upon the floor, and to prevail on some friend to walk upon them for half an hour. I have not seen this amiable ceremony, but I am assured that it is literally true, and that half a dozen of my servants have gone through it in the course of this week.

15*th.*—Chapel; Court; company to dinner; company in the evening. Little Henry* insisted to-day on attending the service as his brothers do. Dr. Robertson told him that he would be troublesome, and asked him how he meant to say his prayers? He answered, "Why, by holding my tongue, to be sure." He was admitted, and behaved very well. Please to take notice, therefore, that you had seven grandchildren attending together at the Protestant service in a Popish country.

16*th.*—Mrs. Eden is again obliged to nurse herself, by a violent cold which she has contrived to catch, in despite of all possible precautions. I wrote the whole day for the French and Spanish mails; and in the evening the Prince de Nassau, who is just arrived from the Turkish campaign, from Warsaw,

* Died in 1794.

from Petersburg, from Vienna, and from Versailles, and who has been in five sovereign courts in the course of the last forty-five days, and who is not improperly called the Courrier de l'Europe, came and sat with me, and gave me many details which I wanted to have. He was accustomed to live much with us at Paris.

17*th.*—I stayed at home this whole morning, and was fully employed till dinner in reading the English and French letters and newspapers to my sick wife. Three or four gentlemen dined with me. After which I took a long walk with the eldest children; and at night I had company as usual.

18*th.* — Mrs. Eden's disorder now proves a fever. I trust that, with proper care, it will carry off the whole of her complaint. In the midst of my anxiety respecting her I was obliged to-day to have seventeen people to a formal dinner, and some of them stayed till nine in the evening.

19*th.* — This being the day of St. Joseph — the nameday of the Infanta Donna Maria Josepha, I was obliged, therefore, to go in gala to Court, and afterwards to visit every person of any consideration here whose name happens to be Joseph.

20*th.*—This is called here the birthday of the *primavera* (the spring); and it begins well, for the cold wind ceased last night, and the weather is again mild. I took a long walk into the country, and was surprised to see the face of the earth as brown and as barren as in the month of December.

21*st.* — To-day we think that Mrs. Eden is clear of fever, and the weather is grown so fine that we hope it will soon re-establish her. This is our little Charlotte's birthday; and the usual trade of exchanging presents is going forward at a great rate. I was engaged to a dinner with one of the foreign ministers, made in part purposely for me; but I have thought it incumbent on me to send an excuse. The brats had prepared a new play and farce, but they are obliged to defer it till their mamma is able to see it.

22*nd*.—Chapel; Court; nine English to dinner; Prado; company in the evening.

23*rd*.—I took a long walk soon after sunrise with the five eldest children; after which I was busy at my desk the whole day. Though the weather is now fine, four or five of the servants are confined to their beds, and Mrs. Eden recovers more slowly than I expected and hoped.

24*th*.—We were disappointed as to the arrival of the English post this morning, and must now wait four days longer for news. This is vexing enough; more especially as the Paris letters make no mention of England. We are impatient beyond measure for further good accounts of the King. Mrs. Eden's frequent indispositions have also made me seriously impatient for the arrival of a leave of absence. To-day I had a large company to dinner; they were all Spaniards except the Prince de Nassau, who went after dinner with me and the four girls to the Prado; and we left the Spaniards playing at persilla, which (except that the cards are painted differently) resembles quadrille.

25*th*.—The equinoctial blasts are returned this morning; they have inspired me with a disposition to make preparations for going away; and I have accordingly applied myself this whole morning in making minutes of precautions necessary to be taken, and of things to be done previous to such a journey. This harsh weather, added to the general melancholy of Madrid, the suspension of public diversions, the frequency of prayers and religious processions in the open streets, the mournful and mourning dresses, the expositions of dead bodies, the unhappy appearance of the mules and asses, and the unsociable system of the people, makes up a sum-total of sadness beyond measure. I bear it, however, well enough in bad weather, because I have a large and cheerful society at home, and at other times the fineness of the atmosphere certainly makes some little compensation for the uncomfortable side of the question.

26*th*.—On this day last year we took our departure from Paris. It has been an eventful twelvemonth. We will examine it piecemeal some day or other at Lambeth. The Prince de Nassau carries this packet to Paris, and travels like a carrier-pigeon, but as he will arrive at Paris the day after the departure of our weekly courier, I calculate that you will not receive it before Monday, 13th April.—Believe me, my dear Madam,

Very dutifully and affectionately yours,

WM. EDEN.

27*th*.—The post arrived this morning and brought us the Archbishop's letter, among other matters, with excellent accounts of the King; and of the opening of the session, the illuminations, &c. As Lord Carmarthen adds that it is meant very soon to despatch a messenger to me, I hope that a leave of absence is coming. I sincerely wish it were come. Mrs. Eden continues to recover well. Remember us affectionately to the Archbishop and to my sister. I presume that Sir John is at Windlestone. Advise the Archbishop to purchase "Le Voyage du jeune Anacharsis," and to recommend it also to Mrs. Moore. It is very amusing, though very learned. Mrs. Eden and her two eldest daughters are reading it with as much eagerness as they could read Clarissa Harlowe. The author is uncle to Barthélemi.*

Madrid, March 28th, 1789.

My dear Madam,—I think that my Journal has now lasted a year and a day. I hope that you have kept it all for me. I shall be glad on my return either to read it to the children before some winter evening fire, or to place it upon the fire, or more probably to do both the one and the other. I yesterday evening sent a packet by the Prince de Nassau. He is so capable of losing it, that I have taken the additional

* The French Chargé d'Affaires in England.

precaution of writing to my banker at Paris to apply to him for it. This morning was passed as usual (on Saturday) at the Spanish minister's. I then waited on my Eleanor, who is now well enough to pick the bones of a pullet, in her dressing-room. I then dined *en famille*, and then went with the children to the Prado, after which I played at tric trac with some of the foreign fraternity.

29*th*.—Chapel (at which we had the happiness of hearing the thanksgiving prayer on the King's recovery); Court (where his Catholic Majesty made me some handsome speeches on the same subject); and a dinner of English, when we revived an old English custom and drank the King's health. The weather continues cold, and the surrounding hills are covered with snow; but the trees in the public walks are growing green, and the rose-bushes in my garden are in full leaf. About ten days ago I saw the first swallow, and to-day they began to build their nests above the dining-room windows. I observe also that the storks are returning, but they are great simpletons to come by the almanack and not the season, which is still wintry. As to fruits, we are now reduced to oranges. We have had grapes till now, and sometimes very good, but at present they are so withered that I have prohibited them. This was a gala day at Court. On my return there was a general thick cloud of dust raised by the wind, which was brought to the ground again by a sudden shower of rain which fell as thick as puddle, and did no good to my gala liveries.

30*th*.—It is very cold, but my Eleanor is now in the drawing-room. You never saw so thin a stick. I passed this whole day at home in writing letters and in arranging plans for my departure, under a presumption that leave for that purpose is on the road.

31*st*.—The letters are arrived, and with accounts of the rejoicings in London, which show so much hearty affection and national good-nature, that they

are quite touching, but the leave of absence is not yet arrived, and we have a longing to be at home, and we have an extreme desire to be away from Spain before it grows hot. *Paciencia!* It is a great comfort in the mean time that Mrs. Eden continues to recover well. We yesterday added a she ass and foal to our establishment.

April 1st.—The children are all busy this morning in paying the compliments of the day to one another and to all the family.

2nd.—There being a genial and right feeling in the air this morning, I took Mrs. Eden an airing for the first time since her illness, and she was quite surprised to see the walks of the Prado green and shady. In the evening I carried the children to meet her Catholic Majesty at the public walks.

3rd.—After Court to-day I carried Mrs. Eden an airing again; but she was by no means well, and did not venture to see a small company which dined with me.

4th.—She is again confined to her bed by a return of the fever which she has already had too often. In addition to this, I am plagued by the delay of the messenger who was promised to have been sent from England so as to have arrived above a fortnight ago; and I grow quite anxious and impatient to be at liberty to make my preparations for going as soon as Mrs. Eden has strength enough to take the benefit of a change of air and of a different climate.

5th.—Her fever was high last night, but it seems to be abating to-day. I took an early walk this morning into the country, and saw the people of different ranks in many places kneeling before the crosses of stone which are by the road-side in great abundance in the environs, and going from one cross to another. I saw one well-dressed woman go to fourteen painted in a row upon the sides of a church, and kneel separately for a certain time to each of them. These are *pénitences* enjoined at this season.

6th.—Mrs. Eden is a little better to-day, but

continues to have a considerable degree of fever. It has rained this whole day: such a rain was much wanted, and will, I hope, not only bring forward all the fruits of the earth, but will give us a climate less dry, less penetrating, and less nitrous, than the one to which we have lately been accustomed. The nitre is so plentiful here that immense quantities are made within 200 yards of this house.

7th.— Mrs. Eden is much better this morning, and I have taken a long walk into the country, which is greatly refreshed and very pleasant after yesterday's rain. The children have just brought to me from the garden a large bunch of lilac in full bloom. It is the first that I have yet seen, but the spring has been cold and backward. The post is arrived, but without a word yet to authorise my making any open preparations for my journey. This is vexatious and inconvenient to me. *Paciencia!*

8th.—The weather this morning was quite soft and warm, and in the evening it became suddenly cold and sharp. I had company to dinner, and passed a part of the day in reading to the sick lady.

9th.— My 'dress for this day (Holy Thursday) was a flat expense of about 30*l.*, for I do not think that I can ever show it in any other country. It is a sort of Court uniform of black velvet with a scarlet satin lining, and sleeves and waistcoat embroidered in gold flowers. I went at ten to the chapel at the palace, where I heard a long service with music and good chorus singing, and saw processions in which his Catholic Majesty walked. All the grandees were all the time in the middle of the chapel upon their knees holding large torches. About twelve I went to a large room in the palace, where his Catholic Majesty went through the ceremony of washing the feet of twelve poor men (he also kisses their legs). When this is over, the poor men sit down to a large table, and his Catholic Majesty, assisted by the Pope's Nuncio and the grandees of the first class, serve the dinner, which consists of an immense quantity of fruits, and

fish, and confectioneries, all of which is tumbled with the dishes into twelve large baskets placed on wheels, and carried to the families of the poor men.

On this occasion his Catholic Majesty was dressed in all the diamonds of his crown, which are of an immense value; and afterwards the Queen, in her apartment, performs the same ceremony as to twelve children. Great care, of course, is taken to have clean-looking people, and to have them well cleaned. Upon the whole, it is a curious mixture of sovereign importance and pomp, and pious humility.

The ambassadors and a part of the grandees afterwards dined in the palace with the captain of the *Garde du Corps*, where we had in great profusion every possible dish that comes within the description of maigre, and on such occasions it is surprising to see such variety of excellent fish at so great a distance from the sea. As soon as this was over, there was a procession in the open air before their Majesties, with images representing all the principal circumstances prior to the Crucifixion, and the other circumstances will in like manner be represented on subsequent days; and as soon as that was over his Catholic Majesty went afoot to several churches (seven): these seven masses are called the stations prior to the Crucifixion. I saw nothing of this latter part, but walked home through a crowd of about a mile, followed by my servants in gala liveries. It is necessary to walk, for on these two days no carriages are allowed to go into the streets. The grandees ride on horseback in the clothes which I have described, and with white silk stockings, and their blue ribbons over their shoulders, with servants walking by them, and with led horses richly caparisoned; and the ladies walk from place to place accompanied by servants and pages, and often also by their women. Such a day puts a stranger back to the beginning of the seventeenth century. I should add, that it is utterly without gaiety of any kind.

10*th*.—Having had enough of the mummeries of

the week, I attended prayers at home to-day, and sent an excuse to the Grand Maître (the Marquis de Santa Cruz), with whom I was invited to dine at the palace, at a great dinner furnished by his Catholic Majesty. In the afternoon I took a long solitary walk to all the principal churches of Madrid, few of which I had hitherto visited: they were all open, and they were singing in some and preaching in others; in some they were laying the image of the body of our Saviour upon a sheet, as recently taken from the cross, and that of the Virgin Mary weeping over them. In others they were preparing a representation of the tomb, with a great profusion of lights; in others there were no prayers nor any priests, but abundance of people on their knees, particularly in the side-chapels, where many of them remain by direction of their confessors many hours. On quitting these sights (in the course of which, by the bye, I saw some good pictures and the inside of one monastery), I went out of the town gates for better air, and there I met several mules arriving laden with dead calves and sheep, for the benefit of the people who have fasted during the last forty days: many of them are very rigorous in this, and at the expiration of the forty days are much weakened and reduced. I also met the herds of goats coming into the town, to furnish the day's milk to the inhabitants; these herds have a picturesque appearance, but it must be confessed that six or eight good cows look more comfortable.

11*th*.—I passed the whole day quietly at home, partly among my papers, and partly in reading to Mrs. Eden. In the evening I had some visitors to talk over the small and few events of the day. Many of the people sit up to-night till twelve o'clock, in order to have the satisfaction of eating meat before they go to bed. You are beginning now to have an advantage over us as to the length of the days: the day is already twenty-six minutes longer in London than in Madrid.

12*th.* — We had chapel as usual, and the few English who are here dined with me. My walks into the country have grown pleasanter than they were, for the late rains have produced a very fine verdure. To-day we received a present of some very fine strawberries, which were a great treat to the sick lady, and not unacceptable to the children. We shall in a few days probably have some in our own garden. We have had artichokes ever since the beginning of March, which appears to me remarkable, because I think that in England they do not precede the asparagus.

I brought with me from England some sweet peas, which were saved at Beckenham either in 1784 or 1785: I have sown them here, and they come up very well, which I did not expect, particularly after their having been twelve months in this dry climate.

13*th.*—I passed a part of this day in my own apartment writing, and the other part in Mrs. Eden's room, reading to her.

14*th.* — This is my birthday, and the children have long been employed in preparations for it, and they had written a play for the occasion, but the whole is postponed till Mrs. Eden is more recovered.

15*th.* — Among other grievances, we are exceedingly annoyed by the long delay of the leave of absence, which we have expected ever since last October, and which is not yet come. Exclusive of the necessity of an immediate change of climate for Mrs. Eden, the inconvenience to me in several other respects is greater than I can describe. I have passed this whole day in reading a novel, in order to avoid thinking about so disagreeable a subject.

16*th.* — Is the messenger arrived? No. Well, but there are letters by the post from England. Let us see; perhaps they will mention that the leave of absence is coming, or perhaps it has come by the post. Let us see. Do you find anything? No. *Paciencia!*

17*th.* — I was at Court to-day, as usual. By the

by, their Catholic Majesties, now in the fifth month of their reign, must begin to think it remarkable that the English ambassador has not yet delivered to them any letters of credence, nor even any compliment of congratulation or condolence; but so it is, and yet we are assured here that the English Government resumed its functions near two months ago. I gave to-day a dinner to the *corps diplomatique*, and it is the last dinner of any degree of parade that I mean to give here. I shall continue to have small parties, from ten to twelve. His Catholic Majesty now appears in the Prado, driving the Queen in a phaeton with six horses; and yesterday her Catholic Majesty held the reins from one of the country palaces to Madrid.

The people here having the same usages and ideas which they had in Spain 200 years ago, are rather shocked at this same phaeton, and think it much too gay. Mrs. Eden and I think it very comfortable, and sincerely wish that we were with the whole equipage at Beckenham.

18*th*.—This morning, like most Saturday mornings, was passed at the minister's, after which I had five or six of our countrymen to dinner. I then went with the children in the glass carriage to the Prado (possibly for the last time that we shall see the Queen there), after which the foreign ministers as usual assembled at our house, and Mrs. Eden, being afraid of so much noise, after receiving the bows of three or four of them, disappeared.

19*th*.—After chapel service this morning I went to Court, and upon quitting the palace it struck me that I was very unlikely ever again to enter it. This idea had a mixture of the cheerful and the serious; on the one hand, I cannot feel concerned that by some means or other I shall get out of this retired corner of Europe, which is far too distant from everything that interests me, and on the other hand, it is rather a melancholy situation to go through a long suite of magnificent apartments, and to bid

adieu eternally, *en passant*, to the fine pictures with which they are crowded. When you get into your carriage after such a ceremony, you have the image of a hearse in your mind's eye.

When I walked as usual at seven o'clock this morning the air was quite soft, and felt like warm milk. It changed whilst I was at Court, and this afternoon there is a cold and piercing wind.

20*th*. — Their Catholic Majesties went with the Court to-day to Aranjuez. Under the presumption of a leave of absence, and under the necessity of going towards the Pyrenees, as soon as Mrs. Eden is able to bear the journey, even if I have no leave of absence, I have given up my house at Aranjuez, but I foresee that I shall be obliged to make some visits there. I dined to-day with M. Cabarrus, the principal director of the National Bank of Spain; and though the establishment is not quite so opulent as the Bank of England, a director of the English bank could not have given a better dinner, nor so good wines.

21*st*.—Is the messenger arrived? No. Are the letters come from the post office? Yes. But the English mail is missing to-day, and will not arrive till Friday next. *Paciencia!*

I am to have ten of our countrymen to dinner to-day, if I may include my bankers, who are Irishmen by birth, in that description.

It is so cold to-day that I cannot venture abroad, and to-morrow it will probably be so hot that I shall be obliged to stay at home.

22*nd*. —I had done too much credit to this barren province of Castile when I mentioned the strawberries a few days ago. I find that they came near 200 miles upon the backs of mules, from the province of Valencia, which has also furnished us all this winter with asparagus (as early as February), artichokes (in January), and cauliflowers in December, January, and February. I remarked the first bat two or three days ago, but probably they have appeared sooner. I began to-day to occupy myself

with arrangements for my expected departure, and have given orders for the sale of many things which I trust I shall never want again.

This evening I carried Mrs. Eden to her first airing since her recovery. The weather was beautiful, but rather too hot.

23*rd.*—The gentlemen of the family being gone to-day to see the Prado, one of the King's palaces, about eight miles from Madrid, we contrived to defer any others who might come, as they often do uninvited, and dined quite *en famille* with the brats, which we thought very comfortable. The foreign ministers are dropping away from Madrid to Aranjuez, and our evening circle is grown very small. The evenings, however, are grown very short.

24*th.* — An event! Lady Charlotte Strutt and Mr. Strutt arrived here last night for three weeks, and passed the day here with some other company. She is sister to the Duke of Leinster, an old acquaintance in Ireland. She is pleasing and sensible in conversation, and Mrs. Eden was quite glad to have a long chat with a countrywoman in her natural language. As we had a mixed company to dinner, the ladies availed themselves of the pretext of their ill health to dine tête-à-tête in the drawing-room. We had green peas to dinner to-day (I suppose from Valence). They were too old.

There are three or four good orange-trees in my garden. They suffered much by this last cold winter; but I see that they are now recovering perfectly — they stood quite uncovered.

No news yet from England: we are tired of fretting about it, and are grown callous, but the hot weather in the mean time is commencing. Last night our fat Henry was so worried by some mosquitoes, which were detected and killed in the midst of their banquet, that he can hardly see to-day.

25*th.*—The weather is now of that settled brightness which sometimes prevails here for several weeks together, and which I never saw in any other coun-

try. Though it is apparently as fine as possible, I am not sure that it is healthy. The Spaniards have a proverbial saying that their climate is subject to imperceptible and penetrating breezes, which will not put out a candle, but will kill a man.

Mrs. Eden now gains ground apace, and will soon be fit to take the benefit of a northern journey, but in the mean time this same leave of absence is not yet arrived.

There is now a fine verdure round Madrid, but it will not last above three weeks, for it consists of barley and wheat, which are sown in order to produce nourishment for the goats and mules. It comes up quick, and is soon used, after which the whole reverts to the barren brown.

26*th.*—Mrs. Eden was well enough to-day to attend the chapel service, after which we saw a religious procession attended by some gaudy equipages which passed near to our windows. It being the custom on such occasions to decorate the sides of the houses, our balconies were also covered with the cloths of state belonging to the embassy, and with damask curtains, &c. Lady Charlotte Strutt and her husband, and some other English, dined here, after which we went with two of our carriages to the usual gaiety of the public walks, where, though the Court is absent, there were about 200 or 300 carriages filled with people, who made bows and yawns to one another, and then go home. There is an opera almost every night: but having been there, I have no desire to go again, and several comedies; but I do not understand the language sufficiently to feel disposed to go to them.

27*th.*—My Eleanor gains strength. We had company to-day to dinner; she received them, but did not venture to come to the table. In the evening we had a short airing. If this leave of absence for which I have so long waited would but come now, she might get to a favourable change of climate, and my anxieties would be relieved.

28*th.*—The children thought proper to keep my birthday to-day, together with Henry's, as their mamma was much too ill for any festival on the 14th. They made me a present of a box full of presents chiefly of their own work; the whole shall go to England. They invited their English acquaintances to dinner, and bespoke the dishes; and in the evening, having prepared a little theatre, they acted three plays of their own writing, which they have been practising in secret during several weeks. They have had their notes copied for me; and it is really very good in me to inclose them to you, for I have not had time to read them, so take care of them for me. They really acted surprisingly well, for they entered quite into the spirit of their own ideas. Eleanor* is a great composer on such occasions. The business was opened by the fiddler who attends their dancing every day, and who had been taught to play "God save the King," which was sung behind the scenes by Mrs. Figart. After the plays they gave tea in their school-room, and at the top of the room there was a transparent drawing, with "Long live Papa." "Long live Mamma." So you see that they catch at the London ideas.

29*th.*—No news yet. *Paciencia!*

30*th.*—I have an opportunity of sending this package, but I have not time previously to peruse it, so you must decipher it if there are many errors in it as well as you can.

I am, my dear Madam, very dutifully and affectionately yours,

WM. EDEN.

Madrid, May 1st, 1789.

My dear Madam,—Though I am fretting here like a wolf in a cage, and have reasonable cause for a bilious fever, that this month, without an R, should begin before I receive my leave of absence, I must not, in my passion, abandon the poor old Journal, more especially as I still presume that its end is

* A few years afterwards Mr. Pitt became deeply attached to Eleanor Eden.

drawing near. You all surely laugh at us in England when you write, that though the leave of absence is delayed a little longer, I may rely on its coming before the heats begin. I suppose that you are alluding to the year 1790, for the heats of 1789 are already close upon us, though with the delectable variations to which the province of New Castile is liable. Yesterday morning, for example, it was too hot for the children to take their walks at eight o'clock, and before night it was piercing cold, and I am assured that this morning there is a large additional covering of snow upon the mountains. Exclusive of the strength of the sun, we have some solid proofs of the approaching summer. The sweet peas, and sweetwilliams, and stocks, are in flower in our garden; the rosebuds are bursting, and the strawberries are set, and we have ripe apricot tarts every day both at dinner and supper (I suppose, however, that the apricots come from Valence).

2nd.—My elder Eleanor gains ground apace, and now takes long airings with me, both in the mornings and evenings, but she is careful and has not yet ventured to walk. It is cold to-day and we have fires as in December.

3rd. — This morning I got up soon after four o'clock, and before six I was dressed for Court, and had breakfasted comfortably, and was in my post-chaise on the road to Aranjuez with six galloping mules. I found two relays of mules upon the road, and arrived at Aranjuez in little more than three hours and a half. After passing an hour at Count Florida Blanca's, I went to Court, where I delivered my new credentials, in due form, to their Catholic Majesties, and where I presented Colonel Strutt, who had come in my post-chaise. I stayed at Court till one o'clock; we then galloped home again, and dined in the carriage, having made preparations for that purpose. It rained as in the days of Noah all the time that we were at Aranjuez, which I could not regret, for these rains were become quite necessary. The evening was fine enough. On our return through the Prado we

met Mrs. Eden and Lady Charlotte Strutt (who had passed the day with her), and all the children in two carriages: we joined them. On arriving at home, we received from a Spanish gentleman a present of some of the handsomest carnations and anemones that I ever saw. It was on this day twelve months that we first arrived at Madrid: twelve months are soon finished even in Spain.

4*th*.—I passed this day at my desk; it was the post-day to England.

5*th*.—This is the post-day from England, but it leaves us in the same comfortless uncertainty as to our movements: in the mean time, however, I am making preparations to go. We had company to dinner to-day, and one of the gentlemen happening to say that one of his daughters is in a nunnery near to us, Mrs. Eden and the four girls went with him after dinner to see her. They saw an abbess and about twenty nuns, and exchanged various little presents, and promised to go again. The younger Eleanor talked Spanish to them all, and made out her conversation without any embarrassment.

6*th*.—In looking over my dinner lists to-day, which have always been regularly kept, I see, that since I left England to go to France, we have had between two and three thousand guests to our different dinners, but many of them have of course come very often; in the lists, however, there are between five and six hundred different names, which, all added to our English, Irish, and American lists, would probably furnish a list of about fourteen hundred dining friends.

The ladies made another visit to-day to their friends at the convent, and persuaded me to go with them. After certain messages we were admitted to a little place called a *parloir*, at one side of which was a double grate armed with spikes, and strong enough to resist an elephant; behind the grate was a room nearly dark, into which the abbess and the nun, for whom her father (who was with us) had made

inquiries, soon came; by degrees all the other nuns collected, and the window was permitted to be opened, and they all sat down on the matting for the convenience of conversing: They were very cheerful whilst we were there, but I suspect that it is the cheerfulness of a blind man in society, and that it turned into melancholy as soon as we retired. We exchanged a variety of little presents with them, and then went to their chapel to see a fine picture by Titian; after which we proceeded towards the Prado, when the first sight that presented itself was that of the prisoners from the city prison in chains, two and two together, attended by soldiers, and employed in raking and cleaning the public walks. We could not help thinking, though many of them have undoubtedly a weight of guilt upon their consciences, that they appeared happier than our poor harmless nuns. Our evening parties are much reduced, all the foreign ministers being now at Aranjuez.

7th.—Charlotte brought the first full-blown rose from our garden a few days ago; and Eleanor yesterday found a piece of yellow jessamine. To-day the rose-hedge begins to make a great appearance, and will supply us well as long as we stay here. To-day the Condesa de Gelvez, who was lately Vice-Reine of Mexico, dined with us, with three of her children, and seven of ours. They are by far the most pleasing family that we have met with here, and as they are in great measure French, I fear that we have not yet acquired the true taste for Spanish merit. After dinner an Indian woman belonging to Madam Gelvez, played the bolero, fandango, etc., and accompanied them with her voice to the young ladies, who danced with castanets. It was quite a summer's day, and we passed the evening in the Retiro Gardens, complaining of the tardy approach of the leave of absence.

8th.—A post-day, and no letters from England to the purpose of our departure, which is the object most interesting to us at this moment. We shall

have a broiling journey, for the ants and the gnats are already showing themselves in the apartments. We passed several hours to-day in the open air, and much to my Eleanor's benefit; and the girls, after running all the evening in the Retiro Gardens, had a fiddle, and, by their own desire, danced above an hour, when they came home. When the weather (as to-day) is really fine, it certainly surpasses the climate of other countries.

9*th*.—The weather beautiful; the thermometer at 70° in the shade. I passed the morning in preparations for the intended journey. We dined *en famille*, and went after dinner with all the eight children and some of the women to the shady part of the Retiro Gardens. At seven the Gelvez family came to a child's ball and supper, and they were all very gay till past ten o'clock. We are sorry that this acquaintance did not commence sooner, for the two sets suit each other very well.

10*th*.—At our chapel this morning we had only our own family, and, no considerable proportion of it attends; for though we are forty-four in family, we are not above sixteen Protestants including the eight children. We had some English to dinner, though they did not come to prayers: in the evening we took a long walk in the Retiro Gardens to see the ostriches, and found also a moth of immense size; it is a species not uncommon both here and in America; it looks like a very large butterfly, but is heavier made and flies like a bat. His Catholic Majesty did not pass the evening with quite so much gentleness towards the animals within his reach, for he sallied forth this afternoon upon an expedition against the herds of deer, with six field-pieces and grape shot; and yesterday he shot 120; the Queen and the Infanta attended.

11*th*.—It grows very hot. There are now thousands of blown roses in the garden: but this proves only the coldness of Madrid; for though it is about three weeks earlier than England, it is at least three

weeks behind many parts of Spain much to the north of Madrid. The bull-fights began to-day, and will be continued every Monday till the autumn: it is a day of general idleness and dissipation to the people; near 10,000 of them were at the amphitheatre this morning, with many women and children, and ladies of the first rank, and about 8,000 this afternoon. The sum received at the door, and applied to the hospitals, is about 1,000*l.* a day. There were six bulls killed this morning, and ten in the afternoon; only one man was hurt, and not very materially, I believe; some of the bulls were teazed and tortured to the extreme of madness, and so as to jump over the side wall, which is about five feet high. Some of the gentlemen of our family, and others who dined with us, went; but I have never been able to persuade myself to go: for though the address shown by the people in the arena must be a curious sight, it is upon the whole so unfair a system of cruelty, that I am sure I should wish for the bull.

12*th.*—The post arrived this day has brought us nothing but details of the procession to St. Paul's, which interests me little except that I am glad to hear that it has done no harm, either to the people or to their sovereign; in other respects, I am disposed to be very angry at the cruel and unaccountable delays; but we cool and console ourselves with strawberries, which are beginning to be very plentiful. I hear from Aranjuez that his Catholic Majesty, in the course of the last two days, has killed above 500 deer: two thousand were driven into an inclosure, where the field-pieces played upon them with great success. It sounds like the massacre at Patna, where the English were crowded into a large room, and shot at through holes in the ceiling. The girls began to-day to learn the fandango and the bolero: and this seems reasonable enough, as you all seem to intend that they should pass their lives here. They walked all this evening in the Retiro Gardens, with their castanets playing, to the great annoyance of all the

quiet people who were there. Strawberries are now plentiful.

13*th.* — Little Charlotte has got an ague; but everybody else is so well all this time, that if we had but had this same leave of absence, we might now have been in sight of the Pyrenees. *Paciencia!* I was wrong in my account of the bull-fight: one man and three horses died of their bruises on Monday evening.

14*th.*—My patience really has severe trials: one of the ordinary changes of the Madrid air brought back Mrs. Eden's fever last night, and to-day she is confined to her bed. The delay in England is to me utterly incomprehensible: there is something so cruel in it that it requires some most forcible motive to account for it.

15*th.* — Mrs. Eden's fever continues to-day, and Charlotte has also a very severe fit of the ague; and such English letters as I receive talk to me about my intended journey "before the heats come on," and about writing again to me before that time, with as much coolness and composure as if it were the month of February, and as if we were all known to be in perfect health.

16*th.*—There is some diminution of the fever: her pulse, which was 118 yesterday, is about 96 to-day; and Charlotte has entered upon her course of bark. I should feel myself unjustifiable in the eye of Heaven and to my own conscience if I hesitated any longer to take the measures which are necessary to preserve the health and lives of those who are, and ought to be, most dear to me. I have at length, therefore, given directions for everything to be in readiness for my departure, as soon as Mrs. Eden and Charlotte shall have strength enough to be moved. I do this under infinite inconveniences, and at a very considerable loss; because, though I never mean to return to Spain, I am obliged to retain my house and establishment, and to renounce the benefit of many arrangements which I might have made.

Mr. Claplan, in consequence of my having taken the

above resolutions, proceeded this morning towards Alicante to christen the children of some Protestant families there, and he will meet us at Paris. He will have a broiling journey. Every minute, when I am not visiting my sick, is now employed in packing, in arrangements for the journey, in the adjusting of papers, and in bringing such official business to a point as remained incomplete. William has received a present to-day from a great lady here of a very beautiful gun, which I presume will be confiscated for some years at least to my possession and use. The children went this afternoon towards the Chapel of St. Isidore, the patron saint of Madrid; the chapel is out of the town, and everybody of every rank on this day makes a visit to the saint, whose coffin is exposed: all the neighbouring roads and hills were covered with people. Colonel Strutt and Lady Charlotte Strutt left us to-day, and proceeded towards Bareges.

17*th.*— This same fever still continues, though lower than at first. Charlotte, by the help of twelve doses of bark, escaped her ague to-day.

18*th.*—The weather is grown quite warm. The thermometer was to-day at near 80° in the shade. My patient continues to gain ground; but, though her fever abates, she is still confined to her bed, and without appetite. In one respect we have not been unfortunate. Under the speculation of the journey, and in the hope that there would be no more relapses, we had thought it right to innoculate our little girl; and this was done exactly nine days before this last fever appeared. We had, therefore, considerable uneasiness, sufficient I believe to add to the fever; but all has gone on well; and to Mr. Robertson's great satisfaction, as well as ours, the little girl has not had one unpleasant symptom, nor any visible mark upon her face of the small-pox. This business was a great secret here, for there is in this country a great repugnance to innoculation, and particularly at Court.

19*th.*—Mrs. Eden advances in recovery but very slowly, and I advance in my preparations to move

towards the climate of France as soon as she can gain strength enough. It was very hot to-day, the thermometer above 80° in the shade. It was, however, refreshing to me to receive a letter from your ladyship to inform me that the heats of Spain do not begin till the middle of July. I had a small company to dinner, and afterwards went with the elder children to see the old palace of the Retiro, where the royal family resided much in former days. We saw some curious things there; and among the rest an exact model of Gibraltar, and a large model of the city and environs of Cadiz, done with so much labour, that there is every window and door, and in some of the principal houses the top takes off to show the inside. At the bull-fight to-day there were eighteen bulls and thirteen horses killed.

20*th.*—The post arrived to-day, but to little purpose for me. I suppose it was some ambassador in Spain who invented the phrase of "stupid as a post." The heat grows very great, and bears hard on this poor lady, who is still confined to her bed. I had some English to dinner.

21*st.*—One of the foreign ministers came from Aranjuez to dine with me here to-day. He assures me that, in four days last week, his Catholic Majesty killed 2400 deer, and that you may now buy a whole buck or doe for two or three shillings. I have since ascertained that the exact number killed in the four days was 1740.

22*nd.*—This morning I at last received a sort of a leave of absence, but so worded as to subject me to many inconveniences and very great expenses. However, I am glad to have it at any rate; and on this day se'nnight, if we are able to proceed on the journey, we will sup at Guaderrama. All hands are now at work everywhere in making our preparations. It would be a pleasure to some unthinking people at home to see them bear a part in all the detail preparatory to a Spanish journey with a family and suite such as mine. I am obliged even to send

wine, vinegar, and Bristol water, &c., in packages, by carriers, to Valladolid, Burgos, Victoria, and Bayonne, and also all the trunks and mails belonging to my French servants; for when it is necessary to reserve room behind my carriages for eight or nine beds, and for table-linen, kitchen furniture, books, &c., and bread, it is not possible to find room for trunks.

This evening we went to see a large collection, established by the King of Spain here, upon the principle of the British Museum. There were some very curious birds and beasts in it lately brought from Mexico; but the minerals are thought the most curious. Among other curiosities we saw a piece of gold quite pure, and in the form in which it came out of the mine. The weight, 71 lbs., about 3200 guineas. I also saw my old friend the piece of silver, which weighs 14 arrobas, near 27 stone. The thermometer in the shade to-day was at 84°.

24*th.*—The weather changed much and suddenly last night. It continues cold to-day, and we have much rain and quite a hurricane of wind; and the weather-glass is about 64. If this should not affect Mrs. Eden's health it is a very pleasant circumstance for our journey, as it has cooled the air, and will maintain the verdure.

25*th.*—I went very early this morning to Aranjuez, and passed the whole day there at Court, or in taking leave of different people, and dined with a party of foreign ministers, and returned to-night very sufficiently tired.

26*th.*—All hands at work this morning. You ought to be present in order to form any notion what it is to arrange and pack up everything in a very large house where the whole belongs to me, except the bare walls; where there is an establishment of between thirty and forty servants, from half the different nations of Europe; where the plate, the china, the linen, and the wines, must be so arranged that they must be ready if I return, and prepared for the land and sea voyage if I do not return; where the

mere sorting of official and other papers would be business sufficient; when agreements are, at the same time, to be settled for five sets of mules for the five carriages, besides saddle-mules; when the carriages are also to be inspected; when these cares are subject to incessant interruptions from visits either of friendship or politeness; when about 300 visits must also be made in full form to take leave; and, lastly, when I am, at the same time, busied in examining and bringing to a point with the ministers such few arrears of business as remain between us. It is lucky that, under such a complication of cares crowded into a few days, the weather has suddenly grown cool, for the mere recital of this list makes me warm. The children are as busy and as bustled as I am; and after packing up such of their effects and books as are favourites, and separating also what may be necessary for the journey, they are distributing everything else, even all the money which they had saved, and which amounts perhaps to about 150 pesetas, or six or seven guineas. Mrs. Eden is not allowed to take any share in the general hurry.

27*th.*—I dined to-day at my old friend's, the Count d'Aranda's. It was the first dinner that I took in Madrid, and it will probably be the last. All hands at work.

28*th.*—Busy, busy, busy. We are not interrupted by any arrival of messengers, or by any great abundance of letters of business from England. The Prussian Minister came to-day from Aranjuez to dine with us, and to take leave of us. In the evening we went out of town to see a country-house (la Casa del Campo) belonging to the King. An order had been given for our carriage to be at any time admitted to drive into the grounds. We saw some thick and extensive shrubberies, and an innumerable quantity of rabbits and pheasants.

29*th.*—The weather moderately warm. I am much occupied by my preparations, and my bustles are much increased by my *maître d'hôtel* having

bustled himself into a fever. The inconvenience of this is extreme, for he is very useful on such occasions, and, besides, he has all my unsettled accounts in his care. I carried Mrs. Eden to a short airing for the first time. The word carried is there very proper, for she is so weak that she is not able to come down stairs or to get into a carriage.

30*th.* — The *maître d'hôtel's* fever increases, and he keeps his bed to-day. *Paciencia.* I passed the day in arranging and placing all the official papers and businesses in the hands of the Consul-General. In the evening I drove with Mrs. Eden to the King's country place (the Casa del Campo). She was surprised to see so much shrubbery, and so many trees so near to Madrid, and also so many pheasants and rabbits. The pheasants were so tame that they merely walked three or four yards from the road as we drove by.

31*st.* —I wonder whether our journey will ever take place. William has a little fever this morning, and Kitty has a sore throat. All that I can do is to complete my preparations, and the carriages are all ready, and the mules are in my pay, I shall, therefore, use the first practicable moment. Sicknesses upon the road are bad enough, and will be subject to great inconveniences, but I am quite tired of sicknesses at Madrid.

June 1*st.* —So here comes the warm-hearted month of June. He is a pleasant fellow enough in England, but I cannot say quite so much for him in Spain. He is like some people whom I have seen in society who keep one in an incessant perspiration. I do not know whether it is a new discovery in moral philosophy, but it strikes me to-day, that time seems to slip away quickly, though painfully, when it is passed in a continued anxiety upon the same subject; and I believe that in long imprisonments, where there is little variety of ideas, but merely the unwearied desire to be at liberty, the sameness in the succession of ideas is such, that there are no periods or resting-places for

the mind, and, consequently, nothing on reflection to distinguish the length of the interval. All this has been much my case this year during the five months from January to June. Mrs. Eden's illness has been the predominant idea with me, and the whole period seems like a dream. I think that I got tolerably well through that explanation, though perhaps I have not made it intelligible.

William is better to-day, but he has still fever enough to make us defer our journey till to-morrow.

2nd.— Guaderrama, about eight leagues or thirty-two miles from Madrid. At length we are happy enough to find ourselves fairly in the north road. We set off this morning at eleven, and arrived here about half-past six, without once quitting our carriages; for the plain and insuperable reason that there was no house on the road which even calls itself an inn for the reception of travellers. About two o'clock we halted half-way, and I distributed among the children three or four cold fowls, and three or four loaves of bread, which they dispatched without the aid of a table-cloth, and then drank two bottles of Bristol water. In the mean time the servants attacked a large pigeon-pie, and the ten mule-drivers made a luxurious repast on cold sausages and raw onions. This is the third time of our sleeping at Guaderrama, and I trust that it will be the last.

I was beginning to think that we should never all come alive out of Madrid, and in truth Mr. Robertson and I had doubts, till we met and consulted about it this morning whether the enterprise would be practicable. Eleanor is left as weak and as delicate as it is possible to be without being most alarmingly ill; and even this morning could not go down stairs and get into her carriage without considerable help. William is not yet quite clear of fever. Kitty had yesterday a sore throat and fever, and to-day retains the sore throat. Henry has a cough. Charlotte has but recently recovered from her fever and ague, and Reverd (our *maître d'hôtel*),

whose assistance is almost essential to us in the Spanish inns, gave himself a fever last week by the bustle of my household accounts and arrangements. He had, however, the courage to leave his room this morning to follow us in a cabriolet, and seems not to have suffered by the journey.

Our dear Eleanor, who has been the great object of anxiety, seems already to benefit by the change of air. I have never seen her during the last four months so stout as she appears to-night, though fatigued beyond measure. It must be confessed that we leave Madrid with little regret. The system of society there has few attractions either for foreigners or natives. We were, however, a little affected by the crying of the Spanish maid-servants as we passed them on the staircase; and by the melancholy looks of a lane of men-servants and tradesmen through which we passed to get into our carriage. I have retained only six of the livery servants at Madrid, who continue in my pay till they hear farther. We discharged all the others; and it is justice to them to say that during the whole time of our being in Spain, and with our house almost incessantly in a bustle, we do not appear to have lost anything, even a spoon or napkin. I fear there are few houses with thirty servants in England where the same thing can be said. I do not recollect either that in thirteen months we have had occasion to part with any one servant.

La Fonda, June 3rd.—Twelve leagues from Madrid. We came only three leagues to-day over a very high mountain, a part of which, though at two or three miles distant from us, is still covered with snow. We arrived here to an early dinner, and determined to go no farther. Our invalids are all better, and Mrs. Eden at dinner to-day was quite ravenous, and she felt strong enough to have gone forward; but she has here a most complete change of climate, and I do not wish to expose her to fatigue unnecessarily. It is so cold here on this third day of June, that we found a good fire ready prepared for us, and are glad to keep

it, and have spread clean mats round it, on which the children are playing and rioting. As yet we have only had two material frights. Henry, in high spirits yesterday evening, threw himself backwards off a bed; and to-day a chair with a very heavy coach seat tumbled over and bruised Charlotte's leg. For a moment I thought that her legs were broken, but this evening she was well enough to take a long walk with me, and to see me slip off a stepping-stone into a rivulet. All the ground about these mountains is covered with wild peonies and sweet briar, and odoriferous plants, thyme, wild mint, and camomile. In other respects it is difficult to see a more wretched country, though it is here that there are many fine flocks of the travelling sheep, sometimes 5,000 in a flock.

Alabajo, June 4th.—We left La Fonda this morning at nine, and arrived here at two. Our Eleanor gains strength. The little Louisa was not well this morning, but we suspect that they have given her either goat's milk, or the bread of the inns: and either the one or the other would be too rich for her.

We have hired the whole of both the inns (the posadas) in this town, and yet we are obliged to have all the six children in our bedchamber to-night, and their beds are now mounting accordingly. I do not mean that they are mounting from a ground floor to a first floor; for there is nothing but a ground floor, and the room in which we are to breakfast and sup has not any window. We find it expedient to sprinkle all the floors with vinegar and lavender-water. There are windows to our bed-chamber, but they are without glass; and all the inhabitants of the town, except the owners of the two inns, are beggars.

Arebalo, June 5th.—We are going a new road to Valladolid, and we are well satisfied with it thus far. We came six leagues to-day in about four hours and a half, and here we found a very good dinner ready for us in a large but very dirty room. I will give you our bill of fare:—rice, soup, and boiled chickens; small tench, pigeons, rabbits, mutton, ham, very

good salad; rice pudding and two large cherry pies. Our only grievance is the want of good bread. We have excellent wines and Bristol water with us.

This morning I was overtaken by one of my servants despatched yesterday from Aranjuez with letters of the 21st May, brought by M. del Campo's messenger. By the bye he brought nothing from Lambeth.

Valdestillas, June 6th.—We came eight leagues very prosperously to-day. Previous to leaving the inns whenever we stop, the crowd of people begging is so great, that in order to have a safe and comfortable access to our carriages, we always gave a parcel of silver to a servant who speaks Spanish, and inform the people that he has received money to divide among them, and that they must follow him out of the bustle of the carriages for that purpose. He accordingly marches to a distance with the whole troop, and whilst they are settling a partition treaty, we get into our coaches and drive off. The poverty in this part of Spain is always very great, but at present it is worse than usual, the price of bread being double, and more than double what it is generally; and, in many places, this approaches so nearly to a famine that sufficient bread cannot be obtained even by those who have money Our children collect little packets of bread and give it away, and it is received with great avidity. In the villages, where there is little or no bread, the want is in some degree supplied by boiled beans. There will soon be some relief from the barley which ripens very early here. I saw some to-day nearly yellow: and, in the mean time, the Spanish ministers have taken measures to get supplies from foreign ports, and even from South America.

In order to obviate discontents on this subject at Madrid, the bread is sold there all this time at the usual price, and the difference is privately paid to the police of the city by his Catholic Majesty. We saw to-day a luxuriant and handsome hedge of wild yellow roses.

Valladolid, June 7th.—We consider this as a day of repose, and have therefore made a journey only of four leagues, which we accomplished in about three hours. There was a riot among the people here three or four days ago on account of the price of bread, and our old friend, the corregidor, who last year gave us a rifresco here, is at present obliged to take refuge in a convent. He has had the courage, however, to give leave to a French baker to make 150lbs. weight of French rolls for us before five o'clock to-morrow morning; and this is a more essential point to us than you can easily conceive, for the general bread of the country is at present damp and heavy, and probably composed of a mixture of wheat, barley, and rye. It would not, I think, be unreasonable if the poor people should lay violent hands on our provision-carriage.

On approaching the gates to-day we saw on a high pole the head of a malefactor with the eyes and features quite fresh, and also his arm and shoulder, and a basket hung by him. The reason of the basket I have not learnt, nor indeed the reason of the execution, though it took place only a day or two ago; and all the apparatus still remains in the great square. The children asked the crime, and were told that the man had murdered two monks, and robbed a "chapel, and flayed a shepherd alive." I presume that this answer was a piece of wit and humour; and gaiety in any shape has merit here, for there never was any place since the creation of the world so little calculated to inspire mirth. We are utterly unable to walk out in these great towns, for the people gather round us quite in multitudes.

Duennas, June 8th.—We left Valladolid this morning at half-past eight, and arrived here at about one. The distance is six leagues. We found our apartments in good order and dinner ready. The posada (the inn) tolerably comfortable, and one of the best that we have seen since we left Madrid. Mrs. Eden is not yet strong enough to walk, but at five I went for an hour down a steep hill to the banks of a rapid

river with the children. On our return the people of the village had discovered us, and before we could get back to our posada we had a train of about 150 followers. After tea, I took a long walk till after sunset with Mr. Robertson. It is a curious proof of the idleness of this part of Spain, that though the land and climate are so favourable to fruits, we have not been able to get one strawberry since we left Madrid; and yesterday, when we were giving charity to some people, an Italian who kept the inn (for all the best inns are kept by Italians) told us that most of the beggars whom we then saw might have tenpence a day for mending the roads, but that they preferred passing their time in dirt and hunger in their hovels.

Villa Odrigo, June 9th.—This place is eight leagues from Duennas, which place we left at eight this morning. We dined at Torrequemada at twelve, and stayed till three, and arrived here at seven. I take occasion to observe that our mule-drivers were wicked enough to carry us to an execrable posada at Torrequemada, hardly clean enough for a mule; and we discovered afterwards that there is in the town an excellent new inn, very neat and spacious, lately set up by a Milanese. This caution may be useful to your ladyship if ever you should come into Spain. But our dinner inn was a proper introduction to the horrible hole in which I am now writing. We knew that it would be very bad, and early in the day I despatched an intelligent servant to turn all the wretched furniture into the streets, and to have the floors and walls washed and sprinkled with vinegar. But even after these precautions the first entry is a sickening sight. Few labourers in England would live in so dirty a hole. By way of further amusement to-day the road began to be bad; in some places it was close to deep precipices, and without any battlements; in others, it was very jolting, and disposed to overturn us. Upon the whole, travelling in Spain is not yet brought to perfection; but Mrs. Eden continues rather to gain strength.

Burgos, *June* 10*th*.—Towards three Mrs. Eden had had a good sleep, and was much better, so we came forward to this place, where we are largely and well lodged in a new house. The road for the last three leagues was full as fine as any gravel walk at Blenheim or in Kew Gardens, between rows of poplar-trees, and edged with a flat stone for the benefit of foot passengers. This town is pleasant; the lower people look less wretched than what we have been used to see during the last twelve months, and their dresses are gayer. The women at the place where we dined wear on their heads a piece of coarse white stuff, made up somewhat like a turban, with lappets. Here they have various coloured dresses, and not those melancholy black basquinas to which we have so long been used. This town is such as would be admired in any part of Europe: a pleasant little river runs through it; the streets are large; there are some ancient and magnificent old churches, and many modern buildings.

11*th*.—We are all doing well to-day, but the alarm of yesterday has decided us to make this a day of repose, and we are not sorry to pass one morning quietly in dressing ourselves at leisure, and in new arrangements of our packages, books, &c. Though we are pleased with this posada, where we have abundance of apartments with neat floors and white walls, I must confess that I never passed a night in so noisy a town. We went to bed before eleven; from that hour till near two the smiths in the neighbourhood were hammering at some repairs to a diligence, which was to go away early, and getting shoes ready for our mules, and some parties of people were dancing fandangos, and soon afterwards the mules were brought out to the fountain under our windows, and then the diligence began to prepare, and all the time the bells of the town were ringing in the churches and convents, because this is a grand *fête* (Corpus Christi), with a general procession; and then the shoeing of the mules began, and about five

o'clock some dancers and tumblers appeared before our house, accompanied by a bagpipe, and great droves of sheep and goats passed by (this is their period of travelling northwards in immense flocks); and then droves of carriers' mules with heavy bells, and creaking waggons with wood (you may hear the noise of their wheels at half a mile's distance); and all the time all the church bells tingling and jingling; and all the time Mrs. Eden slept like a tree, except for a moment when one of the children coughed. We shall go only three leagues to-day, merely as an evening's airing.

Quintanapalla.—After writing the above this morning, I went to the great church to see the procession, and afterwards to some other churches, and to the old palace of the kings of Castile, which is at present a mansion for sparrows and swallows. There is a fine prospect from it, and it was an odd sensation to feel quite broiled by the sun, and to see several streaks of snow upon the opposite hills of Aragon. We had some excellent trout to dinner.

At three o'clock we set out for this place. The road very rough and very bad, more especially as they are making a new road, which obliged us to pick our way as well as we could. We arrived here about six, and I took a walk with the five eldest children to the top of a hill to look at prospects. On our return, we found a number of the neighbouring people assembled before our inn, and dancing in their best dresses in honour of the feast, which is a general holiday in Spain. Their dresses here are fanciful and picturesque, and two or three of the women danced the fandango very well. To their great astonishment, your granddaughters, Eleanor and Kitty, produced their castanets, and began; the people instantly quitted their dance and made a large ring round the two girls, and seemed quite delighted. We were only sorry that the close of daylight obliged us to return to our inn, which, except that it has no bad

smells, is as comfortless a place as you can paint to your imagination.

Pancorvo, June 12th.—We have made a very good day's work, for we have completed with perfect success eight leagues of road, parts of which are probably as difficult and as dangerous as any great road in any part of Europe. It is but justice to add that other parts are finer than I have seen anywhere, and that the whole is in a fair way to be completed in the same manner; but the great works which are going forwards for that purpose occasioned much of our trouble to-day, as we were obliged incessantly to quit the high road, where the people were working, and this could only be done with great risk and fatigue, both to ourselves and to our carriages. We are now getting into a richer and more cultivated country, where the people are cheerful and well clothed, and the spot where we now are is peculiarly romantic: it is open on the side towards Madrid, but the other three sides appear to be shut up by steep and green banks, covered with flocks of sheep, and at the top of the banks there is a high and impending wall of immense rocks: it seems impossible to go any farther, but there is a narrow pass of rocky road, through which we are to find our way to-morrow. But I must not omit to mention the great news of the day: we were obliged all to get out of the carriages to-day at one of the mountains, where the road is like a broken stone staircase. Mrs. Eden got upon one of the horses (we had brought a saddle on purpose for her), and she rode nearly a mile with so little fatigue, that she is now wishing for two miles of bad road to-morrow, that she may have another ride. It personally (I hope) interests me little, but the improvement which is making in the roads is very pleasant.

Vittoria, June 13th.—Victoria! Victoria! It is an auspicious word, and well suited to the success which has thus attended our present enterprise. Previous to our leaving Pancorvo this morning, we saw an old man carried to his funeral in a procession of all the

villagers and children, with the crucifix elevated before him, and all the priests of the district singing round it. The corpse was laid upon a bier, which had the appearance of a decent bed, and was covered, except the hands and face. The hands clasped and directed towards heaven, and the head supported on a pillow, and pointed towards the crucifix, in which attitude and without further covering, the bodies, I believe, are buried. In the midst of all this there was a large troop of joyous shepherds dressed in white and with garlands, and accompanied with a tabor and pipe, dancing in honour of St. Anthony's day. They accompanied our carriages with dancing and music for about half a mile, after which we went near a league between two ridges of rocks, by the side of a stream, the rocks in part covered with box bushes, and in other parts craggy and brown, and impending quite over our heads from an immense height. In one part Mrs. Eden quitted her carriage, and rode about two miles. We passed through some fine country, and after going six leagues in about four hours, dined at an inn within three leagues of this place, which from its solitary situation by the side of a fine road, brought Scarthing Moor to my recollection. In point of neatness, however, it is far inferior, though far neater than many of the inns which we have lately seen. In the evening we proceeded to this place, over three leagues of the finest road in the world, and through a country not mountainous, but cultivated and cheerful, and well contrasted by the stupendous mountains which surround it.

At this place my baggage ought to undergo a rigid examination, to prevent my carrying away piastres, which is a great article of contraband; but the people here have full confidence in my not permitting the attendants on my carriages to play such tricks, and they have accordingly certified my passports to the frontier without any search. Here, also, I have received as many letters from France and England as amount to 1000 reals (about ten guineas) for the

postage. I had obtained an order from Madrid for detaining them here.

14*th.*—We remain here to-day. First, because it is Sunday; next, because I am not sorry to give a day of rest to my caravan; and next, because I have many letters to write both northwards and to Madrid. This town, as the governor assures me, has 1200 houses, and about 6000 inhabitants. It seems to be about the same size as Burgos; but I do not like it so well, though it has a thriving appearance. Our inn is in a large new square, built of cut stone; and in the inside of the square is an open piazza all round.

I forgot to mention yesterday that, about two leagues on this side of Pancorvo, we took leave of a little stream which goes to the Arlengon, and thence to the Pisuerga, and thence to the Duero, and thence at Oporto (about 140 leagues off), into the Atlantic Ocean; and that about two miles afterwards we came to a little stream which goes into the Ebro, and thence (about 100 leagues off) into the opposite sea, the Mediterranean.

Mondragon, June 15*th.*—We dined at twelve to-day, and at half-past one left Vittoria. We arrived here in five hours and a half without stopping on the road. It is impossible to describe the varied succession of great and romantic views through which we passed this afternoon, and which we shall continue to have during about twenty leagues to the banks of the Bidassoa. The whole country is mountainous now till we get to Bayonne; and on an immense scale, for there is snow in considerable tracts on some of the mountains, and they are all, in general, finely wooded to the summit, with oak-trees, walnuts, and chestnuts. The oak is even fine enough to furnish a considerable supply to the dockyard at St. Sebastian; but the great beauty of the country is the extreme cultivation of every inch which is cultivable in the valleys, and even on the steepest banks. This evening, as we passed, there were in every field (for now we are in a country

of inclosures), men, women, and children, contending who could work best. Some clearing and hoeing the Indian corn; others weeding in the wheat-fields; others picking the flax, and giving it the first combing in the field; others (even women) driving oxen with manure or with timber. This busy scene receives a great addition from the iron mines and mills; and in order to maintain the latter the small rapid streams which are between all the hills here are pent up at every practicable place, and form high cascades. All this scene was so much the reverse of what we have left behind that it quite enchanted us; and though we had some interesting books in hand, we never opened them the whole afternoon. At three leagues on this side of Vittoria we descended near two miles down a steep mountain to Salinas, where there are some salt springs and works, and some mineral waters. The road is quite zigzag, and twists like a corkscrew, and the carriages, one directly over the other, and in different directions, gave the idea of toys in a toy-shop upon different shelves.

Villa Franca, June 16th.—It rained so hard this morning that we had doubts about coming forwards from Mondragon, though the carriages were all ready; but at nine o'clock we took courage, and the day soon cleared and grew fine, very fortunately for us, because, two leagues previous to arriving at Villa-real (four leagues from Mondragon), we had a very high and steep mountain to pass. You will have some idea of its steepness when I tell you that the carriages were obliged to have drag-chains during a descent of about two miles. We all took a long walk, except Mrs. Eden, who mounted her horse. We got some good strawberries at Villareal, which are the first that we have met with on the journey. What is more remarkable in a country so far southward, and in the middle of June, we got a basket of apples perfectly sound, and what the children thought good. I forgot to inquire how they had been so well preserved. After dinner we proceeded four leagues farther to

this place, where we are dirtily and comfortlessly lodged. In my future Spanish journeys I will not go to it. In most of these Spanish inns the doors are without locks, the windows without glass, the rooms without chairs or tables, and the floors without any washing from the first hour of their being placed. The staircases, too, are utterly without light. There are many other wants which an Englishman feels severely; and the whole furniture generally consists of dirty beds, which the servants who precede us order to be taken away, and a few benches with backs. There are however, since last year, many amendments in every respect.

Oyarzun, June 17th.—We have made a good day's work to-day, having come between eight and nine leagues, over some road which, last year, was wretchedly bad, but which has been well repaired since, and over some steep ascents and descents. We were anxious to get to this place, having heard a good account of this inn, and we are not disappointed in it. We have seen so much rural beauty on a large scale, and in great perfection, in all the country that we have passed during the last three days, that our raptures are now dwindling into cool observations; but everything that we see is either wood or water, or perfect cultivation, of every foot of land that is cultivable; but we are sorry to see the women employed in such severe work. In one place to-day we saw a woman ploughing upon a steep and sunny bank with two oxen, and a man in the wood, within a few yards of her (probably her husband), was picking wild strawberries. Though every field is like a garden we see no potatoes, nor can we hear of any. We dined to-day at Tolosa, the capital of Guipuscoa; and the grave little William took a long walk with me to look at shops and to see some linen-looms at work, and afterwards to the principal church, where service was being performed, with music, and with a great many lights, though it was mid-day.

St. Jean de Luz, June 18th.—Here we are at last,

five leagues from Oyarzun, and three leagues from the river Bidassoa, which separates France from Spain. We passed that river at about ten this morning, and arrived here about one, and it is a curious circumstance that the three leagues of French road are the worst that we have encountered since we left Madrid. On the Spanish borders a gentleman who is connected with one of our friends at Madrid, stopped my carriage, and was very urgent with us to take a short dinner at his house. I had some curiosity, but I declined it, and it was lucky that I did, for if we had been half an hour later the tide would have been too high for our carriages, which, with the mules, must have been put into boats, and would have made a delay of many hours.

Immediately on crossing the river, the language, features, manners, and dress of the people appeared quite different. The language on both sides is equally unknown to us. On the one it is Biscayan, and on the other Basque; and they do not resemble either Spanish or French any more than the Welsh resembles English. In Biscay, and upon the edge of Navarre, where we passed the last three days, all the women have their hair well combed, but without powder, and plaited in a *queue* which reaches often to their knees; but on this side of the river they have their hair powdered, and either a cap resembling a turban, or a large piece of black silk which lies flat in fold upon the top of the head. It deserves remark that our five carriages have performed this long journey without the slightest accident, and without the loss of even a nail. As nearly as I can calculate, the distance from this place to Madrid, is 400 English miles, for it is 100 Spanish leagues, and the league of Spain is 20,000 feet. I believe that I have not given you any statement of our cavalcade:—in the first coach, Monsieur and Madame, and Eleanor and Kitty; in the second, Mrs. Degrave, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Figat, Mary-Louisa and Henry; in the third, Madame Dulilpore, Madame

Louise, Charlotte and Caroline; in the post-chaise, Mr. Robertson, William and George; in the cabriolet (which has four wheels and large platforms for beds, etc.), the *maître d'hôtel*, and a *valet de chambre* who assists him; on horseback, four servants. In addito this bustle, we have ten drivers. It is an extravagant circumstance to travel in a fine coach worth 400 guineas, but it makes a part of various extravagancies to which the limited style of my leave of absence has subjected me. I should add that we carry with us eight beds, and sheets, and table-linen, and kitchen furniture, wine, vinegar, oil, wax candles, bread, butter, sugar, etc.

Bayonne, June 19th.—The distance between St. Jean de Luz and this place is only three leagues, but the road was so bad that we were four hours upon it. We mean to remain a week here, and are heartily glad to have a few days quiet. We have taken nearly the whole of this inn, and are not inconveniently lodged. We here find good bread and a great variety of fish, and fruit in the utmost abundance. I had calculated well as to my letters, for I received, on arriving here, several packets from Paris of the 14th, and letters from England and newspapers of the 9th.

20th.—I imagine that I was fatigued by the cares of the journey more than I had time to remark whilst we were going on, for yesterday evening I grew feverish and have been so all to-day, but doctor quiet and doctor diet have made me better this evening. Our little Charlotte has had a violent ague fit to-day. This place is aguish, though very near to the sea: for it is low and damp.

21st.—I am pretty well again to-day. Mr. Benfield, just arrived, through Spain, from the East Indies, dined with us here to-day. He is supposed to be enormously rich, but I should be very sorry to have his constitution with his money.

22nd.—We are enjoying the luxury of this damp air: it differs wonderfully from the Madrid atmosphere. A funeral procession has just passed by our win-

dows, in which the sons are following their father's corpse, and at the head is carried a large crucifix by a female who is said to be the daughter. This is a garrison town, and there are two regiments of infantry here. The fortifications are large, and were built by Vauban.

23*rd*.—We passed part of this morning in a bookseller's shop, and bought a new assortment of books for our farther journey. Mr. Benfield and Mr. and Mrs. Wraxall (who arrived here last night from England), dined with us. We were not sorry to have an opportunity of learning some particulars of all the late transactions in London.

24*th*.—It rains very much, but we continue to get frequent walks, and find the weather very pleasant, and Mrs. Eden continues to gain strength.

25*th*.—The Wraxalls and Mr. Benfield dined with us again to-day. We are now busy in preparing for our expedition to Bagnères, which is about 120 miles from this place, upon the same river Adour, at the mouth of which we now are, and not far from its rise. We are told by many people that, considered as an inland place, it is without exception the most beautiful spot in Europe. When these great promises are made beforehand they generally fall short in the execution. We shall see. I took a very long walk to-night with Mr. Robertson, through a district of ground which is very beautiful, and so highly cultivated that there are four crops growing at the same time:—1st, apple-trees well laden with fruit; 2nd, vines reared against the apple-trees, and conducted in festoons from tree to tree upon cords or the knotted twigs of last year's vines; 3rd, the Indian corn (better known to you, perhaps, by the name of Turkish wheat); 4th, at the foot of the Indian corn, it is usual, both here and in Biscay, to plant French beans. This great vegetation gives a freshness to the air here, of which we had lost all idea at Madrid.

26*th*.—We read at a great rate in the course of this vagabond sort of life. I this morning packed

up a box for England of no small dimensions, full of books which either we or the children had gone through in the course of the last twenty-five days.

27*th*.—The English party again dined with us. Mrs. Eden and I, in our walk this evening, found a large crowd assembled by the river side; and some of the officers of the garrison came through the crowd, and made way for us to go forward. They were employed in the amusement of shooting with muskets at a mark; for which purpose, at 120 yards' distance, there was a round hole cut in a solid piece of wood, and an unfortunate sheep was so placed as to have his head through the hole. As we could not wish to see them hit the mark, and as it was but poor amusement to see them miss it, we made our escape as soon as propriety would allow.

Orthez, *June* 28*th*.—This morning at four we embarked in the city barge with twelve rowers, and, by the help of a little wind and tide, went near thirty miles before half-past eight. We adopted this plan partly for variety, and partly to avoid some very bad road in the two first posts from Bayonne. We afterwards proceeded to Orthez, which is about 15 leagues, or 45 miles, from Bayonne; the road was good, though I suspect that it must be much otherwise in the winter. We saw great appearances of industry and good farming, and inclosures like those in the most populous and most cultivated parts of Yorkshire.

Pau, *June* 29*th*.—Last night, about eleven o'clock, Baillard, whom I had left at Bayonne, arrived with some packets of letters and papers from England of the 19th instant. I was glad to collect from them that all goes well, and particularly that his Majesty's health continues good. Rumours of a different kind had been raised.

We proceeded this morning from Orthez to this place, five posts (about thirty miles): nearly the last twenty miles were as smooth and as level as a bowling-green, upon a dead flat, and in a straight line. The fields on each side are inclosed and highly cultivated,

and abundance of fruit in all the hedges. On one side of this rich vale, at about fifteen miles' distance, you see the Pyrenean mountains rising one above another, and on some of them there remains great quantities of snow.

Some people who have established a new inn here sent some messages to meet us fifteen miles off, and to assure us that dinner had been ordered here for us by an English gentleman, and was prepared; and, in fact, a dinner was ready, and it was the best inn; but the proceeding was so unfair, that I thought it right to resist it; and we find ourselves so comfortable that we are determined to go no farther to-night; and we are more induced to this by its being a pleasant place, very beautifully situated.

It was here that Henry the Fourth was born, and his cradle (a large tortoise-shell) is still preserved in the old castle. In the principal street to-night we found the people occupied in baiting and teazing, and worrying with dogs, a poor unfortunate ox; and we were told that this is a common practice here.

The general dress of the lower rank of women at this place is remarkable for a large red hood: many of them wear a black gauze veil, which is thrown behind, and looks well enough. The men of the country (Béarn) wear, in general, caps like the Highlanders of Scotland.

Bagnères, June 30th. — We proceeded to-day to Tarbes to dinner (thirty miles), through a flat country highly cultivated and inclosed, and upon a road quite level and soft, and without any descents or turnings, till we came within sight of Tarbes, where there is a long and steep hill, down which it was necessary to drag. Tarbes disappointed us much: it is a dull, flat spot in the midst of a plain, with about 8,000 inhabitants. We had formed higher expectations of the capital of Bigorre.

About six in the evening we arrived at this place over excellent roads, and through a beautiful and picturesque country. I had sent my *maître d'hôtel*

and a *valet de chambre* here from Pau at three o'clock this morning, and on our arrival we found ourselves in possession of a large furnished house, with a garden and coach-houses for all my carriages; and we should in half an hour after our arrival have felt ourselves as comfortably settled as possible, but unhappily Mrs. Eden, who has complained a little all day, has the same pain in her breast which usually precedes her fever, and our fat and cross Henry is also ill.

July 1st.—It is as I feared: Mrs. Eden has a return of her fever, though with slighter symptoms than before; and little Henry is also ill, and Charlotte has to-day a fit of the ague. These are heavy drawbacks on the pleasure which we should have had here in a little respite from travelling.

2nd.—We have a crowded hospital to-day. Mrs. Eden's fever is rather diminished; Henry's is increased; and Charlotte is oppressed by the bark so much, that she will not, I fear, take enough to prevent a return of the ague to-morrow.

3rd.—Appearances are rather better in the several wards of the hospital to-day. This place ought to make them all well, for the air seems excellent; the walks are beautiful, and the provisions are good. The whole district is full of small and rapid streams, several of which pass through the streets and fall into the Adour, which runs so quick here, that in many places it looks quite white from the breaking and foam of the waters. There are about fifty hot baths in the town and in the environs. The hottest stream is about 40½ degrees of Reaumur's thermometer; I believe about 120 of Fahrenheit's. The heat is great enough to be painful to the hand. The baths are all of different temperatures, according to the desire of those who make use of them, and there are contrivances also for making streams of the warm springs fall upon different parts of the body, according to the nature of the complaint; but there are few people here who are very ill. Those who have serious occasion for hot baths go to Barèges, an unpleasant place about six

leagues from here. This town is much benefited in its appearance by the black slate with which all the houses are covered.

4*th*.—Charlotte escaped the ague yesterday, and is well to-day. Mrs. Eden's fever is rather abated, and the attack is certainly slighter than in former instances; she is, however, reasonably impatient at losing the benefit of the air and prospects, and rides and walks at this place. The others are all well, and eat strawberries three or four times a day with great success. Begging is a principal branch of business in this town, and pursued with great activity; all the poor people of the neighbouring district seem to collect here at this season. I never walk out without being obliged to give halfpence to twenty or thirty poor people, who seem much to want it. I do not remember to have seen anywhere so many beggars.

5*th*, 6*th*, 7*th*, 8*th*, 9*th*, 10*th*, 11*th*, 12*th*, 13*th*, 14*th*, 15*th*, 16*th*.—These two weeks have been passed in reading, writing, walking, and without any circumstance or occurrence to distinguish one day from another. Mrs. Eden to-day, for the first time, came into her dressing-room.

I am, my dear Madam, very dutifully and affectionately yours,

WM. EDEN.

Bagnères, July 16th.

My dear Madam,—As I foresee that if I keep this packet much longer I shall be tempted to consider it as obsolete, and not worth sending, I have determined to bestow postage upon it.

Our dear Eleanor is well enough this warm day to take a short airing, and to write a letter to Miss North on her marriage. She sends her best love to you all. The others are well.

Yours, dutifully and affectionately,

WM. EDEN.

CHAP. XV.

Letters of Mr. Storer.—Lord Carlisle and his Daughters.—Resignation of Lord Mansfield.—Lady Archer.—Lord North and Mr. Vernon.—Presentation of Mdlle. Fagniani at Court.—Bon-mots of the King.—Ball at the Pantheon.—Sheridan's Oratory.—Mr. Fox in Love.—The Duke of Orleans and the Blackleg.—Pepper Arden made Master of the Rolls.—Anger of the Lord Chancellor.—Letter of Lord Sheffield.—Rebellion of the Ladies, assisted by Gibbon.—Lord Thurlow's Attack on Lord Stanhope.—Westminster Election.—Great Riots.—The King at Cheltenham.—Reception of Tippoo's Ambassadors at Versailles.—The Prince of Wales at Tunbridge.—Lord Carmarthen and Miss Anguish.—Mr. Storer at Brighthelmstone.—Description of the Society there.—Lord Brudenell in a new Character.—The King and Lady Cecilia Leeson.—Governor Pownall's Book.—Letter of Lord Loughborough.

THE following correspondence consists of letters written to Mr. Eden whilst in Spain, by Mr. Storer, Lord Sheffield, and others:—

Mr. Storer to Mr. Eden.

Golden Square, May 2nd, 1788.

Dear Eden,—Before this reaches you I do not doubt that you will have reached Madrid, and you will have had the pleasure of seeing a new capital. When one sees how a Roman of old travelled from Spain to Egypt, and from thence to Mount Caucasus, and from thence by Greece, Germany, Britain, Gaul, and home again, I am quite ashamed of myself to find that I have scarce resolution or activity enough to go from London to Paris. Upon the whole, I imagine you have had fine weather for your journey. We have had here a most uncommonly fine season. Yesterday and to-day it has been as hot as probably it is at Madrid. Since you left Paris we have had the Duke of Dorset in England. He came over to receive his

Garter*, and he is gone back again to show it to the court of Versailles. Lord Carlisle has lost his second† daughter, a charming girl of thirteen. Notwithstanding all our misunderstandings, I could not help being most sincerely sorry for him. The report is, but I am confident it is merely a report, that Lady Caroline‡, his eldest daughter, is going to be married to the Duke of Bedford. § He and the Duke, too, were the night before last at Brookes's, but no conversation passed between them. This did not look as if a very near alliance was in contemplation between them. The Dutch minister who is lately come is a young, lively, handsome man. He began where Sir James Harris finished, and finished where Sir James began. He was first introduced as ambassador, and then as a minister plenipotentiary, envoy, &c., which he now is. Rigby is dead, and has left his estate between his two sisters and his nephew, Mr. Hales. It was at first reported that he had died without a will. Lord Mansfield has resigned at last his chief-justiceship; he should have done so before. Kenyon is to succeed him. Pepper Arden‖ is to be Master of the Rolls, M'Donald Attorney ⸸, and Scott** Solicitor-General. Bearcroft, I understand, is to have the Duchy of Lancaster. All this is to take place the beginning of next term.

The Richmond play goes on; Lord Henry Fitzgerald is as great in this play as he was in the Wonder. The play which is now exhibiting at Richmond House is Theodosius. A pleasant caricature of Lady Archer is lately come out; her ladyship, instead of driving her four greys, is driving four daughters,

* Horace Walpole writes to Hannah More, July 4th, 1788, "that the Bacelli danced at the Opera at Paris, with a blue bandeau on her forehead, inscribed, "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

† Lady Charlotte Howard.

‡ Lady Caroline Howard was married 27th July, 1789, to Lord Cawdor.

§ Francis, fifth Duke of Bedford, born 22nd July, 1765; died 1802, unmarried.

‖ Afterwards Lord Alvanley.

⸸ Archibald Macdonald, afterwards Chief Baron.

** John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon.

three of whom have broken loose and are running away; the fourth she is whipping, being still in harness. The fourth, however, has now left Lady Archer's house, and is gone to set up for herself. Besides the trial, which daily engages the attention of the public, the Admiralty question about the promotion of the admirals has interested our politicians. How far this will tend to force Lord Howe out I am sure I cannot tell: for my own part I should imagine it to be a squall, which his lordship, without any great effort of seamanship, would be able to weather. The Administration mustered all the force they possibly could:—they went even so far as Flanders for a member of Parliament. Lord North has had a legacy left him of two thousand pounds. A Mr. Vernon of the island of Jamaica has left him this money—a person, I believe, that Lord North did not know, and I should hardly imagine had ever spoke to in his life. As the person said about his friend from the country sending him a chine, that he wished he had sent him a turkey too, I think while this gentleman was bequeathing, he might have left him more. We have a colony of Frenchmen here coming to improve themselves and to acquire new ideas of liberty. His Britannic Majesty questioned some of them very much yesterday about the molestation which the Parliament of Paris were now giving to his Most Christian Majesty. I hear there has been an attack by some of the Austrian troops upon some foot of the Turks. The Austrians were repulsed with considerable loss, and the Turks collected from the slain six hundred pairs of ears, which they sent as a present and as a token of their victory to the Grand Signior. It is said there is no difficulty in distinguishing an Austrian's from a Mussulman's ears, no more than there is in seeing the difference between Lord Derby's* and the nose of any other man.

The Duke of Orleans is released from his banish-

* Grandfather of the present Earl of Derby.

ment, and is at Paris. A piece of news I have to tell you, which, if you have not as yet heard, will astonish you. Do you know that an imperial power is at war with us? We cannot be said properly to be at war, because we have not declared it, but the Emperor of Morocco has declared war, not only against Great Britain, but against the Empress of Russia too. This monarch must be much more formidable and powerful than I ever thought him, to enter into a war so readily with two such powers as Great Britain and Russia. My bookbinder tells me nothing is so natural as a rivality between Morocco and Russia, and he thanks God that we have Morocco leather of our own, without either being obliged to apply to Africa or Lisbon for it. Something more serious than this has happened in the city. Two or three houses have stopped payment, as it is confidently said, and their failure is likely to involve in it that of others. Speculations about cotton have been the occasion of these misfortunes. It will be hard against your Treaty of Commerce to urge as a defect in it the rash and adventurous speculations of rapacious individuals. I see a good deal of M. de la Luzerne and the rest of the *corps diplomatique*, and I live as much with them almost as if I belonged to them. Trevor* and Sir George Yonge are to have the two vacant red ribbons. My want of paper puts an end to my gazette; so, with my compliments to Mrs. Eden, and my best wishes for you and yours, adieu. A. STORER.

Mr. Storer to Mr Eden.

Golden Square, June 6, 1788.

Dear Eden,—I thank you for your short letter, and am glad to hear that after all your perils and dangers, you and your squadron of light infantry are safely arrived at Madrid. I thought that your letters would have increased in length proportionable to the

* Second son of the first Viscount Hampden.

distance between us; I now think it almost a duty to write you a long letter, and therefore I prepare myself with a folio sheet, and even that, if I had time, would be scarcely sufficient to contain the memoirs of London during the epoch of a month. We have Mr. Hastings's trial, as usual; Sheridan's speech; balls given by the Knights of the Bath; marriages; elopements; plays at Richmond House. May is always more productive of events than any other month: a great event has taken place in Selwyn's family, Mdlle. Fagniani* has been presented at Court; of course Miss Fagniani, for she was presented as a subject of Great Britain, was very splendid, but George was most magnificent, and *new* in every article of dress. Either a few days before this event or soon afterwards, he was at the levée; at the same time there was some one in the circle who had brought up an address from the country, and was to be knighted on that occasion. George, as soon as the King had spoken to him, withdrew, and went away; the King then knighted the ambitious squire. The King afterwards, in the closet, expressed his astonishment to the groom in waiting that Mr. Selwyn should not wish to stay to see the ceremony of his making the new knight, observing, that it looked so like an *execution* that he took it for granted Mr. Selwyn would have stayed to see it. George heard of this joke†, but did not like it; he is on that subject still very sore. His Majesty said to Lord Heathfield‡, upon hearing that the *fête* at the Pantheon was very crowded and hot, "I hear you have given the town a red-hot ball, my lord; (very well!)" The supper was not magnificent, and perhaps not so hot, as the rest of the entertainment. M. Texier had hung so many things, which I suppose he called trophies, round the room, but which in fact looked like old petticoats, that

* George Selwyn's adopted daughter, afterwards Lady Hertford, mother of the present Marquis of Hertford.

† George Selwyn had the reputation of being very fond of seeing executions.

‡ Lord Heathfield, the hero of Gibraltar, had fired red-hot balls at the French and Spanish fleet.

people said they had seen many masquerades in the Pantheon, but they had never seen the Pantheon in masquerade before. His Majesty did not, as it is said, approve of their having recourse to a foreigner in order to superintend the entertainment. Weltje*, to whom an application was made to provide the supper, said that for the sum proposed he could not give anything but sandwiches.

A very melancholy accident has happened this week: Mr. Hesse, whom perhaps you might have known or have heard of, has shot himself. He made last year an acquaintance with the Prince of Wales at Brighthelmstone, was introduced into everything that was fine; this winter played, lost, could not pay, and has killed himself. Lady Berkeley has quite lost her sight; most probably, but for this event, I should have never mentioned Lady Berkeley's name in any letter that I should write, but the nature of her misfortune makes her an interesting person to those who live with the blind. Lord Charles Somerset has eloped to Scotland with Miss Courtenay, and Mr. (I forget his name) is going to be married to another of Lord Courtenay's daughters. A natural daughter of our friend Craufurd, at Paris, has run away with a Mr. Oakes, and a journeyman barber† was on the point the other day of running away with the Princess Elizabeth.‡ As soon as a man is mad he is sure to fall in love with some one of the royal family, or, as love and hatred are very near akin, to wish to *assassinate* some of them. Sir A. Hamond has sold his place in Windsor Forest to some East Indian, and Delmé, who has contrived to derange a very great fortune, is going to sell. *Bray;* I wish he may find a nabob to take it off his hands. Sheridan's account of the rebellion was very good: he said it was raised by two *old women*, headed by *two eunuchs*, and quelled by an *affidavit*. His voice was not powerful enough for the hall, and his

* Weltje had been house-steward to the Prince of Wales.
† The barber's name was Spang; he was insane.
‡ Afterwards the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg.

manner of speaking was more like a lawyer's than a speaker in the House of Commons, not to say that he mouthed very like his father when he acted King John.

But all these events, as much as they possibly can engage the attention of the town, are all absorbed in what is infinitely more interesting. I would give you a hundred guesses and you would not find it out. What do you think of Mr. Fox going to be married, and to Miss Pulteney?* There certainly is so much probability, or at least he fancies so, that he gives himself in spectacle at Ranelagh, hands her about; and all the opposition ladies, Miss Bouverie, and Mrs. Sheridan, are never ceasing in their attention. Charles will say to Pitt, like Lothario to Altamont, "In love I triumphed." Last Sunday night I was at the Duchess of Manchester's apartments at Kensington, and there I understood, at nine o'clock in the evening, that Charles and Miss Pulteney were walking together in the gardens. After so interesting a piece of news as this, I can hardly condescend to say anything else to you.

The Duke of Orleans is in England: he was at Ascot Heath races the other day, and having laid a bet with a blackleg, he asked him if he knew him, "Yes," said the blackleg, "I know you well enough; you are the duke that have come away from your country at the time it has the most need of you." The duke, of course, seemed much mortified at the reply, as he saw what came from the mouth of a vulgar might pass in the mind of a better man.

The Duke of York is so much attached to Lady Tyrconnel, that he absolutely turned the Duchess of Gordon out of the supper-room destined for the royal family at the Pantheon, because her Grace was supposed to have said something ill-natured about the object of his affection. Nobody dares go near Tyrconnel, for fear he should toss them. I hope Aran-

* Miss Pulteney, a great heiress, afterwards created Baroness Bath, married, in 1794, to Sir James Murray, of Clermont, county Fife.

juez has proved agreeable to you. I do not know how you are in Spain, but here we are burnt up by the dry weather; everything is in russet, not in green.

Give my best compliments to your ambassadress.

Believe me, most sincerely yours,

A. STORER.

Mr. Storer to Mr. Eden.

Golden Square, June 30th, 1788.

Dear Eden,—I do not know exactly when this letter will go, but *Del Campo* told me two or three days ago that he had a courier to send, and consequently I write my letter in time, lest by deferring it I may lose so good an opportunity of sending it and the parcel which accompanies it. When I am writing to Spain I think it more necessary to be well founded in the truth of what I write, than if I were writing to a place at a small distance off. I told you Trevor was to have the red ribbon, but I was mistaken. Writing to Spain, from the length of the way, seems as if one were writing to posterity. If I wrote any piece of false news to you at Paris it was easy to contradict it, if one thought it worth while, by the next post, but writing to Spain is an act of solemnity; and as it resembles the act of transmitting things to future ages, one cannot consider and examine too strictly the truth of what is said before one commits it to paper. This is one reason why *à la longue* one may be hindered from continuing one's correspondence to a country situated beyond the Pyrenees. Your long letter, for which I thank you very much, encourages me very much in thinking you wish to hear from me. You inquire about my miserable head, and hope that my *migraine* decreases inversely as my age. It is not that I am not as subject to headaches as ever, that I have been silent about them, but because I know one's ills cannot interest anybody to any degree. Telling about them, too, cannot serve any pur-

pose but to make them more severely felt. One may chance to forget them, if one says nothing about them. I have had more illness this winter than ever I had in my life. I had lately so bad a sore throat and fever that I thought of making some additional codicils to my will. This disorder has been almost epidemical as I am told, but it is but little comfort to me to be told that I have been in the fashion. I am glad to find that you seem so well satisfied with your situation. Del Campo asked me if you and Mrs. Eden were not delighted with the Princess of Asturias. In your next you might say a word on that subject, but on recollection, perhaps it will be too late, for Del Campo is going to take a tour on the continent to Spa, &c. St. Ildefonso was the favourite place of Lord Grantham and Frederick Robinson, so that if you are delighted at Aranjuez, the best is still to come.

In the winter I wrote you an account, how favourable our young ladies had been to their lovers: the spring has changed their dispositions, for now we hear of nothing but refusals. Lady Elizabeth Spencer* and Lady Elizabeth T——† have both rejected offers of marriage. Richard Edgcumbe, who has been acting plays at Blenheim all the last year, ought, one should have thought, to have been sure *de son fait*, but Lady Elizabeth did not accept his proposal, and Richard has taken it so much to heart that he has been ill. Our friend, Sir James Erskine, is the other unfortunate suitor. He made two attacks, but he received two such knock-down blows, to borrow a boxing phrase, that it is supposed he is not likely to try the third time. It is said that there is a lady who is likely to console Richard Edgcumbe‡, and like another Queen Eleanor, suck the poison out of his present

* Lady Elizabeth Spencer, second daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, married 6th of February, 1790, her cousin John, son of Lord Charles Spencer.

† Illegible.

‡ Richard, eldest son of Lord Mount Edgcumbe, married 21st of February, 1789, Lady Sophia Hobart, second daughter of John, Lord Buckinghamshire.

wounds. That lady, as it is rumoured, is Lady Caroline Hobart.* I have not heard yet of anybody who is to take compassion on Sir James.† Lord Cholmondeley is reported to have some intention of marrying Miss Ingram. Lord Burford‡ is to be married to a Miss whom they call Moses. How her name is spelt I cannot tell. Lord Peterborough refused her, because she wanted just £15,000 more than she had to qualify her to be his wife. Lady Sackville, the Duke of Dorset's mother, is dead.

We have had, within this month, reports of going to war with France. The whimsical part of these rumours is, that we suppose the French are looking out for opportunities of commencing hostilities against us, and the French think that Great Britain is seeking for pretences to begin a war against them. My conclusion is, that neither of the two nations will go to war if they can help it with any power whatever. In France the clergy have made a remonstrance, which, as it is supposed, will probably accelerate the meeting of the États Généraux. Their affairs, without considering them in the exaggerated state of confusion in which they are here represented, are nevertheless so embarrassed that something must be done to arrange them, and they seem to think nothing will effectuate this but an assembly of the States. The Swedes have got a fleet, for which, as they cannot pay for it themselves, it is thought by some that we have advanced the money; others seem to think that it is paid for by the Turks. Perhaps both the one and the other have contributed to the expense. I send you some verses "présentés à Monsieur de Caraman, commandant en Provence, à l'occasion des affaires présentes."

* Lady Caroline, the third daughter, was married 4th of June, 1792, to Lord Suffield.

† Sir James Erskine, afterwards second Earl of Rosslyn, married Miss Bouverie.

‡ Lord Burford, afterwards sixth Duke of St. Albans, married, 9th of July, 1788, Miss Moses.

"Riquet*, un petit mot d'avis.
Parlement, Mistral†, et Durance‡,
Sont trois pouvoirs dans la Provence:
Parlement ne veut point d'Édits,
Mistral au diable les emporte,
Et la Durance offre son lit
A l'impudent qui les apporte."

Our politicians say here that the Emperor is making but a poor figure. The Empress of Russia sends a fleet into the Mediterranean, and the Russian Ambassador is still in prison at Constantinople, though Lord Carmarthen had assured Woronzow § that he was set at liberty some considerable time ago, so that now the Empress may be thanking our Court for the enlargement of her minister, at the time, perhaps, that he is more a prisoner than ever. Barthélemi has just arrived from France, so I suppose M. de la Luzerne will soon return to France for the summer. M. de la Luzerne and I went last Monday to dinner at Loughborough's in the country. I had never seen Woburn Farm before. It is really a charming place. Pray do not forget to say something handsome to the Abbé Berger, if you should chance to become acquainted with him. Presents have passed between him and me, by which I am very much the gainer, and the least I can do is to acknowledge his munificence with gratitude. I have, as yet, heard nothing of my prints. My constantly troubling you with this puts me in mind of Cœlius ‖, who was always tormenting Cicero while he was in Cilicia about sending him some panthers.

Be so good as to send the enclosed pamphlet according to its direction.

Give my best compliments to Mrs. Eden and the ladies, and believe me most sincerely yours,

A. Storer.

* Riquet is the name of M de Caraman.
† Mistral is a wind that prevails in Provence.
‡ Durance is a river in Provence.
§ Count Woronzow was the Russian ambassador.
‖ Cœlius had been a client of Cicero; they were afterwards very intimate, and many letters passed between them when the latter was governor of Cilicia. "Turpe tibi erit pantheras Græcas me non habere."—*Cœlius to Cicero.*

The Archbishop of Canterbury to Mr. Eden.

Lambeth House, 4th July, 1788.

Your letters do your mother's heart good, and give us all infinite pleasure, particularly as they bring us such accounts of your health. You are better informed than I am; but I have a notion that in the extreme heats it is prudent to diminish a good deal your quantity of flesh provisions.

Poor Catherine has not yet got up her spirits. She has a lurking feverishness that every now and then breaks out; but I hope, now we can change the scene, that she will reap great benefit from travelling and new objects. I meant to carry her to Spa, but Sir George Baker says she must not touch those waters. We shall therefore go to Scarborough, and one advantage above the foreign tour occurs, that (à la Eden) we shall have all our children with us.

Pepper Arden is at last Master of the Rolls. It was delayed foolishly by the Chancellor, who for two sessions together might have said with effect it should not be; but said no such thing till he had kissed the King's hand, when it was too late and too absurd to put in his objections. The profession abuses him, saying it was unmanly and ungentleman-like; he is sulky, and the minister no less so; in short, there has been and is much heart-burning. To-morrow the Chancellor means to make a motion that Rose, the new clerk of the House of Lords, shall not make it a sinecure; he has announced his design already, but generally, not specifically in what terms,—another ebullition of ill-humour,—and trusting to cancel part of the obligation he has conferred. But with all these ill-humours he must be borne with; for without him the House of Lords would be a wretched, insupportable place.

The bill just passed to alleviate the miseries of negroes on their passage has furnished much proof of want of concert, and of discordant ideas in different

parts of Government, as can be well conceived. The minister will be much puzzled by various parts of that plan in the course of it. It is a cursed trade, but too deeply rooted to be forcibly and at once eradicated. Fox will play a strong game on the subject. I learnt but just now that a messenger was going. Adieu. Would you were here!

Yours ever, J. C.

The Archbishop of Canterbury to Mr. Eden.

Lambeth House, July 21st, 1788.

To-morrow morning we set out for Scarborough,—Catherine, myself, and all our young ones. She wants change of scene very much, and I never wanted it more. The Westminster election has hitherto proceeded favourably for Lord John Townshend. They tell me the tide is turning this evening, but I doubt it. The alacrity and exertion of opposition is always keener and more active than that of Government, and in the present case remarkably so. Lord Chatham's leg is sometimes thought in danger of mortifying: the hurt, you must have heard, was from a buckle. It is easy to see that such an event would produce many others. You have heard of much growling on the part of the Chancellor: he took his ground ill by taking it too late. The language of the profession was, that, earlier and persevered in, it would have been manly, and he must have named his Master of the Rolls; but that knowing of the intended measure two years, and insisting only after the King's hand had been kissed, was undignified, weak, and ill-humoured. I believe there were high words in private, and asperity enough appeared in public; but there seems no likelihood of its proceeding any lengths. Repose and a long recess are of conciliating quality.

I am yours, most affectionately,

J. C.

Lord Sheffield to Mr. Eden.

Sheffield Place, 29th July, 1788.

My dear Eden,—I don't know how it happens, but because you are at a great distance it seems as if a very long letter must necessarily be written; consequently delay arises, and an adequate opportunity does not occur. The resolution of despatching a lengthy manuscript to Madrid has been daily declared for some time, and has been as regularly prevented. After half the family had been sent into the country, we were kept in London about twelve days by Mr. Sheridan's speeches.* One day would have sufficed me, who have heard many long speeches; but the ladies rebelled, The Gibbon supported them, and thus we were detained till towards the middle of June. From that time this mansion has been crammed. We have been forty in family, which number, though inconsiderable among the grandees of Spain, is not so in the weald of Sussex. Among them were several of your friends. Lord Loughborough was here on the circuit, and I apprehend is now gone with his lady to Paris, from whence they mean to visit Switzerland. Sir Joseph Banks, his lady, and sister have been here. We expect a great deal from you relative to Spanish flocks and Spanish wool. Sir Joseph has much intercourse at present with the council relative to an insect said to be brought over in American wheat. Although it bears the name, it is not the same as the European weevil; it attacks the wheat while growing in the middle provinces; it is spreading northwards, and may in the end prevent the growth of wheat in America. Providence may be so good as to do that for the landed interest of Great Britain and Ireland which the legislature of those countries have not wisdom enough to do. On the least rise of the price of corn our ports are opened, and the country filled with foreign corn, to the great discouragement of

* Against Warren Hastings.

British agriculture, so much oppressed by expense and taxes. Have you heard of an association for promoting the discovery of the interior parts of Africa? We subscribe five guineas yearly. Two persons are already gone. One* is to proceed from the Red Sea, westwards; the other from the coast of Barbary, southwards. As you live among Moorish families, you may be able to give us very excellent hints. Nicholls, who was happy in brushing up his acquaintance with you, has been here also; still the more extraordinary visitor was the fish Craufurd. But, alas! we are just returned from attending The Gibbon towards Dover. After passing a year with us at Sheffield Place and Downing Street, he is gone to what he calls home. He has taken with him all his books, and talks of visiting England occasionally; and I am very apprehensive that I shall visit Lausanne with the whole family next year. My lady and I accompanied him to Tunbridge Wells, where we passed three days with Lord North, who appears in better health than he has had for several years. He can walk a great deal, and has no longer a bloated look; but at times he is low. While we were with him he had the best spirits. He delights in the Pantiles. He has a very good society at present—several agreeable personages, besides three dukes and three Knights of the Garter. I did not suppose this detail would have occupied so much. It is now full time to say we rejoice that her Excellency is so stout: everything must go well with her. We hope the brattery will continue well. I was entertained by an English newspaper giving an account that Dame Eleanor Elliot, wife of his Excellency Mr. Eden, had been presented to his Majesty of Spain. We have not been accustomed to such favourable accounts as you give of said majesty,—"good, respectable, cheerful, sensible." I do not think the sameness of your life very disagreeable, nor do I think anything can disqualify you for

* Mr. Lucas.

bustle and exertion. You may entertain yourself with inquiries on subjects little known in this country.

What is Mr. Allwood's* contract for supplying negroes? Perhaps the late operations in this country relative to the Slave Trade were as absurd and as inconsiderate as any that ever took place on any occasion. Pitt has been forward, backward, and then forward again, in it. He has committed himself to do great things next session in that business. He has done all he can do, and he should have reserved what he has done. He seems to have been ill-treated on the subject of the Master of the Rolls. The folly of the Slave Bill† deservedly brought on the extravagant contest on that subject with the Chancellor in the House of Lords.

The Chancellor made an inimitable attack on Lord Stanhope, who had been running repeatedly to Pitt, who stood under the throne, and taking hints from him; and, having dropt some domineering expression, the Chancellor said that their lordships felt the disadvantage of being turned over from the minister to his deputy, which put him in mind of a passage in a pamphlet on the Slave Trade. The author stated, that where the planter superintended the treatment of his negroes all went well, but when they were turned over to the deputy slave-driver the case was directly the reverse. He pursued the idea incomparably, perhaps not very decently, for a member of the Cabinet. It is said all of that board except Pitt and the Duke of Richmond are averse to the Slave Bills, and also that the King does not approve of the business.

I must not forget to mention Sheridan's speeches: they were all pointed, and full of strong argument, but two of the four were very eminent. However, it is astonishing how little impression is made on the public by all the strong matter that has been brought for-

* Mr. Allwood had a contract for supplying the Spanish colonies with negroes.

† Sir William Dolben's Slave Regulation Bill: Lord Thurlow was violently opposed to it.

ward during the course of the trial. It is surprising how few people have even read the charges. It is ridiculously the case with great part of those who in conversation are strenuous for Hastings. Sir Gilbert Elliot's conduct in the Impey business was very able. I suppose you know he is preparing his speech for publication. If the question had come on before Christmas, the impeachment would have been carried, or even if the opposition had known that Pitt would be deserted by so many of his people on that occasion. Many of the opposition neglected to attend, thinking Government would carry the question in a high style.

Sheffield Place, August 2, 1788.

I had proceeded thus far in my letter when I was obliged to obey the summons to do my duty as an elector for Westminster. I have attended three days, and yesterday evening I left Lord John Townshend with a majority of 750, only two more days to poll, and sure of his election. The enemy threaten furiously that the election shall be set aside on account of bribery, &c.

We have had wonderful success, considering Charles Fox was at Newmarket when Lord Hood's* vacancy was most unexpectedly declared. Three days were lost before a decision could be had. It was a desperate game: if lost, it might be fatal to Charles Fox. The chiefs wished not to engage, but the party insisted, and would have put up anybody. The Duke of Bedford was then pressed to let either of his brothers stand, and Lord Egremont, with as little success, was requested to suffer his brother Charles to become a candidate. Erskine, then on the circuit, was mentioned, and it was finally resolved that Lord John should stand. Those quarters of the town which on the late contest had been most unfriendly proved on the canvass very favourable; in short, their success on the canvass quite astonished them. They became too sure, and consequently negligent. The third day of the poll a

* Lord Hood had accepted office as a Lord of the Admiralty.

great number of houses were opened by Lord Hood's friends. A great push was made. Pitt and Rose canvassed personally. Appearances in favour of Lord Hood were short-lived.

The friends of the country had a meeting; 15,000*l.* were subscribed, and houses opened; and Lord John rapidly advanced to his present majority. There are probably bad votes on both sides, and it is said, more on Lord Hood's side. Good spirit has been shown in the attendance on the election. Men have come from a great distance: old Vyner travelled 320 miles on the occasion. The Prince of Wales took no part at first, but at last he did. The Duke of York neuter, and also the Duke of Northumberland, both strictly so. You now know enough of the Westminster election. The King was seriously ill before the journey to Cheltenham. I am told he does not look well, but he says he is very well.

Trevor was on the brink of going to Petersburgh. He gave some general hint of wishing to be serviceable. He was offered the red riband, and the appointments of ambassador without the title, and everything. The business did not seem to go on; that is, he heard no more for a month or six weeks. His physicians told him his constitution could not bear the climate of Petersburgh. He has got clear of the business creditably to his own and the satisfaction of his friends.

I have now given you a good dose, and shall inclose it to Mr. Sneyd to forward to you when there is an opportunity. Say everything for us to her excellency Dame Eleanor Elliot. Yours, ever most faithfully,

SHEFFIELD.

Mr. Storer to Mr. Eden.

Golden Square, August 8, 1788.

Dear Eden, — From what Del Campo said, I thought that I was sure, almost, of a courier once a month; but now he is gone to amuse himself on the Continent, I must, I am afraid, trust to the post; at least, I must do so to-day. Del Campo is gone first to the Hague;

I hope not with any intention of changing the state of affairs in the United Provinces. Let us and our allies continue at peace, and if there is to be a war, let it be where it is at present, at a great distance from us, amongst Turks, Russians, Germans, and Swedes. The last have began their attack on the Empress, who has published her declaration, which my friends in the *corps diplomatique* say is perfectly well written. The Emperor complains of the weather, so he will make no rapid advances towards overruning the Ottoman Empire. Whatever civil commotions the French may have had, they cannot surpass those we have seen in London. Ours, it is true, are not likely to continue; they end with the election. A very extraordinary event it was, without doubt, that Lord John Townshend should be chosen for Westminster. Lord Hood, it is said, had not an idea that the opposition could have got any one to stand. Whether the Administration will suffer Lord John to sit quietly in the House of Commons will be seen at the meeting of Parliament. Mr. Pitt has not acted prudently in risking a defeat, and submitting his popularity to a trial in Westminster. I do not wonder that a great deal of mischief has been done; I am only surprised that more has not happened. In Bond Street there was a battle * which was as formidable as any contest can be without gunpowder and bayonets. Several were killed and wounded.

The interval of quiet which the two Sundays in the fortnight gave, was extraordinary. Instead of crowded streets and a roaring mob, the Sabbath presented the most perfect calm, which now will take place for some time, and London will be as silent and deserted as it generally is at this season of the year. I have not been as yet out of it for more than two days at a time. I fancied my curiosity about the election kept me in town, but I believe the real reason was my disinclination to put myself into motion.

* Between Lord Hood's sailors and the Irish chairmen and butcher boys. The Irish and the butchers were victorious.

From Paris, besides various reports of their civil disorders, I hear wonderful accounts of storms, besides that they have had most violent hot weather. I hope nothing of this sort has happened on your side the Pyrenees.

I am glad to have a marriage for Mrs. Eden. The Comte de Melfort is going to be married to Lady Caroline Barry.* How they were acquainted, and how the match was made I cannot tell; but the lady was neither, I believe, very shy nor difficult of access. M. Gibert, who, I thought, was certainly in Spain with you, called upon me the other day. Lord and Lady Beauchamp are still at the Hague. Has his lordship fallen in love with a Frau, or does he mean to be Stadtholder? Lord Dudley has taken compassion on an elderly mistress who lived with him, and has married her. She went by the name of Mrs. Baker; perhaps when you were at Bushey you might have heard of her. Besides the election, which has engaged our attention for these three weeks, we have had another great event to talk about—I mean his Majesty's voyage to Cheltenham. His suite is not quite so numerous as his Most Christian Majesty's is to Fontainebleau. The Queen will dine with her equerries too, though at first coming into this country German etiquette prevented her from sitting at her table with much greater personages than either Mr. Digby† or Mr. Gwynn‡. The latter of these two gentlemen likes a good dinner, which, however, he is not in the way of getting, the whole time he remains at Cheltenham. His Majesty sitting a very little time at table, and eating very sparingly, hinders the poor equerry, who is helped last, from taking the quantity of food necessary to appease his appetite.

There is nothing, however minute and unimpor-

* Sister of Lord Barrymore.

† The Honourable Stephen Digby, the "Mr. Fairly" of Madame D'Arblay's Diary.

‡ Colonel Gwynn married Miss Horneck, the "Jessamy Bride" of Goldsmith.

tant it may be, which his Majesty does at Cheltenham, but what the newspapers report to us daily, so that we know now more how he passes his time than if he were living at Buckingham-house. He eats cherries, it is found out, like other men, but walks further than most. Lord and Lady Carlisle were going to this place, but have postponed their journey. Charles Fox and Mrs. Armstead are going to Switzerland. Lord Dalrymple has resigned his envoyship to Berlin. Trevor goes to Spa on his way to Turin today. Sir John Stepney has got a pension of 800*l.* per annum. Nobody is appointed as yet either to Stockholm or to Russia, *i. e.* that I have heard of. The report in town is, that you are already desiring to have a *congé* from Spain. Of course you know the truth of this better than I can tell you. You have never heard, perhaps, that our friend John St. John has written a play; it is so however. The subject is from the History of England and concerning some part of Mary's (Queen of Scots) history*; consequently Queen Elizabeth is one of the dramatis personæ. I have not heard of anybody who has seen it, except one person, and he would not own that he knew anything about it; therefore he could give no judgment about the piece. It is to be acted next winter, and was to have been brought out last season, but "The Regent," Mr. Greathed's tragedy, had the first promise. John will make a considerable figure in the literary world as a political writer, an antiquary, and a poet. In the enumeration of his accomplishments one must not forget his talent of making coaches, which he acquired in the same shop where he learned to dance.

If anything new in the typographical way comes out in Spain do not forget me. I wish I knew of anything in England which I could send to the Abbé Berger. In Lord Grantham's time I was much indebted to him, and I should be glad to show how

* Mary Queen of Scots, in this play, was acted frequently by Mrs. Siddons.

much I consider myself so, had I an opportunity of testifying my obligations to him. If you are, or ever become, acquainted with him, do not forget to say handsome things to him for me. The Duke of Dorset is coming over soon, and Hailes still remains at Paris. I think he is likely to go to Stockholm. There, perhaps, are objections to his going to Russia. Pinto returns soon to Portugal, meaning to lay down the *fasces* and retire, except he is called upon to be the minister in his own country. You will recollect it is a month since I heard from you. Give my best compliments to Mrs. Eden and the young ladies, not forgetting the young gentlemen, and perhaps by this time the infant don. Adieu. With the greatest sincerity I remain your old friend and a true,

A. STORER.

P.S.—No prints are as yet come to me.

Duke of Dorset to Mr. Eden.

Paris, August 15th, 1788.

My dear Sir,—I received the other day by Mr. F. North your letter, with several papers inclosed relating to India, and I had much satisfaction to find that the language of Comte de Conway * corresponds with the sentiments of M. de Montmorin. There are no accounts arrived yet from India respecting the destination of the expedition which sailed from Pondicherry the latter end of last February. I believe there is little doubt but that the intention was to get possession of Trincomalec, and perhaps the first news from that quarter will bring both the capitulation and the restitution of that settlement. You will have heard of the splendid reception of Tippoo's ambassadors at Versailles. His Majesty gave them audience in the *Salon d'Hercule* (next to the chapel). The great gallery and all the apartments leading to it were filled with

* Governor of Pondicherry.

people, but none but the nobility belonging to the Court were admitted into the salon and the foreign ministers. The ladies were all magnificently dressed, and the Queen and princesses were on each side the throne. The ambassadors delivered their discourse in their own language, which was afterwards repeated by an interpreter; the King answered them very distinctly, and really with a great deal of dignity. Their address was merely complimentary, and of course such was his Majesty's answer.

I own the whole of this silly business put me a little out of humour, to see such a piece of work made with the representatives of a prince little less than a barbarian; but I console myself with thinking how much disappointed the promoters of the embassy will be when they find the little advantage, if any, that can result from it; indeed some private advantage may result from it to themselves, as I dare say under the privileges allowed to ambassadors of this sort, they took care to freight well the ship they came in with contraband goods. I am told they return to India in September, and I believe they will sail from Brest. They take with them some servants they have hired and some handicraftsmen, perhaps from Bicêtre and the other prisons. Our friend Hailes magnified this into their opening houses of rendezvous to enlist soldiers for Tippoo's army. By the bye, it is quite wrong not to change him.* I am going to England for a few weeks, merely upon my own private affairs, and I hope before I return to get a proper substitute in his place. I see by the papers they have named Ewart envoy to Berlin. Your brother Morton is going upon a tour to the south of France; he has written to me for letters to some of the towns in that part.

You will hear from different quarters the particulars of the naval engagements both in the Black and Baltic seas; the Empress of Russia little ex-

* The Duke got rid of Mr. Hailes this year.

pected such an attack from her neighbour, but if his Swedish Majesty* is not supported either by England or France, he will soon be in a confounded scrape. It is no small matter of amusement for the *corps diplomatique* to see Simolin† and Stael together. Whenever anybody accosts them they are sure to have them produce a manifesto or a declaration to read, which differs as much as the accounts they have each of them received of the late sea engagement, in which both boast of victory, and for which both Courts have sung Te Deum. Things go on ill here for the Archbishop and Garde des Sceaux, notwithstanding that the late edict for the holding the States-General is as satisfactory as possible, but still the nation will never be satisfied or give faith to anything the Council issues so long as they remain in place. The stocks continue to fall, and they only rose two per cent the day the edict was published. I send this by M. de Montmorin's carrier. I take for granted he will write to you himself. I have just heard that Charles Fox is here with Mrs. Armstead on their way to Switzerland. Never was anything like the violences committed at the late election for Westminster. Hood lost it totally owing to the neglect of Government. I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Eden, and I am, with great regard,

My dear Sir,
Most truly and sincerely yours,
DORSET.

Lord Sheffield to Mr Eden.

Sheffield Place, Oct. 5th, 1788.

My dear Eden,—My *valet de chambre* suddenly announces to me that he has an opportunity of sending a

* Gustavus the Third would have lost his throne in September, 1788, if it had not been for the exertions of Mr. Hugh Elliot, who passed over to Gothenburg, where the King was besieged by the Danes, and by his threats prevented the prince of Hesse Cassel from continuing the attack. Mr. Hugh Elliot acted entirely on his own responsibility.

† The Russian Ambassador.

letter to your valet, who is in London, and will return to Spain in two or three days, and I as suddenly sit down to say that your letter arrived the day before yesterday, and that we were heartily rejoiced by the intelligence of the safety of the excelentisima señora, and after dinner her health was drunk in a bumper by the whole company, young and old: I believe I mentioned to you before that Maria* said, some time ago, you would succeed Lord Cornwallis in the East, that an African would be dropped at the Cape of Good Hope on your passage, and an Asiatic at Calcutta.

I know not how it happens that you have not received a long letter I wrote to you, about the time of the Westminster election, the latter end of July. I recollect there was a considerable quantity of it, and, I flatter myself, very amusing. I shall communicate what you say to Nichols; he will be much pleased. I am glad Mr. Pennant turned out a *bon sujet;* Nichols assured me he was, otherwise I should not have introduced him to you. I am not sure whether I mentioned that the claret proved most excellent; I think I never tasted better. The *vin de Grave* does not seem to be of equal quality. Neither you nor I were aware of the heavy duty on the importation of English bottles. You may be surprised to hear that it is four or five times as much as on foreign bottles; in short, it is a duty obtained several years ago by Lord Nugent, on the suggestion of the people of Bristol. The foreign bottles arrived perfectly safe; they are very small.

I have little new to communicate. The Cabinet is bothered by the state of foreign politics. The First of the Treasury and the First of the Admiralty were expected at Brighton, but could not come. The principal business seems to be the making of peers. When it was announced that Harris was to become Malmesbury, Sir Joseph† could not brook that his

* Lord Sheffield's eldest daughter, married 11th Oct. 1796 to Sir John Thomas Stanley, of Alderley.

† Sir Joseph Yorke.

Dutch services should be neglected, and by his own request to the King, not by any interference of the Ministry, he became Dover, and Lord Howard, having obtained a barony in reversion for his heir, the Lord Amherst took the opportunity of desiring his title might descend to his nephew, and it is more extraordinary, as he says he cannot leave him above 5000*l.*

Fitzgibbon* was here lately from Tunbridge Wells, where he and the Lord Earlsfort had been for some time. I do not know whether he was married when you were in Ireland. She is a very smart lady, and greatly attracted the Prince of Wales, and it is said, almost detracted him from the other Fitz. Lord North and family did not leave Tunbridge Wells till the 1st instant. The poor man is reduced to like the Pantiles. They had with them during the whole summer two Miss Anguish's, both very pleasing girls. It gave the Marquis of Carmarthen an opportunity of being enamoured with the eldest. He shows good taste, for she is exquisite: a good size, graceful, her eyes very delightful, her manner exceedingly elegant and pleasing. They are to be married incontinently.†

My lady is always particularly strenuous in desiring to be remembered in the best manner to Mrs. Eden and you. I have only been once at Brighton, and that during the night, to attend a grand ball given by sundry of us on the Prince's birthday, for I returned to Lord Pelham's, where I slept. Hutchinson and Bob Jephson have lately been there with Gerard Hamilton.

Yours ever,
SHEFFIELD.

* Mr. Fitzgibbon, afterwards Lord Clare, married 1st July, 1786, Anne, eldest daughter of Richard Whaley, Esq., of Whaley Abbey, county of Wicklow.

† The marriage took place 11th Oct. 1788.

Mr. Hatsell to Mr. Eden.

Cheltenham, Monday, Oct. 6th, 1788.

Dear Sir,—Your very agreeable intelligence of the late accession to your family, and of Mrs. Eden's recovery, found Mrs. Hatsell and me here yesterday, where we came to pass the month of October. Accept our very sincere congratulations upon this event, and make our kindest compliments to Mrs. Eden. We are happy to hear you have been hitherto pleased with your residence in Spain. I remember Lord Grantham's account did not speak so favourably of the society he met with there, but I believe that nation is improving very fast; certainly in the arts and sciences, and probably the enjoyments of social life advance in proportion, at least, we must hope so, for your sake.

Mrs. Hatsell and I have been, as usual, wanderers since the rising of Parliament. We passed a fortnight with Sloane (who is coming into the House of Commons in the room of Lord Malmesbury), and from thence coasted along the shore quite to Plymouth, passing two or three days with such friends as we met with in our route. Sloane and Mr. Fuller are both well. We shall return into Hampshire in November, when I will take care to inform them of your kind remembrance of them. You know the King and Queen passed five weeks at this place in the summer. He found so much benefit from the waters, and entertainment from the novelty of a life without guards, or court, or ceremony, but as a private gentleman, that he has borrowed Lord Fauconberg's* house, and is now adding to it fifteen rooms for servants and attendants. I don't know that its being a royal residence will give it any additional charms, either in Mrs. Hatsell's or my eyes; we are, however, very much amused with the anecdotes we hear every day, and of the observations made by them and about them. Mrs.

* Henry Belasyse, second and last Earl of Fauconberg.

Hatsell has been lately much better in health; she has rode a good deal this summer on our tour. There never was such weather, I believe, but certainly never so great plenty in this island of hops, fruit, and, except barley, of all the productions of the earth. Our revenue, if we may trust the newspapers, keeps pace with our apples and pears, and if it were possible (which I much fear) to put a stop to the smuggling of brandy and tobacco, we should indeed advance much more rapidly than the most sanguine financiers (even the Speaker himself) ever hoped for or expected. What a strange situation France is in in this particular! Is it possible for any minister to supply an annual deficiency of above six millions sterling, for so M. Necker states theirs to be? I have, therefore, no doubt but that, whether the States meet or not, it will, sooner or later, end in a bankruptcy. At the same time, the King's power will be much lessened, and an essential alteration be made in the constitution of France. What effects with regard to us this will produce, time must show. With respect to the happiness of the inhabitants of that country, I believe it will make no addition; whether in theory they were a free people or not, their government was in general so mild, that I believe they enjoyed a greater proportion of the substantial blessings of life than their more free, but more turbulent and anxious neighbours; at all events, the scene there is very interesting to them, and to me very amusing. Not less amusing is the quixotic expedition of the two Emperors*, which will probably end in their having spent all their money, lost many of their best troops, and not gained a foot of additional territory. I own I am not sorry for their disgrace, as I hope all such wanton violations of the peace and comfort of their neighbours will be always marked with such a conclusion.

There has been much *talk* this summer of a dissolution of Parliament. I did not think it improbable:

* The Empress of Russia and the Emperor Joseph.

Mr. Pitt has two or three unpleasant questions to meet next campaign, in which the part he must adopt will not render him popular at a general election, of which are the Slave Trade, Dissenters, and Shop-tax.

I suppose the Archbishop has sent you a journal of his adventures at sea, and how near the great statesmen were in making a trip to Norway or Holland, as the winds should direct. I have heard nothing from the north lately: the Dean of Carlisle has at last lost his daughter who was so long ill.

Mrs. Hatsell once more joins with me in desiring our kindest respects to Mrs. Eden, and to such of your young ones as remember us, and that you will accept the same from, dear sir,

Yours very faithfully,

J. HATSELL.

P.S.—Mrs. Hatsell desires I will add that Miss Rice is going to be married to Mr. Dorrien, very much with Lady Dynevor's approbation; a great friend of young Rice's.

Mr. Storer to Mr. Eden.

Quarley, near Andover, Oct. 9th, 1788.

Dear Eden,—I have received two letters from you in the course of the last month; one reached me at Tunbridge Wells, and the other I found waiting for me at this place. I ought, and I intended, daily to have written to you, but during my tour I have been in such perpetual dissipation that I really have never been able to undertake writing to any person whatever. About seven weeks ago I left London to pay a visit to Tunbridge, and there I stayed a fortnight, being an eye-witness of Miss Anguish's and Lord Carmarthen's loves. This has ended, I hope, much to the satisfaction of Mrs. Eden, and I have no doubt but Miss Anguish is as well satisfied as the ambassadress can be. This event has been the news throughout the circuit that I have been upon, and one begins to wish

that some other subject might be started to converse about.

From Tunbridge Wells I went to Battle in Sussex, where I stayed a week, looking at beautiful prospects, old castles, ruinated palaces, and ancient abbeys; and of course I viewed the very spot where William conquered, and where Harold fell.

I continued my progress from thence to Brighthelmstone, where I passed the next week, but not in the same manner that I did in the eastern part of Sussex. Everything I saw at Brighthelmstone was either new or modern.

It seemed as if all the gayest and the prettiest women in England, of a certain class, had come to market on the Steyne. Authorised by the royal example, everybody thought himself at liberty to do as the Prince himself did; and every votary at Mrs. Weston's court thought herself as good, in some respects, as the lady who seemed to hold the first rank in the place. It was curious to observe at the playhouse the climax of immorality, from the lowest to the first ranged round the boxes. But nothing was so singular here as to see our friend, Lord Brudenell*, in so new a point of view. He was living with all these fair nymphs, in the easiest manner. How far his virtue was in danger I will not pretend to say, but if Cato could not trust himself at Baiæ, I should think his Lordship runs some risk at Brighthelmstone. He is now no longer called his honour, but the familiar appellation of Cockie is substituted in its stead. It is said a great personage is prodigiously amused with this new cognomen, which the keeper of his privy purse has acquired.

You may easily conceive that his Majesty's voyage to Cheltenham has occasioned us a great fund for conversation. His graciousness has been prodigiously commended; indeed, Lady C. Leeson† did not make

* Afterwards Earl of Cardigan.

† Lady Cecilia Leeson, daughter of Lord Miltown, was married on the 29th of December, 1789, to Mr. David Latouche.

a very courtly reply to the interest which his Majesty seemed to take about her. It had been said that this young lady was to be married to Mr. Latouche, an Irish gentleman. This was the report of the place. Our gracious Sovereign could not resist making his inquiries at the fountain-head, and in his conversation with the lady, he asked how matters went on with Mr. Latouche, and when she had heard from him last? "Well, now, what's that to you?" was the natural and simple answer. She had not, probably, lived so much in a Court as you are doing now. From Brighthelmstone I went to Mr. Delmé's, at Farnham, where I stayed two or three days. I went on to Sloane's, where I passed a day, then embarked for the Isle of Wight, where I visited Mr. Ball, Mr. Poulter, and our old friend Sir Andrew Hamond, who has sold his place in Windsor Forest, and is now residing at a very pretty cottage in the island. I returned to Sloane's, where I stayed a week, making from his house visits to Mr. Ellis's, Lord Palmerston's*, &c. My tour was continued to Ringwood, where I stayed two days at Sir Wm. Howe's.† He has a small fishing cottage under a hanging wood, near a beautiful running river. I left his place the day before yesterday, and *me voici* at Mr. Coxe's, at Granby, near Andover, meaning only to stay here a day or two. From hence I go to my friend Scott's, who bought a place near Marlow last year of Mr. Morton. Thence I shall take Bushey in my way to town, and then lose myself in the capital. So much for my motions.

Now let me congratulate you on your increase of family. What country can Mrs. Eden go to, where she may add another nation to her family? I am glad that you do not find the climate disagreeable to you, or unhealthy to your family; and I sincerely wish that, during your embassy, you may still continue to experience the same good fortune with which you have set out.

* Father of the present Lord.

† The former Commander-in-Chief in America.

All our different changes in the *corps diplomatique* you of course are acquainted with, Stepney's pension, &c. The report still prevails that you will not stay in Spain. I hope you will go to Paris. Amidst all these changes in the foreign missions, I could have wished that they had wanted a disbanded officer.

The commotions are still increasing in France. The Parliament is not likely to be more complaisant from finding their strength by their being recalled. M. Necker probably has been induced by his vanity, rather than by any well-grounded hopes he can have of arranging the finances, to take a share in the Government. He certainly brought on the ill, but he is very far from being certain to cure it.

Sir Andrew Hamond, who has been twice this summer to Cherbourg, says there is no doubt but that a port will be made there according to the original plan. The consequence will be a great change in our naval and commercial system.

Sir Robert Keith is coming home from Vienna. Lord Dalrymple and Trevor are contending for that appointment. Trevor is just gone to Turin. Mrs. Trevor likes better returning home. Her health is the pretext.

Hare is gone to spend the winter in the south of France. His health is not equal this year to a London life, and so he will have a deputy at Brooke's to act for him; and the faro bank will be in commission.

Gibbon's book is in everybody's hands. The historian himself is returned to the lake of Lausanne.

Governor Pownall * published once a book with red ink, and on a person's taking notice of this as somewhat singular, and asking the cause of it, Cambridge† replied, "he supposed that the Governor was determined that one of his books at least should be red."

* Late Governor of South Carolina; a great antiquary.
† Richard Owen Cambridge.

My paper is now full, and you are tired. Compliments to the ambassadress, and believe me,

Yours most sincerely,

A. STORER.

Lord Loughborough to Mr Eden.

Bedford Square, Oct 13th, 1788.

My dear Eden,—I rejoice sincerely with you on your little Spanish lady, and the good health of the señora and the nursery, which in fact, as well as in metaphor, is the whole world to her. You have given some sense to a phrase that I used to think had very little; as citizen of the world, too, you have added to the population of five considerable states. Who knows but you may yet be destined to repair the losses of the empire. You would soon lose in that scene your late acquired taste *pour la faiñéantise et la paresse*, and it would be a great blessing to mankind if you could transfer a little of it to the sovereign of that state; the Turks, however, seem to be in a fair way of disposing him to it. I have made an excursion this summer to Spa; Paris was also in my plan, but having a decided aversion to a town in the hands of a mob, I stopped short at Brussels. You remember I predicted to you at Lambeth, that the Parliaments of France would be too strong for the Court. What the States-General may prove I don't pretend to guess, but I doubt much whether either the King or M. Necker will find their account in that assembly. After all, I believe your old acquaintance Calonne was better formed for his task than any of his successors.

The uncertainty of all political projects has been more strongly illustrated within the last eighteen months than in any period of the history of Europe. France, in the spring of 1787, ruling Holland, restoring her own finances, re-establishing her fleets and armies, and building out the sea, has lost her

influence in Holland, and has neither money, credit, nor government. The Emperor, instead of marching at the head of the best trained army to the gates of Constantinople, is unable to guard his own dominions against the attacks of an enemy despised as undisciplined barbarians, who have beat him by superior skill in the art of war. Even Russia finds her efforts baffled, and that the Turks are become formidable at sea. It is not impossible but that our ministers may take credit to themselves as if they had some share in the distribution of all this *pluie et beau temps*. I was arrived but a very few days at home when I received your letter, as you may perceive by my dissertation on foreign affairs. The company at Spa were all politicians, and, except those who by their office were obliged to hold a different language, all hostile to Vienna and Versailles. You have no reason from my indolence in writing to infer anything but that I retain that *paresse* which you know has always been my habit. I confess I am a very bad correspondent, but I shall ever have the same pleasure in hearing of your happiness. My best love to Mrs. Eden, and all hers.

Believe me, my dear Eden,

Yours most affectionately,

LOUGHBOROUGH.

CHAP. XVI.

The King's Illness.—Great Excitement in the Political World.—State of the King.—Arrival of Mr. Fox in England.—Meeting of Parliament.—Mr. Fox demands the Regency for the Prince of Wales.—Mr. Pitt indignantly denies the Right of the Prince.—Dr. Willis called in.—Prophesies the King's Recovery.—Bon-Mot of George Selwyn.—Mr. Pitt's Majority in the Commons.—Differences amongst the Physicians.

In the autumn of 1788 the alarming illness of the King was announced to the world. Parliament met, and a party struggle commenced with respect to the Regency, unexampled for its violence even in the history of England.

In the following correspondence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Sheffield, and others, will be found an interesting history of this eventful period :—

Lord Sheffield to Mr. Eden.

Sheffield Place, 13th Nov. 1788.

My dear Ambassador,—The present state of the King, I suppose, will reach you before you receive this letter. His physicians, it seems, are agreed that his frenzy is incurable, but they are not agreed as to the likelihood of his recovery from his bodily complaint. What a prospect! Yet it appears to me extraordinary to pronounce, so early, his case to be incurable. It is said the disorder has been some time coming on, and strange stories are told of speeches he has made. The general impression now is, that his life is not in immediate danger; his pulse has lately been as low as seventy-eight and seventy-five.

Everybody is gone to London except me. I have been at Brighthelmstone; that place is suddenly almost evacuated; but I probably shall go up to the meeting of Parliament on the 20th instant. I do, not know that there now is a power to prorogue or that it is wished. It seems probable that a Regency will be established, but whether the Prince will consent to be joined with any person remains to be seen. If Mr. Pitt should go out, and he should be judicious enough to do it with temper, he will stand on very respectable ground, and his character will be highly elevated. It would be more admired by the people than it ever was. His friends pretend to say that he will not take any strong part. The last account of Charles Fox* is from Venice; a sufficient number of expresses are in pursuit of him. Lady Sheffield always orders me to be very particular in remembrances to you and Mrs. Eden. We heartily wish to hear that she and her several nations are well.

Yours ever,

SHEFFIELD.

Mr. Storer to Mr. Eden.

Golden Square, Nov. 14, 1788.

Dear Eden,—All sorts of news are drowned in the great event of the King's illness. I can tell you nothing either private or public but this, and of course you are already acquainted with it. Every day seems to produce worse symptoms, both of his life and his reason; and it seems amongst the physicians a general opinion, that if the King does not die, there is very little probability of his recovering his senses. It is reported, but how far that report is to be depended on I cannot tell, that ministers will endeavour to appoint a Regency, the Prince, of course, to be Regent, but

* Mr. Fox was at Bologna when the messenger arrived with the news of the King's illness.

that he is to be saddled with a council. It will be said that the heir-apparent, who would be king in case of his father's death, and is now at a mature age, ought not to be controlled by the accession of any persons to share his power. All these things may never have effect in case his Majesty should recover. Martindale sends me word that this morning he has been at Lord Salisbury's, and there has been an express arrived at his house, saying that the King passed a very good night, and waked in his perfect senses. Munro has been called in: perhaps he may have been of service. It is universally agreed that the Prince of Wales has conducted himself with great propriety. Whatever may happen in these matters, I hope your situation will not be shaken. In these agitated times it is disagreeable to be so far off.

Give my best compliments to Mrs. Eden, and believe me, with great truth and sincerity, ever yours,

A. STORER.

Lord Sheffield to Mr. Eden.

Downing Street, 22nd Nov. 1788.

I came to London to attend the meeting of Parliament, the state of things being extraordinary, and it occurs to me that you will be impatient to hear something not merely ministerial. For obvious reasons it is the policy of those attached to Administration to represent the King's state better than it is. They at least affect to believe that he will certainly recover; that he is much better; and many stories to that purpose, seemingly well authenticated, are circulated, which it is known are not true. There is little doubt of its being the general real opinion of the physicians, that there is as little probability of recovery as in any case of the kind that has come within their knowledge.

There is a difference of opinion as to his health, and one part of the public believes his constitution broken

up, while another part flatters itself that the illness is the effect of fever. But the former has been coming on for some time. Several strange instances are now told of what happened at Cheltenham, etc. His pulse is as low as seventy-eight, seventy-five, and even seventy-two, and some think the degree of fever he has is rather a result of the illness. It seems generally believed that his life is not in immediate danger. The present situation appears to most people as the worst of all. It must present difficulties to all men and to all parties. What set of men can wish, just at this time, to form a new Administration with a prospect of a possible recovery? The present Administration will find a great difference from the support they hitherto have had. Rattism will prevail, and I should not be surprised, supposing the present Parliament to continue, if, looking towards the rising sun, it should turn out the very minister that made it.

There is good information that Administration has embraced the scheme of procuring addresses from all parts to Parliament, requiring that, in the arrangement of a Regency, care be taken that the present Administration shall continue; but if it is not likely to be pretty general, I do not think it will be pushed. A manœuvre of the kind served them well in 1784.

The conversation of those connected with administration seems to prove that there is an intention to limit the Prince very much as a Regent, and possibly to join some persons with him. The information that appears best to me, is, that that kind of regency will be offered to the Prince which it is not expected he will accept, and, on his refusal, that the present Administration will govern in the King's name, under the direction of Parliament; but much must depend on the King's being better or worse when the houses meet on Thursday se'nnight.

It seems likely that the Queen will not choose in any event to take part in government; but probably the ministers have not yet absolutely settled what they will attempt or what they will do. It

must depend on the *scrutiny* which is now going on. Cabal flourishes. The Prince gains much credit by his conduct at Windsor. The poor King's illness is not melancholy or mischievous; at times it is rather gay. Yesterday se'nnight he talked incessantly for sixteen hours, to divert him from which, they endeavoured to turn him to writing: at length he began to compose notes on Don Quixote. He fancies London is drowned, and orders his yacht to go there. He took Sir George Baker's wig, flung it in his face, threw him on his back, and told him he might star-gaze. Sir George is rather afraid of him. In one of his soliloquies he said, "I hate nobody, why should anybody hate me?" recollecting a little he added, "I beg pardon, I do hate the Marquis of Buckingham."* The Queen has not seen the King since the first days of the disorder, except once, which produced an affecting scene.† He contrived to steal out of his room in search of her, supposing she and his children were stolen from him. She lay in a near room. He got to her bed-side, drew the curtain, and exclaimed, "She is there," seemingly satisfied. He was without difficulty conducted to his apartment. Just as I was finishing I received your fragment of the 12th October.

I shall return to Sussex to-morrow, and intend to revisit London on Thursday se'nnight, when Parliament is to meet. It is mortifying to think how long this may be in its passage to you, and that all it contains may be obsolete. Can you not point out to me how I can communicate to you on extraordinary occasions, not through the medium of the Secretary of State's Office?

* George, second Earl Temple, who assisted the King in overthrowing the Coalition, was created Marquis of Buckingham, 4th Dec. 1784.

† This scene is described in Madame d'Arblay's Diary, vol. iv. p. 288.

Mr. Storer to Mr. Eden.

Golden Square, 28th Nov. 1788.

Dear Eden,—I wrote to you last Friday, but finding my letter so full of disagreeable news, I threw it into the fire, not recollecting, though I disliked communicating unwelcome intelligence, that I should pass for a bad correspondent, and that you might have reason to complain of me for being silent in the midst of such singular and important events.

Parliament has met and adjourned for a fortnight, a week of which is now passed.

His Majesty continues exactly in the same state. There is no danger of his life. He is no more likely to die than I am; but with regard to his intellect, there is no appearance of amendment, nor any prospect whatever of recovery. To say he cannot ever recover, would be a rash assertion: it is impossible to look so far into futurity as to be able to determine on that event; but at present there is very little probability that his reason will be restored to him. The physicians vary their phrases every day in the newspapers, meaning to say as little as they can, and to keep his Majesty's disastrous and unfortunate situation with all the delicacy that they can possibly show. The bulletin daily talks of a fever; but fever he has not. The word fever is probably substituted for insanity. Yesterday all the ministers went to Windsor to consult about removing the King from Windsor, either to Kew or Buckingham House.

It is said, and the authority quoted for the intended measure is the Duke of Richmond, that the ministry mean to propose the Prince of Wales as Regent, but with other persons added to the Regency, in the nature of a council; but I do not believe that the ministry will do any such thing. It is a measure which will not pass, and will only tend to alienate the Prince's mind from Mr. Pitt. The Prince cannot fail of being sole Regent, if he

refuses all proposals till they come up to his inclinations. It is agreed on all sides that his Royal Highness has acted with the greatest attention to the King, and in all respects with the greatest propriety. It is reported that perhaps next Thursday, Administration will move for a farther adjournment, and in this, I suppose, decency will make everybody acquiesce, if it be stated that there is the least probability of amendment in the King, or that the public business will receive no detriment by the continuance of this interregnum. The whole of this will depend no doubt on the report and the opinion of the physicians.

Yesterday Mr. Pitt carried down to Windsor Dr. Addington*, by way of obtaining his opinion with regard to his Majesty's case. To bring in a physician who has left off practice so many years, when there are already four in such great vogue and practice, rather seems to have been ill-judged. I wonder, however, myself, that they themselves have never called in the assistance of Munro. His opinion may have been very important. The physicians never have made use of any compulsion to his Majesty. This gave some one occasion to say, when ministry, as it is reported, intended to curb the power of the Regent, that it was clear they meant to put the strait-waistcoat on the Prince of Wales. You may easily conceive all this while how various, how contradictory, and how unintelligible the reports are. When his disorder began, what contributed to it? Did Cheltenham do him harm? All these questions are perpetually discussed, and very little satisfaction and no knowledge gained by the investigation, the ways of Providence being inscrutable, and not easily discovered by short-sighted mortals.

Charles Fox returned from Italy last Tuesday. He came from Bologna in nine days; and upon the top of Mont-Cenis he met Miss Pulteney, she being upon the road with her father going to Italy. This *voyage*

* Father of Lord Sidmouth.

croisé was singular enough. Mr. Fox told Mr. Pulteney, who was coming from England, the news; but Mr. Pulteney said that was no reason with him for discontinuing his journey, though it was a good one for Mr. Fox's prosecuting his.

Give me leave, before I close my letter, to assure you how well I wish you amidst all the changes and chances of life, and that, if there is anything here in which I can be of use to you, in one word, you may command me. My best compliments to Mrs. Eden, and with the greatest friendship and sincerity, I am, yours,

A. STORER.

The following letter is from M. Huber, a Genevese residing at Paris; he was very intimate with M. Necker:—

Mr. Huber to Mr. Eden.

28th November.

Dear Sir,—I was somewhat surprised when I heard of your courier's sudden return from Madrid. We did not see him, but as he assured M. Perregaux* that you and Mrs. Eden, and all the dear family, were very well, and it was all we can wish to know—we only wished success to the business he was upon. You will permit us two to say that we have had our share of unhappiness owing to what was lately likely to pass in England, and the consequences it might possibly have had for those to whom we are so sincerely attached. Although a very great comfort never forsakes us, which is that after the first bustle, whenever it happens, great abilities and good interest must force their way. Things seem at present tolerably calm in London—I mean the prevailing idea seems certainly that of the probable cure of his Majesty, and as long as he is better instead of worse, no fresh measures can well be adopted. Another thing is, that as no doubt

* M. Perregaux was a banker at Paris.

of the life is entertained, the state of a Regency seems to secure a permanency of the present people and measures, more than a coronation would. We pray most heartily for a happy restoration of the King's health—his worth seems now to be known more than ever. French intelligence from England, about the King's state, read here in council to the King, had a visible effect on the King of France when he heard it. Now where that effect came from, or what cord it made vibrate, Sterne could no doubt best find out.

I shall write on, waiting for Baillard's return. I make him bearer of some late publications, the choicest of what have come from the press; for you may easily suppose that in these times much trash comes out. Those I send will let you see into the spirit of things and persons. The two pamphlets by M. Target, one the appendix to the other, called "Les États-Généraux par Louis XVI." is looked upon as the best production. I hope you'll be pleased with the British Roman Dauphiné's letter to the States of Béarn, and with their letter to the King. The "Arrêté de Bretagne" will tell you the pulse of the Tiers État in about every province. Normandy speaks cooler, not less strong; Provence, Languedoc, and Guienne the same. So great a revolution (if it is to be brought to maturity) could not be hatched in so short a time without causing a great commotion. All that men hold dear and run after is now *en jeu.* It must be owned that justice seems to be greatly with the Tiers État. Let us be something that were nothing, and share with us in a just proportion the burthen of taxes.

Every week seems to produce something more and more favourable for the Tiers État. I now add to the collection M. de Kersaint's* book, called *Le Bontems* and M. d'Etrague's *Sur les États-Généraux* both read and much approved by the sensible men of all parties. Perhaps you will not be much surprised at the Arrêté

* M. Kersaint was guillotined in 1793.

du Parlement de Paris of two days ago. C'est une finesse conçue du fil blanc. The first part might have done under the Archbishop of Sens*; but it is pitiful under a minister whose very existence seems to depend on the convocation of the States-General. There is hitherto no answer to it.

If Baillard stays a little longer, I may send you le résultat de l'Assemblée Générale des Notables, who break up on Thursday. The English pun is now renewed upon them by this nation—not-ables. In fact, it must be owned, they who had so great an opportunity of showing themselves good subjects by divesting themselves of their own passions have degraded their names (except the Bureau de Maintien), and are now kicked at by the Parliament of Paris, which seems to leave them to answer for their absurd resolutions on the Tiers État. The Bureau du Prince de Conti resolved yesterday an equal share of the taxes between the three orders. In short, my dear sir, without being too sanguine, I think the French nation sees now a fair and decided dawn of a new constitution, the few struggles which may yet be to encounter must give way to so great and so general an impulse, and once matters settled, this country may become too formidable. Don't laugh—since the constant existence of the States-General must prevent future depredations.

I confess, very sincerely, that my heart is much more interested in what now passes in England, because of its consequences to the present Administration and their friends. You really owe to our extreme and anxious attachment, and to our never-failing discretion, to quiet us on this subject by your own tranquillity, if it exists. We are also very uneasy as to your present family situation at Madrid, because of the small-pox raging in the royal family, and that of a bad sort.

* The Archbishop formerly of Toulouse, was dismissed in August 1788, and succeeded by M. Necker.

Madame Huber informs you of what relates to my business, and I refer myself to the agreeable tidings she gives you on that subject. It is extremely likely that some little time hence you will receive a letter from us dated Bordeaux, if not Bayonne. I must close this letter and I shall write another short one by Baillard to give you any further news we may get, and a few lines to my good boy William, whose letters are short and good. I am, with the sincerity of an English Swiss* (well punished for his short abjuration), My dear Sir, your very faithful, obliged, and obedient servant,

H.

The Duke of Dorset to Mr. Eden.

Paris, Nov. 29, 1788.

My dear Sir,—As I am certain you will be glad to be informed of the state of the King's health, I write this to let you know that my last accounts of his Majesty are rather favourable; he has conversed more frequently with people about him, and the faculty have hopes of his recovery. My last letters from some of my private friends are dated from Windsor on Tuesday, the 25th of this month, and there are no later accounts in this place. Charles Fox arrived in London last Monday. There seems a general despondency in England upon the King's illness. They talk of several new ministerial arrangements in this country, but the only one already completed is the resignation of M. de Brienne, Secrétaire de la Guerre: in all probability he will be replaced by M. de Puységur, the oldest general officer du Conseil de la Guerre. The price of bread is risen lately, and is likely to be still dearer, as no corn can be brought at present by water, owing to the shallowness of the river, and which, to increase the calamity, is at this moment almost frozen over.

* M. Huber had resided for some time in England, and had been naturalised there.

The present unfortunate situation of affairs has induced many English to leave us: Lord Radnor* went yesterday, and the Bishop of Winchester and his family go to-morrow or next day. I hope this letter will find its way to you. I wrote to you in August last, a little before I set out for England, and I gave the letter to the care of M. de Montmorin, but I have no reason to think you ever received it. Stone wrote to you last week. I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Eden, and I remain, my dear Sir,

Most truly and sincerely yours,

DORSET.

Sir John Eden to Mr. Eden.

Downing Street, Dec. 4th, 1788.

Dear William,—I came to town yesterday to attend the call of the House this day when the ministers stated the report of the physicians, desired it might be laid on the table to be taken into consideration on Monday next. I apprehend the House of Commons will choose to examine the physicians, a measure better let alone, but thought necessary, upon account of the privileges, &c.

It appears evident that the minister wishes to defer the appointment of a Regent, and to make it believed that the state of his Majesty does not require it, and consequently to render the measure unpopular; but I apprehend it is absolutely necessary. The Chancellor, it is said, has spoken in the highest terms of the Prince of Wales' knowledge.

Dec. 5th.—The state of his Majesty's family is truly pitiable. The Queen is said to have sanguine hopes of his recovery. My mother would have written to you, but as I write she defers her letter until next week, which I have asserted is her week for writing.

It is said that if the Prince of Wales is made Regent he will make the Fitzherbert a Duchess, and

* Jacob, second Earl Radnor, married, 28th Jan. 1777, Anne, daughter of Lord Feversham.

marry some princess for his consort. There were not, I apprehend, less than five hundred members yesterday in the House, many of whom, like myself, much displeased to be brought to town too soon. Lord Sheffield came yesterday, and said he had written lately very fully to you.

Whatever turn affairs may take here in this tempestuous world, I trust you will continue to finish your business, which must reflect upon you much honour, credit, and reputation.

Pray have you any answer to this memorial with which I troubled you? Inclosed I send you a receipt from Drummond's for which you will send me two.

With every good wish to you all, I am,

Yours sincerely,

JOHN EDEN.

Sir John Eden to Mr. Eden.

Downing Street, Thursday Evening,
Dec. 11, 1788.

Dear William,—We shall soon be in a complete ferment. Mr. Fox yesterday advanced some doctrine which Mr. Pitt construed little short of treason. This brought on acrimony from Fox, a rejoinder from Pitt, and a severe speech from Burke, who termed Pitt a competitor for the Regency. The House of Lords are this day on the same business, the report of the physicians. I dined at Lambeth and came away at half-past seven, at which hour the Archbishop was not returned. I suspect they have a warm debate. We finished yesterday at a quarter past six o'clock. Many people seem to think the minister means to have a committee of Regency, himself the chief (*King William the Fourth*), but I am not of this opinion; however, he seems to have spoken so freely of the Prince of Wales as to indicate a design of retiring if the Prince becomes Regent. To-morrow we are to have the report of the committee appointed to search for precedents, which we are to have some days to digest. Such is

the minister's will, who nevertheless affects to make no delay.

A friend to whom you had confided the private article you mentioned to me, acquainted me on Wednesday that your business might have been done, but that the minister thinking it might be done at any time had deferred it, and now it is impracticable. But it is impossible that your services should not be handsomely rewarded. I hope and trust that you will finish your business before you think of leaving Spain. The minister's delay on your business is truly vexatious.

The amount of the examination of the physicians is that his Majesty is unfit to execute the offices of Government; that he may probably recover, but that they have no idea at what distance of time.

I this day heard from a stranger that symptoms of this disorder appeared in 1782; if so, I should imagine occasioned by the American War. The account of this day, that his Majesty slept four hours last night and continues much the same.

I write this to go by your servant who is still here. Lord Sheffield means to write, and I suppose more fully.

Friday.—The Lords yesterday had a warm debate upon Fox's doctrine that the Prince, in the King's situation, had a right to occupy the throne so long as the King continued thus indisposed. This will bring forward more debates, and I fear detain me in town. I suppose Fox chiefly meant that the Prince had a better claim to the office of Regent from his birth and age than any other person whatever.

There has been since I came to town a very severe frost of some days which we had not in the country.

Six P. M. Friday.

I am told that Fox did not mean that the Prince had a right, but only his claim and pretensions to the Regency, and as such means this day to explain himself. Mr. Palmer of the Post-Office this day inquired kindly after you.

Six P.M.

Fox has declared that he meant only on Wednesday to assert the Prince of Wales's claim and pretensions. The minister talked of having the question of right agitated, which, I believe, the house will rather choose to avoid. The minister spoke well (he was in a d—d passion on Wednesday), and said that the office of Regent ought to be vested in one person; that he thought the Prince of Wales the person, with full choice of his political servants; but to proceed step by step in some other restrictions that might be thought necessary. I think it will be contended to make him Regent immediately, and till the defect in the kingdom is supplied no restrictions can be made. When he becomes Regent, I think a majority to vote restrictions will not easily be found.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN EDEN.

The Archbishop of Canterbury to Mr. Eden.

The conveyance has been too awkward for confidential correspondence, for which reason I have forborne to write. I well know that general occurrences would reach you from hands as good as mine. Your letter of the 12th of November came safely, and I conclude that Fraser did as I desired him, when he told me he was going to write to you, inform you of it, and add that I should be attentive to its contents. The business it communicated would have gone on in the manner you wished, had not the present sad calamity arisen. Under so unexpected a situation of things, it is, of course, suspended and at sea; and that is one of the consequences of the situation of things that I grieve for.

Our hopes have been in a fluctuating state for some time: the physicians perfectly ignorant of the treatment of the disorder, as is generally supposed, and by me amongst others I humbly confess, whether I reason from what they say or from what they have done, as far as I have been informed of it. Since Dr.

Willis, of Lincolnshire, has been called in, our hope has been more firm and constant, and at this moment stands very high. He has had great experience in this malady for eight and twenty years, and great success. The others, when asked if they could assign a cause for the disorder, said *No*. Could they say there was any abatement of the symptoms? No. Willis assigns excess of exercise, too rigid abstemiousness, and too scanty an allowance of sleep, as the causes: says he has known many instances from each of them, and from a concurrence of two or the whole of them. He is confirmed in his opinion of the case by having treated the disorder conformably to that idea, and finding the result answer his most sanguine hopes. He says the symptoms are greatly abated, the irritation of nerves very greatly subdued, the violence gone. A sense of the necessity of acquiescing in the advice he gives now induces the patient to submit to that advice, to eat what is ordered, to be more silent, to go to rest early and court sleep. Sleep is obtained without opiates, and the refreshment very considerable both in mind and body. The doctor says confidently that in such a case in common life, he should promise himself a perfect cure in a very short time—a few weeks—that he does promise it himself in this case, though aware that it has difficulties in the way which common cases have not. The late daily accounts correspond with what he says, and give life and strength to the public expectation. Parties will be active on such an occasion, and each as usual talks as if it must be prevalent.

Details cannot be entered into in our mode of writing. You can get them pretty completely from newspapers however, and perhaps from less cautious correspondents. Some provision must certainly be made, for the sake of the executive part of Government, and the general opinion is that it must be made immediately. The same opinion says that the Prince must be Regent; an opinion not quite so general is that he must be so without limitations, it is also said he will not be so with any limitations; that he

will absolutely refuse. An attempt has been made, as you will see, to substantiate a right in him to assume all regal power, in consequence of the incapacity, for the time the disorder lasts, as inherent in him by the law of the land. This was stated ably and eloquently in one house by Charles Fox; less ably in the other by a former friend* of yours. The general opinion seems very adverse to this conceit, which I think is fallen to the ground. Will the new regent be soon named? I think yes. Will he change the Government directly? Will the country bear this? Will the King's recovery be hazarded, should he in the commencement of it find great changes? These are very serious speculations on which I don't venture to give an opinion. It is an awful moment, my dear friend. May it please God to conduct us safely through it!

Lord Sheffield to Mr. Eden.

Downing Street, 12th Dec. 1788.

Since the present extraordinary state of things I have written twice to you, and I am glad to hear your servant will not go sooner than to-morrow, because I wished and intended, at all events, to continue the history of the times; yet there are reasons why it may be better not to mention such matters as coming from me.

The opinions of the physicians are not deemed explicit, but, according to ancient usage, oracular; and notwithstanding they all agree that the majority of those afflicted in the same manner as the King do recover, yet his case is generally thought desperate. It is extraordinary that his language is better and his conversation smarter, and that he is infinitely graceful in his motions, and much more active than he was at any period. Dr. Willis, who seems now to have the principal management of the King, is a

* Lord Loughborough.

clergyman, and keeps a mad-house in Lincolnshire. He is considered by some as not much better than a mountebank, and not far different from some of those that are confined in his house. That such a man and Dr. Addington should be called in the manner they have been, has caused some jealousy; but the opinions of all the physicians are not much respected.

Pitt is playing the game without temper or judgment; and his declaration in Parliament the day before yesterday, that the Prince of Wales had no better right or claim to the Regency than any other subject, gives as much offence and alarm as Fox's assertion, that he was of right entitled to it. The latter, though supported by a strong argument, did not appear to me expedient; but the other is considered as very extravagant.

Downing Street, 17th Dec.

Finding your servant did not depart at the time expected, I kept my letter, that I might continue our history. Fox's declaration seems to have done more harm even than I imagined, and Pitt's mountebank speeches suit the nonsense of many, however they may be execrated and disliked by others. Pitt, perceiving the effect of Fox's declaration, which had been much misrepresented, insisted on declaring the right. The debate lasted till near three o'clock this morning. On a division on the previous question Pitt's adherents were 268 to 204. I am just going into Sussex for a few days, and do not know exactly what will now be done. Pitt, of course, has no intention or expectation of continuing in the Administration; but what he said in the House shows he means to govern or obstruct through a majority in the Lords. His plan is to maintain the present household unalterable, and to prevent the creation of peers. Nothing could be marked more strongly in the debate than the superiority of Fox over Pitt. Lord North spoke very ably. The Duke of York's speech was remarkably good, not only in the matter but in the manner,

and part was in reply. The royal brothers and royal uncles act strenuously together. Lord Malmesbury came here without leave, waited on Pitt, told him he did not yet know the state of things, and what was proposed to be done; when he did, he should acquaint him with the part he should take. He was introduced to the Lords by the two secretaries* of state, and two days after he told Pitt that he disapproved his measures, and has arranged himself under the most able men in the country.

In haste, yours ever,

SHEFFIELD.

Sir John Eden to Mr. Eden.

Monday Morning, Dec. 15th.

We understand that the minister has given up one of the intended restrictions, viz. that the Regent should not have the power of dissolving the Parliament, upon which, I suppose, he might be afraid to meet the severe observations that would naturally have been made. That the restrictions designed are, the Regent not to make peers, and the whole of the King's household to be continued in office. From this it is evident that, if he succeeds, he means to leave the Government as weak as possible, that he may hereafter assail it with greater probability of success.

The armed neutrality met last night at Northumberland House. You have probably had their names and numbers before: about thirty in the Commons and twenty in the Lords, who are, as I apprehend, not pleased in not having their merits properly rewarded. Among the former I recollect the Duke of

* Lord Sydney, one of the secretaries of state, gives *his* account of Lord Malmesbury's conduct in a letter to Lord Cornwallis; he writes on 21st February, 1789: "Sir James Harris was created Lord Malmesbury, and took his seat during the King's illness. He desired Lord Carmarthen and me to introduce him. He went to Mr. Pitt and declared his approbation of the intended measures and the restrictions on the Regent's power. He then went to the Prince and turned to the right about."—*Cornwallis Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 407.

Northumberland, Lord Rawdon, Lord Kinnaird, Lord Hawke, Lord Breadalbane; among the latter, Sir J. Sinclair, Macbride, two Bastards, Sir J. Molesworth, Sir J. Swinburne, &c.; but it is supposed that most of them will upon this occasion vote with opposition.

If the minister to-morrow agitates the question of right, it will be moved that the Speaker leave the chair, as a previous question cannot be moved. If this is carried, probably the minister will cut; so he seemed to intimate; but he said the same on his India Bill, but did not act accordingly.

Not knowing when your servant may go, I continue to write, and will whilst he stays continue occasionally to add to my letter.

Monday Night, 11 P.M.

I understand they have had some debate this day in the House of Lords, when the Duke of York spoke very well, deprecating the agitating the question of right, and stating that the princes of the house of Hanover did not make any such claim. Lord Rawdon declared fully against the question being agitated; from whence it is known that the armed neutrality will upon this occasion vote with opposition. The bets at Brooke's this night are even against the minister, though the Chancellor has declared for him.

Wednesday.

But the messieurs at Brooke's were much deceived, for the majority against the previous question was very considerable, 268 to 204*,—a very full house.

Sir G. Yonge told me on Tuesday night that the armed neutrality had some time since wrote to the King that they were able to support him against Pitt and Fox, and that he (Sir G. Yonge) had seen the letter. Strange, passing strange!

Charles Fox's expeditious return to England has laid heavy upon him: he came eleven hundred miles in

* The majority was decisive, and was never materially reduced in any of the subsequent divisions.

nine days, often in an open chaise, only twice in bed, two hours each time. The business of Thursday was deferred on his account till Friday, and yesterday Mr. Pitt was very hoarse and not well. The business again proceeded upon till between ten and eleven, and then adjourned to Monday next; but I have paired off for three weeks with Spencer Stanhope, and go northward to-morrow morning. Before the expiration of that time the business will be somehow settled; but I much doubt whether it will be well settled. Many think the minister means the restrictions on the Regency to be such that the Prince must decline it; and that he will appoint the Queen Regent, and continue to govern in her name.

The King continues better and worse. Willis always writes favourable accounts to the minister, who showed one on Wednesday night to his friends at White's. This became published, and induced Warren next day to tax Willis with it, who at first denied it, afterwards acknowledged it, when Warren scolded him, the King that very night being very bad. Dr. Warren afterwards complained to the Chancellor.

Upon discourse lately of the good accounts from Willis, George Selwyn denominated him the King's *rat*-catcher. The account received this day from Kew is very bad. I have two or three times gone to the play with my boys, who wait here to go down with me; but they have had a very dull time.

I leave this to go with your servant. With every good wish to you all,

I am, yours sincerely,

JOHN EDEN.

Sir John Eden to Mr. Eden.

Downing Street, Dec. 19th, 1788.

Dear William,—I have a long letter in hand for you, designed to be sent by your servant; but when the minister will send him appears very doubtful,—probably not till after Wednesday next. In that letter

I have given some account of the proceedings of each day in Parliament.

On Tuesday the minister moved the question of right, upon which Lord North, in a most able speech, moved the previous question. Sir R. P. Arden seconded, in a long bad speech, the minister. The debate heavy, and no good speeches except from the minister, Lord North, and Mr. Fox. At two the division, 268 against the previous question to 204. The main question then put and carried. The preceding day the Duke of York had made in the Lords a very good short speech, disavowing on the Prince's part any claim whatever. This ought to have induced the minister not to press a division on the question; and I suppose, if his Majesty recovers, he will not be pleased with him for this business.

I should not be surprised, according to the surprising luck that has always attended our minister, if during the present contest his old enemy, Charles Fox, should fall a martyr to his exertions; for he is very far from well. The minister talks of despatch, but does not press it. We believe he wishes delay and to take the chapter of accidents; for his behaviour has been such as to evince that he means to retire when the Prince becomes Regent, and to curtail his power so much as to make the Regency a mere pageant, without leaving the Regent sufficient power to distribute honours, &c., as he ought to have.

His Majesty has been better and worse alternately, generally two days quiet, and the third more disturbed,—I suppose not an uncommon thing in such unhappy cases. When the patient is weak he is more quiet, and when his strength is recruited he is more disturbed. Willis seems to have considerable hopes of his recovery.

Friday, 2 P.M.

The account of this day states that the King had a bad night; he is quiet this morning.

It will probably appear to you that both parties here acted rather too warmly. It is a great pity that matters could not have been carried on in a more amicable manner.

I expect I shall pair off for some weeks, when I shall go immediately northward, and not return until a new Parliament, or that I am satisfied this will not be dissolved. With every good wish to you all,

I am, yours sincerely,

JOHN EDEN.

P.S.—I fear that no material business after this day will be ready by the end of next week.

Captain Sidney Smith, R.N., to Mr. Eden.

31, Little Marylebone Street, Cavendish Square,
London, Dec. 30th, 1788.

Dear Sir,—I should have written to you immediately on my arrival in England if I had had anything to communicate of a more interesting nature than merely news of myself. I took for granted you had quicker and more authentic intelligence of the commencement of the King's unhappy disorder than any I could give you, or you should have that from me, and since that time, though I have been anxiously endeavouring to acquire some intelligence or anecdote for you, the authenticity of which I could depend upon, such has been the ingenuity of parties to frame reports for the purposes of the day, that I dared not send them to you for fear of misleading you. This morning I obtained a sight of a letter from Dr. Willis (under whose immediate care the King is) to an anxious inquirer of the Queen's family, and one whose rank in that family entitled him to a full and explicit answer. I may mention his name to your excellency for your satisfaction as to the goodness of the authority, though it would not be right to name authorities in a London circle for fear of the additions and embellishments that would infallibly arise in the repetition

even before it got out of the room,—Lord Aylesbury is the person I mean. Dr. Willis assures his lordship that though "his Majesty is not so well this morning as he has been for these three days past, he has every reason to hope for a gradual and perfect recovery. In the late intervals of his disorder," he says, he has been "more perfectly himself," and that these symptoms of amendment, compared with his experience in similar cases, are the grounds of the hope expressed above of a perfect recovery, while the worst symptoms that have appeared have never been such as to make him relinquish that hope and expectation. This, so far as one can depend upon Dr. Willis's assertion and experience, is very good news.

The "opposition" physicians about his Majesty (and however odd it may sound such there have been) say everything they can to invalidate the daily testimonies of the others, so between both, the public are strangely divided in doubts, hopes, and fears. I have forborne giving any of their reported opinions till I could be certain of the channel through which they came, and the very words, which, as near as I can recollect them, I have given you above. I was not allowed to take a copy of them, at least I did not think it a right thing to ask. It is very certain the Queen is very much dissatisfied with Sir G. Baker and Dr. Warren, and very well satisfied with the change of treatment introduced by Dr. Willis, which, from the most violent and harsh, is now the most gentle possible, consistent with the firmness necessary in such cases. The poor Queen is, as may be supposed, worn to a skeleton. The King was permitted to see her the day before yesterday, Sunday 28th, as Dr. Willis thought that disappointment (as his Majesty was very earnest for it) was likely to have a worse effect than indulgence could possibly have. The King proposed it by observing to the doctor that he thought himself well enough to have the Queen to breakfast with him that morning. The doctor endeavoured to persuade him to wait till he was so far re-

established in his health as to be able to have her Majesty to breakfast with him every morning as usual. To this the King at first acquiesced, saying he thought the doctor right, but afterwards he dressed himself and again urged his desire. The meeting was, as may be supposed, too strong for his weak feelings at first, but did not affect him in the same violent way the former interview did; he soon became calm again and remains so at present, though he has had a violent paroxysm since, as appears by the public report. The above, you will understand, I had not from the same channel as the doctor's letter, though from one equally to be depended upon.

Now, sir, to take leave of that melancholy scene and give you an idea of the more busy one in the political world, in which I have also contrived to mix, upon my usual plan of being in the thickest of whatever is going on, that I may make my use of it in private afterwards, both by reflecting on it for myself, and communicating it to those to whom I think an account of it would be acceptable. I was in the House of Lords last Friday the 26th, when the resolutions which passed in the Commons (and which you no doubt have) were debated in the committee. They were yesterday, Monday 29th, passed in the House without any debate, though the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Stormont, Lord Rawdon, and Lord Hay (Kinnoul or Kinnaird*, I forget which) did all they could to draw the ministers into one. The Lord Chancellor had said all he chose to say in the Friday's debate, and therefore only answered them by "Is it your Lordships' pleasure that these resolutions do pass?" which was carried without a division, since the strength had been tried in the committee. I am not equal to giving you any idea of the Lord Chancellor's arguments, Lord Lansdown's constitutional doctrines, or Lord Abingdon's torrent of rhapsodical good sense, but I will enclose you a paper which contains them. Lord

* Probably Lord Kinnoul.

Abingdon's is given as usual verbatim in the first person by himself. I have chosen an opposition paper, because if you receive any from your friends by this post it will probably be a ministerial one. I shall refer you to that, and take my leave of this subject by satisfying a query that must arise in your mind, viz. whether the Prince will take the Regency; with restrictions it is supposed he will, lest the Queen should, as the Parliament, having established their right and overset the injudicious claim made by his friends in favour of his right, might and would offer it to her Majesty, and she has no reason to be delicate with regard to his Royal Highness from his treatment of her. I hope this letter will be more intelligible to you than I fear the last from Bilboa was; the matter was worth your consideration if I could have but expressed it, but tired as I was, at two o'clock in the morning, and surrounded by noisy Spanish sailors smoking, swearing, and working, I should not wonder if you thought me mad from the performance I sent your excellency.

Your Excellency's faithful servant,

W. SIDNEY SMITH.

CHAP. XVII.

The Doctors continue to disagree. — Jealousy between Fox and Sheridan. — Letter of Mr. Storer. — Illness of Mr. Fox. — Quarrel between Dr. Willis and Sir Lucas Pepys. — M. Huber's Letter from Paris. — Miss Sayer's Letter, containing an Account of the Supper Party at Mrs. Richard Walpole's. — Conduct of the Prince of Wales. — Jack Payne's Impudence. — Spirited Behaviour of the Duchess of Gordon. — The Duke of Cumberland and Sir Joshua. — The Duke's Compliment to Gibbon. — The Opera. — Character of Lord Worcester. — Party at Lady Herries's. — Letter of the Archbishop, containing favourable Accounts of the King. — Lord Sheffield's List of the new Ministers. — The King's Health improves. — Anger of Mr. Burke. — Colonel Glover and the Duke of Dorset. — Convalescence of the King. — The King sees the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York.

The Archbishop of Canterbury to Mr. Eden.

Jan. 16th, 1789.

THE report of the committee, after their very long sitting, was made to the Commons on Wednesday. Dr. Willis insists that the symptoms of the malady are become much more favourable than at his former examination; that the time when a recovery may be expected no mortal can say, but, that the patient will completely recover, he has, in consequence of his experience and observations, the strongest ground of hope; that he reads with attention and intelligence, and converses with more of both than he could a few weeks ago. Warren and Baker controvert some of these positions, and deny in general that there is amendment. The others, Pepys, Reynolds, and Gisborne agree in improved symptoms, and in their opinion of probable recovery. Warren and Willis have greatly disagreed from almost their first meeting.

The most dispassionate think Willis's long experience gives him great advantage of judgment in this particular disorder; but that he is rather too sanguine in his hopes, which he states as scarcely checked by a shade of doubt. On the other hand they think Warren unqualified by any experience he has had to pronounce so decidedly as he does, unfavourable prognostics as to recovery. It is a strange subject for party to exist upon, and disgraceful to the country that it should be so; but so it is, and many pronounce Warren a party man in his accounts of a deep dye, while Willis is supposed to delude himself by his ambition to recover the patient. Fox's illness seldom leaves him without severe attacks a week together; and, under the circumstances of that party, their difficulties and their quarrels, they are not likely to diminish. The jealousy with respect to Sheridan is not lessened by his being actually an inmate at Mrs. Fitzherbert's now, with his wife. They took refuge there on being driven out of their own house by the bailiffs who are now in it. He is on all hands understood to be the prime favourite, and to be so sensible of it, as modestly to pretend to a Cabinet place, which is hitherto firmly resisted by the Duke of Portland, who says they cannot both be in the same cabinet. Sheridan would willingly submit to be Chancellor of the Exchequer; but it is thought things are not yet ripe enough for the manager of Drury Lane to be manager of the House of Commons. Indeed the Commons are refractory, and will probably give ample proof of it by a large majority on the question of limitations, in spite of all the means used, with all ability and activity, to get the better of it. They are now debating that subject. In the Lords it is supposed the majority will exceed what it has been on any other question. But the great embarrassment is, that the general run of the country being strongly with Mr. Pitt, it is apprehended a dissolution of Parliament will not mend matters. It is believed there has been an idea of putting Lord Fitzwilliam at the

head, instead of the Duke*, and that the old wound there of the year before last is not healed. One cannot help thinking, however, with the knowledge one has of mankind, that a Regent once made, will gain ground apace, and change the face of things, supposing no recovery. But even then the seeds of discord threaten a breaking up, and they are sown thick. It must also be owned that the cry in favour of the falling minister is beyond example, as is the stand and command he takes singly in all debates.

The Speaker† had an abscess on the lungs. He had been latterly, too, very intemperate. His fortune he left to Mrs. Cornewall for life, then to Sir G. Cornewall's children. Lord Hawkesbury is disappointed.

Mr. Storer to Mr Eden.

Golden Square, Jan. 16, 1789.

Dear Eden,—We have been waiting so long for the creation of a Regent, that I begin to imagine it will never happen. The creation of one has already taken up ten times the period, which the creation of the world did, and we do not seem more advanced than we were when we set out on the 12th of November. As the spectacle of Regent is not ready for representation, the present directors have thought it advisable to treat us with a second examination of the physicians. From their examination it clearly appears that his Majesty is as far from being in a convalescent state as ever he has been, and that perhaps there has been some endeavours made use of to keep his situation a secret from the public. This day the report of the committee, which has been sitting several days, is presented to the House.

Mr. Pitt is so powerful that he may do as he pleases. Had he known his own power at the beginning of this business, perhaps he would never have thought

* The Duke of Portland. † Mr. Cornewall.

of making the Prince the Regent, it being now undoubtedly proved, I think, that he might have conferred the Regency on the Queen. If he has been guilty of any error, and this certainly is a material one for him, it has been in not having foreseen his strength in Parliament. Perhaps it is in order to retrieve this false step that he is now meditating how he may clog the Regency with such restrictions as may induce the Prince of Wales to refuse it; but clog it as he will, half a loaf — you know the proverb, "he who holds the reins may change his horses when he chooses;" and though the household may be established for the present moment, it may moulder and crumble away as soon as another Parliament may find it their interest to undo what this has done.

If you have had a great many deaths in Spain, we have not had fewer here. Every person, the least advanced in years, seems to have thought it necessary to die. I dare say you are sorry for the late Speaker. The delay in appointing a Regent has proved serviceable, at least, to Mr. Grenville, who will, however short the duration of this Parliament may be, receive a handsome sum from his office. Instead of marriages, I can now only send Mrs. Eden a list of deaths. This frost, perhaps, has contributed not a little in sweeping away so many people, but it now seems itself hastening to a dissolution; and if the west wind will but last a day or two longer, the streets, perhaps, will be passable for carriages, and the Thames for boats. Lady Charlotte Finch's and Lady Harcourt's examination of Dr. Warren, by which the story of what his Majesty said about Dr. Willis's *bonnes fortunes* came to light, has amused the town much at the expense of the ladies, and is one of those things which, as you say, may be kept for Beckenham. Richard Edgcumbe's marriage with Lady Sophia Hobart is put off for a fortnight, till their house is papered. Lord Beauchamp is at

* Mr. W. W. Grenville was the new Speaker.

length come home; he, I believe, would be glad to have the embassy to Paris, but much is to be done before arrangements, I suppose, are thought of.

The examination of the physicians, as it has brought to light many things which people were not aware of, may produce some alteration in Parliament; but of this the wisest cannot prophesy, more than they can concerning any particular period for his Majesty's recovery. I am so tired with perpetual conversations about insanity, that I wish for any new event to think of, or talk of. There is no circle into which one goes, where one person does not tell you that the King is now so near the re-establishment both of his bodily and mental health, that he will meet his Parliament in a fortnight; and some other contradicts him flatly by asserting that both his mind and his body are in the most desperate situation. One cannot say that doctors disagree. They are all on the same side but Willis, of whom you will not long be at a loss what opinion to entertain. The examination is conclusive with regard to him. Lady Loughborough's protegée, Miss Wallis*, has made her appearance on the stage. As I did not see her I cannot well give you an account of her performance. George Selwyn† and the Duke of Queensberry think differently in politics for the first time in their lives. I continue to live a good deal with the French ambassador, who lives very, I was going to say, comfortably as well as magnificently; but since the usage of the word comfortable by the physicians, one is at a loss what is the signification of it. One sees it is a word which pleases, however, a royal ear. No Old Bailey attorney ever seized a word with that avidity with which this was caught up. So do the spotless act. Do not fail to give my best compliments to the ambassadress, and believe me with the sincerest wishes for your prosperity, yours, &c.

A. STORER.

* Miss Wallis met with great success.

† George Selwyn for the King, the Duke for the Prince.

The Duke of Dorset to Mr. Eden.

Paris, Jan. 17th, 1789.

My dear Sir,—I received yesterday yours of the first instant and will forward your official letter to England by the first opportunity; it unluckily arrived a day too late to send by my courier. My last news from London is not conclusive. Mr. Pitt had consented to a re-examination of the physicians, and the report of the committee was not expected to come on in the House before Monday the 12th, though something material was expected on Friday, as the friends to Government had on that morning received pressing notices to attend. The result of Friday's proceedings I have not yet received. Upon the whole the King was a good deal better, and Willis certainly has the most sanguine hope of his recovery. Charles Fox has been much out of order, and is certainly very far from well. They say he has a very ugly complaint, which may turn to a cancer, which charity, I own to you, obliges me to hope may not be true. He sent for Mrs. Armstead the other day from hence, and she is gone to take care of him. You must have heard by this time of the taking by assault Oczakow* on the 17th of last month. The accounts from Vienna and Warsaw differ much. Hailes† writes me word that a shell from the besiegers having fallen and burst on a magazine of powder close to the works, a breach was made in them of about forty feet wide. The Russians have lost by their own account six thousand men, amongst whom three general officers, Dolgoroucki, Volkonski, and Gonch; many other officers of rank have also perished. On the side of the Turks, 4000 have been killed and 2300 made prisoners.

* Oczakow is now an insignificant place opposite Kinburn. When the allies took Kinburn in the last war the fortifications of Oczakow were destroyed by the Russians. Oczakow nearly occasioned a war between England and Russia in 1791, England demanding that it should be restored to the Turks.

† Mr. Hailes was now minister at Warsaw.

From Vienna they write that the Russians only lost 1000 men, and as many wounded; and of the Turks there remained dead upon the spot 4500. Of the two I am apt to believe the former account, as Warsaw seems to be better situated for the truth of an event of that magnitude than Vienna, where the most favourable detail would be given. What this circumstance will produce time only can show. If the Grand Seigneur finds it necessary to cut off the heads of the Grand Vizier and the Capitaine Pacha, their successors may wish for peace; but unless both these ministers are disposed of one way or the other, the Divan will be disposed to risk another campaign; at least such seems to be the prevailing opinion here. A total change seems likely to take place *chez nous*, and I am apt to think the beginning of our new government will not be marked with that gentleness which prevails at the Court you reside at. I hear Beauchamp and Malmesbury are candidates for this station. In about a fortnight the whole must be decided. I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Eden, and I remain,

My dear Sir, most truly yours,

DORSET.

P.S.—My last letters from London are of the 9th of January.

Lord Sheffield to Mr. Eden.

Sheffield Place, 14th Jan. 1789.

My dear Eden,—At length your letter of the 15th December reached me. We rejoice that the measles are passing in a favourable way, and hope Mrs. Eden will continue quite stout.

I delayed writing to you because I daily expected that I should be able to give you an account that something was at length done; but the re-examination of the physicians having suspended the great business of the Regency, I took the opportunity of returning to transact business here three days ago. The

whole history of what has been going on is not fit to be trusted to paper. The disposition to misrepresent the King's state is made as clear as day to those who are not absolutely blinded by prejudice. The re-examination of the physicians was brought on by one of the armed neutralities, without the knowledge of opposition, and it has turned out extremely well according to my notion of things. I flatter myself it will have a good effect when the intended restrictions relative to the household, etc., come to be debated; and that a majority will not be found disposed to leave it in such intriguing hands as will surely employ the power arising from it to obstruct the operations of the Regent's government. As to the other restrictions relative to peerages, patent employment, &c., they will be easily carried.

I wish the Prince's answer to Pitt's letter on the subject of restrictions was published. It is an excellent manifesto.

My last account of the King is that he had had but five hours' sleep in three nights and days, and that he has been extremely furious. His pulse was at 120 on Sunday night, when Pepys ordered a draft, which Willis would not give him. On Monday morning his pulse was at 108: in this situation Willis had ordered the carriage to take him out, because he promised him an airing the day before, and he never broke his promise; however, Warren and Pepys thought Willis's promise of less consequence than the King's life, and kept him at home; and this happened at a time when the weather was eminently bad. I do not remember so hard a frost or such a shivering cold. You may depend on the above account. It is to be hoped the vile attempts to make him appear better will cease when the business of the Regency is settled. The Queen was lately told by Warren that instead of being better, as to his disorder, he is rather worse than he was at Windsor. As to bodily health, I understand he is better.

Tell Mrs. Eden I rejoiced in the putting up of Sir

Gilbert* as speaker, because I was satisfied it would insure the chair to him in future. I thought I observed some desirous that nobody should be put up by our friends, I was therefore more anxious that the party should be committed in his support.

Your accounts of the late King of Spain surprised me. I had believed the direct contrary.

My lady always insists on being very particularly remembered. Yours ever,

SHEFFIELD.

M. Huber to Mr. Eden.

Friday night, 16th January, 1789.

My dear Sir,—Your letter of the 1st January, and that of dear Mrs. Eden's of the same date, just received. I had much rather trust to your feelings and heart than to my words, to make you conceive what our astonishment, disappointment, vexation, sorrow must be at still seeing that you are without a line from us. We are almost crazy at the thought of it; in fear for more than six letters written to you by Mdme. H. or myself since Baillard's last arrival from Spain. One only I sent under cover to Joyce; all the others we sent (thinking it safest) to Peregaux's and through his channel. Mine have all been full of interesting intelligence, and contained successively all the interesting events that have taken place here. All have likewise painted our anxiety on your account, writing from the scene of woe, of uncertainty, and of changes likely to take place in England. But extreme attachment to you, my dear sir, and to your beloved family, makes everything that is going forward in England of the first interest to us. But unable to fathom deep in the political hearts and minds there, we have fairly applied to yourself in our letters to learn what hopes we might entertain, over and above those which spring from abilities like yours.

* Sir Gilbert Elliot put up in opposition to Mr. W. W. Grenville without success.

am convinced in my own mind, that our disappointments (if we have any) as to what may concern you hereafter, must arise more from the great height of our wishes than from any real reason of complaint that may be given you.

This is Friday night, and the last accounts from London are of the 9th; they are the same I gave you last Tuesday morning, for since you pointed out *that* as a good day for intelligence, we have written thrice by that post. Peregaux received from me your request of attending to that day in particular for communicating to you anything that might have come on the Monday.

I have told you of Mr. W. Grenville being speaker, and of the resolution of the House of Commons to examine the physicians on oath as to the King's state of health: this forebodes new delays, and I cannot help thinking that Mr. Pitt, who seemed at first to oppose the motion tending to this examination, wished for it on some grounds favourable to the King's cause. Upon the whole I think no doubts can be entertained of his being better, and in a train more decidedly mending. Have you been told that, on hearing the death of the late King of Spain, he said: "Well! we must be gainers by the change: the last was French, the new one is, I am told, an Englishman." Baillard must have been changed into a salt statue for looking back—no doubt to the English shore,—else, how could his eternal absence be accounted for? Had you but the good things we intend you by him, they will have lost the merit of novelty; and it is hard that one cannot carry you along with the tide of daily events.

The letters of convocation* will go next week. Do you imagine half the work attending them? It was well a special commission was named for the management of them under M. Necker's inspection. Upwards of eight hundred letters, petitions, &c., have been received at Versailles since the "Rapport au Conseil"

* For the États-Généraux.

came out. Of course you will see the many alterations, modifications, &c., which the first idea, as to the tenor of those *lettres de convocation*, must have undergone. To the books and pamphlets waiting for a messenger, I shall add two diabolical productions of Mirabeau, with his name affixed to them. The first appeared three days ago, "La Monarchie Prussienne." The late King of Prussia's brother Prince Henry, who spends the winter here, and the Emperor are treated in it in so gross a manner, that I firmly expect her Majesty to insist on condign punishment. Prince Henry, however, has the *bon esprit* to laugh at it, and to have it on his mantelpiece. The second production made its appearance this morning. It is an attack of the same kind on M. Necker, on his "Rapport au Conseil;" on his absurd notions as financier; on his charlatanism, both moral and civil; on his determination to bring about again Law's system—paper money.

May this letter at least reach you, and may you have received all our foregoing ones!

This shall go "à droiture" under no cover. I must not forget to tell you that the sea on the French and English coast is frozen, they say, two leagues out —the harbour at Calais is one piece of ice, and the vessels fast. We have now a serious thaw, but the thermometer has been at 17½° below ice. The winter has been uncommon, and so have also the acts of benevolence in this town—the French are a good people, we must own it. Many thanks for the description of the ambassadress and her infant in her arms, going to their Catholic Majesties; there is some coquetry in all that, however, as well as sound policy. Who knows but these doings may hasten something favourable for England? We feel ourselves obliged to you and Madame de Grave for her powdered hair. You shall have a picture of the whole shortly.

Your steady resolution of not spending a second summer in Spain is pleasant under many aspects, and it has the look of a free will on your part. What do

you think of the new-made peer, Lord Malmesbury, violent in opposition, and has hardly got his scarlet robe on. If report says true, he wishes to come over here for a change of air,—I hope Dr. Willis will be of a different opinion. I can add nothing to what Mrs. Huber has said but the expression of equal vexation.

The following letter is written by Miss Sayer, a friend of the celebrated Mrs. Boscawen : —

*Miss Sayer to Madame Huber.**

Audley Street, Tuesday, 27th January.

Here I am, my Lydia, in a worry about the opera. Miss Brudenell† promised me her ticket for to-night, and I again applied to Lady Herries as a *chaperon*,—she consented very civilly. This morning it was my desire not to have the half guinea on my shoulders; and Mrs. Boscawen, thinking so too, applied to Lady Mount Edgcumbe‡ for a ticket for Lady Herries. She not only promised me Mr. Edgcumbe's, but said she was just going to offer it me with a place in her box; would dine here, and carry me, and bring me back. Mrs. Boscawen answered, while I was at Mrs. Brudenell's, that I was engaged. When I returned, and was obliged to write to Lady Herries to settle our plan, I just hinted that, having an offer of a box, if she only went to oblige me I would release her from her kind intentions. A very civil note agreeing to it. Then we went to Lady Mount Edgcumbe—she not at home; so I am not sure she may not in her morning ramble engage somebody else. And then comes Lady Herries, who, having got a ticket, is willing to change

* This letter to Madame Huber was sent on by M. Huber to give Mr. Eden the best information.

† The Maid of Honour.

‡ Lady Mount Edgcumbe, the only daughter of Dr. Gilbert, Archbishop of York, married, 16th August, 1761, to George, third Baron Mount Edgcumbe.

her mind again and to go, while I am obliged to abide by my second choice, not being very sure that so between two stools I shall not fall to the ground. If I had not thought this worry made on purpose for me, and likely to make you smile at least, I should not have wasted so much previous time on it, especially at this interesting moment, when public news must be so eagerly expected by you. This is a great day,—the Regency Bill in the House of Commons. Mr. Fox is set out for Bath so ill.

Marsh Gate, Thursday Evening.

There I was interrupted, my Lydia, and now I feel to have a great deal to say to you, and but little time to say it in. I received your dear letter this morning. I am sure you will not accuse me of being *exigeante* when I tell you I own I wished it longer; but indeed you are too kind to me in general for me ever to complain of a short letter, though it should happen more than once a year. I had heard something of M. Galliard's* sad history from Sir Robert Herries, who followed me out of the room last night to tell me of it. I could not ask him many questions, but I own I was a little frightened about it (I don't know now very well why) for you, and rejoiced in your letter this morning more than usual, as it reassured me entirely. I am very sorry for this wretched man and his afflicted family: surely it was at his house on the Boulevards that we saw the fireworks at l'Hôtel de Montmorenci. Pray don't forget to tell me if you have any tidings of him. None good, alas! are to be expected; but anything is better than a state of doubt. I wish I could send you any good of our beloved King. Lately he does not appear to have been so well; walked one day in Kew gardens, and as he passed the gate which leads to Richmond garden, he ordered it to be opened. Of course, he

* A friend of the Hubers, who became bankrupt.

was disobeyed, as they were full of workmen. Enraged at this, he sat down on the ground, and vowed he would go no farther. To-day there is a tolerable account in the paper, as you will see. Our newspaper which I sent last week gives a very just account of the evidence of the physicians, which appears to me little more than an account of their disputes. Would that the dear King was left solely to Willis! They say the Queen is very timid. I ought not to believe myself very bold, but yet I think I should venture to discharge all the physicians as soon as I was appointed sole guardian of the King. *Nous verrons.* Meantime nothing ever was equal to the violence of the party, *de part et d'autre*, but most the Prince's side, because disappointed. The Duke of Portland has declared to the Prince his determination not to act with Mr. Sheridan in council, who is just now Prime Minister at Carlton House. He and his wife live with Mrs. Fitzherbert, having no other habitation. Charles Fox, besides ill health, is plagued to death all day long, dissatisfied with Mr. Sheridan's supremacy, and not choosing to be questioned by Mr. Rolle, who vows he will, in spite of threats and opposition, *approfondir* that matter.*

You see how unanimous the county of Devon has been in their address to the Prince. Yesterday the city aldermen, &c., were to meet to consider of the same measure. I hope they will be prepared against a riot as before; but all that you will see in the papers. But what you will not see is the strange supper of which I am going to tell you, and which Lady Mount Edgcumbe had from the Duchess of Gordon herself, who, being entirely for Mr. *Pett*, is vastly teased by the princes, whom she never fails to answer extremely well. A few days ago Mrs. Richard Walpole† gave a supper to the two princes, Mrs. Fitzherbert, Colonel

* The Prince's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert.

† Mrs. Richard Walpole was the third daughter of Sir Joshua Vanneck.

Fullarton, Jack Payne* (who is such a favourite he is to be a Lord of the Admiralty, and leans on the Prince as he walks, not the Prince on him), Miss Vanneck, and a few others; the Duchess of Gordon the only Pittite. The Prince says: "What a fine fellow my brother York is! he never forsakes me. The other day, when we went to look for the King's money, jewels, &c., at Kew, as we opened the drawers, my mother looked very uneasy, and grew angry. Says York to her, 'Madam, I believe you are as much deranged as the King.'" Then says Jack Payne, after a great many invectives against Mr. Pitt, calling him William the Fourth and William the Conqueror, &c., "Mr. Pitt's chastity will protect the Queen;" which was received by all present as a very good thing. The Duchess of Gordon† (for which you will like her, though a Scotchwoman) declared if they began to abuse the Queen she would leave the room. And now I am in a fright lest I should have told you all this before.

But here's two anecdotes of the wise Duke of Cumberland which most likely you have never heard; one came from Sir Joshua Reynolds himself. The Duchess of Cumberland was sitting for her picture; the duke came in, tumbled about the room in his awkward manner, without speaking to Sir Joshua. The duchess thought it too bad, and whispered to him her opinion; upon which he came, and leaning on Sir Joshua's chair while he was painting, said: "What! you always begin with the head first, do you?" And once when, at his own public day, he was told he ought to say something to Mr. Gibbon the author: "So," says he, "I suppose you are at

* John Willet Payne, younger brother of Sir Ralph. He was a captain in the navy and secretary to the Prince.

† In Massey's History of England, vol. iii. p. 389, there is the following account:—"Jack Payne, the Prince's secretary, one day uttered some ribaldry about the Queen in the presence of the Duchess of Gordon. 'You little, insignificant, good-for-nothing, upstart, pert, chattering puppy,' said her Grace; 'how dare you name your royal master's royal mother in that style?'" Lady Harcourt's Diary, Locker MSS.

the old trade again—scribble, scribble, scribble." I should think, with such pretty witty sayings, his Royal Highness must be very entertaining.

The Duchess of Gloucester is the only one who seems to have any idea of propriety; she has given up her opera box, and sees only two or three people of a night, just to make a party for the duke, to whom she has lately been reconciled.

Now, to give you my own particular history. My opera succeeded admirably. Lady Mount Edgcumbe is so pleasantly violent, it is quite entertaining. Mrs. Anderson was of our party, and very agreeable. A charming box near the orchestra; and who do you think came in *pour faire sa cour*, as he called it?—M. l'Ambassadeur de France.* I quite coloured, and longed to ask him why he was so perverse and so absurd. He seemed to despise the opera very much; and well he might, for very *mesquin* did it appear after Paris, such dancing! Oh! quite Sadler's Wells. I never saw anything worse at the playhouse. Lord Mount Edgcumbe is drollery itself, and he exercised it on the poor *figurantes* very much to my entertainment, while M. de la Luzerne was saying soft things to Mrs. Anderson. What a fright he is! how like a tailor! When Marchesi sang, then it was delightful, and Lady Mount Edgcumbe, partial as she is to Paris, could not help observing that one moment of superiority to the French opera. Opposite to me was the Duchess of Gordon, surrounded by men talking politics as fast and as loud as possible, Lord Worcester† of the number, till the Duke of York entered the box, and that *arrivé* sent all the Pittites away. The Duchess of Rutland in the next box, looking young and beautiful as an angel.

Yesterday we dined at Admiral Leveson's‡, Lord Worcester§ of the party. He is delightful; so natural,

* M. de la Luzerne.
† Grandfather of the present Duke of Beaufort.
‡ Mrs. Boscawen's son-in-law.
§ Lord Worcester was a grandson of Mrs. Boscawen.

so unaffected, so *sans pretentions*, and yet enthusiastic in the cause, loving amusement, parties, balls, White's, &c. &c., never forgetting all possible attentions to Mrs. Boscawen, sending her the division, &c. &c. Lady Falmouth* was of our dinner, but not my lord; he would not leave the House of Lords for fear of a division, and for fear of being scolded by his mother for having a good fit of the gout, which she says he has made himself a present of by a plentiful diet of good eating, champagne, and no exercise. After dinner we went to Lady Herries', who had a conversation party. Mrs. Boscawen begged a whist table in the corner. I talked of Paris with Mr. Sackville, and of M. de St. Simon with Mr. Walpole,† who was in one of his best humours. I have heard so much of "Anacharsis," I long to read it. At last, at last here are two Prayer-books. Before I went to London I found nothing but little Bibles; these I hope are not too large. Here's dear papa scolding me very much, and telling me what I shall say:—"My father's very angry. 'Let me have none of this, miss. Go into your own chamber and write, your father is to be humoured. Who supports you but your father?'" And so he is so angry I must leave off. My brother is as perverse as possible, and makes him ten times worse. "When your father tells you you should not write, you're past the age of youth, and only fit for an old maid." Adieu, my dearest Lydia. Now my brother's railing, dear papa is merciful, and says: "No occasion for two bull-dogs upon her at once. No, no, sir; I'm her father, but I won't suffer you to fall upon her." In gratitude I must leave off. M. de Pongens is almost well. I will speak to him to-morrow about the letter. He is going to town soon, and then will see all the dogs of a certain den. Adieu, adieu.

* George Evelyn, third Viscount Falmouth, son of Admiral and Mrs. Boscawen, married Miss Crewe, daughter of John Crewe, Esq., of Bolesworth Castle, Cheshire.

† Horace Walpole.

M. Huber to Mr. Eden.

Tuesday morning, 3rd February, 1789.

Dear Sir,—Last night late we received from Mr. Stone our weekly packet from England, with a note saying the duke had intended writing to you to-day, but he being at Versailles he could not do it.

Things are as good as decided as to the Regency. You will not mind postage to have all the intelligence that can be given you; and it being too late to translate, I send you a letter which you may greatly rely on, as the particulars are from the best authority. I also enclose two letters from Mr. Pitt and the Prince.

The resolutions of the Commons of Wednesday the 28th are: "That a committee be appointed to communicate to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales the resolutions which the Houses of Lords and Commons have agreed to for providing the means of supplying the defect in the personal exercise of the royal authority, under such regulations as the present circumstances may require; and that the committee be directed to inform his Royal Highness that the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons express their hopes that his Royal Highness will accept the said charge as soon as an Act of Parliament can be passed for carrying into effect the said purpose. That the resolution which relates to the care of his Majesty's person, and the management of his Majesty's household being in the Queen, should be communicated to her Majesty in the name of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and the Commons, to take under her care those important trusts, as soon, &c. &c." (Taken from a paper of Thursday the 29th.)

There you have, my dear sir, the very latest news. The Prince is highly offended at all these restrictions *sine quâ non*.

Mr. Fox seems to me to be offended at Sheridan's violent passion; his journey to Bath is not for health

only. I cannot hope to see Mr. Pitt remain one moment with the Prince at first starting. I cannot figure to myself a possibility of his remaining out six months, for what can such a ministry do in the House of Commons?

The *lettres de convocation* came out this day. My next will speak of them.

Why, why, will you not say something, at least to us, concerning your future ideas? Oh, this sad subversion of things and men! God bless you, my dear sir, and all yours.

The Archbishop of Canterbury to Mr. Eden.

Thursday, 12th Feb. 1789.

The ten last days have passed without a single interruption of good accounts from Kew. They have been daily better and better, and this day's is the best of all, and signed by the physicians whose hopes have hitherto been least sanguine. Private accounts more than confirm the public ones; private accounts I mean of the best possible authority, both with respect to the personal means of seeing what is related, and the capacity of drawing conclusions from what is seen. In short, the minds of all men of all descriptions are strongly impressed with the idea of perfect recovery, and those of most men with that of its being near at hand; and yet (strange to say) even under these circumstances, no man has a doubt but that there will be a change of Government the moment the Regency takes place. No man has a doubt, I say, except myself, who cannot persuade myself yet but that there are some individuals of the first importance in the new arrangement who, in such a situation of things, will feel their honour and respectability too deeply pledged by a step so desperate when it comes to the point. Further, it is possible, to be sure, that as the Regency can scarcely be complete yet these ten days, there may be such an improvement in the King

as to furnish still stronger argument than the present state does for letting things remain undisturbed. And surely the present arguments are strong enough without any addition.

The accounts of Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, are—First: Yesterday was passed in a state of composure; he has had four hours' sleep, and has more recollection than usual this morning. Second: He has continued in the same state of composure as yesterday, has had a very good night, and is better this morning. Thirdly: His Majesty has, since yesterday's report, continued in a progressive state of amendment. Signed by every one of the physicians. These accounts are transcribed last.

Possibly you may not have seen the newspapers. Fox is not returned from Bath, and yet I am assured by his particular friends that he is very well. The general idea of Mr. Pitt's firmness, principles, and ability, is much raised by the wonderful manner in which he has supported his business through the House of Commons, on ground much of it so new, and proof that it is so raised, and continually rising, appears every day by addresses unsought for, and by the particular earnestness of all the great towns, with very few exemptions, in the kingdom. Lord Malmesbury is a little checked in his views of going to a certain foreign court* by an unwillingness, that gains strength, to give any offence to the noble person now there. Since I wrote the above, a very red-hot opposer of the present Government, and of no mean consideration, has called here. You have probably heard confirmations, says he, of the very favourable accounts given by the physicians to-day. Yes, I have, and accompanied by a variety of circumstances exceedingly comfortable. His reply was: "I believe there is a great change indeed; and I should imagine it will be thought proper to suspend the business of the Regency Bill in the House of Lords. It

* The Court of Versailles.

will now, as this is the last day in our house, not be stopped there, but go through to-night." Willis imputes much effect to a more generous regimen observed for the last six weeks, part of which is a reasonable allowance of animal food once a day. He declares that the circumstances and degrees of the restoration of reason are such as he most wished for—such as he has always observed in those whose recovery has been most complete,—that very sudden and considerable changes do not promise permanency.

Friday, 13th, Evening.

The accounts of this day are all good and comfortable. Dr. Warren says, "he continues to go on very well." A medical man who sits up constantly with him is sensible and very prudent, and has never given an opinion till this morning. He considers him as restored, and would stake his reputation upon it. Some mechanics have been sent for. Vulliamy, a very sensible man, his old watchmaker, was with him yesterday an hour, and protests he never saw him better. The astronomer, who keeps the observatory, saw him an hour to-day and received orders from him intelligible and perfectly collected. The gardener who keeps the exotics says the same of an interview of his. On Tuesday he told Willis he wished to see the Chancellor; Willis replied he must desire that might not be yet, it would lead to conversations of length beyond his present strength. His answer was: "I will not do it till you think fit; but I have been ill seventeen weeks and have much to inquire about. I must have lost some friends in that time." I am now going to the House of Lords.

7 o'Clock.

I am returned, and surprised to find Baillard here, who says he sets out for Madrid in two hours. Fraser promised me more notice, but perhaps had not more himself. I saw Mr. Pitt while I was out; he was just come from Kew, and brought from thence every-

thing that can encourage hope. Few opposition people were at the House, and those few languid, like men with whom hope deferred has made the heart sick. Sheridan and Co. may at all events urge to get possession for the sake of rank, let the possession be ever so short; but it is too shocking to suppose the Prince will submit to this. Without an unexpected check, I am now persuaded there cannot be a change of ministry. How often have I wished for you of late; how much do I wish you were here now! Lord Sheffield prepared a long letter for you, well intended, I believe; but I declined entering into the subject of it with him not liking the subject.

Cath. would have written to Mrs. Eden, but was in bed when he came with a bad headache. Adieu.

Yours ever.

P.S.—I have sent for some pamphlets for you. If you happen to have them already you will forgive me.

My love to Mrs. E. and all that are dear to you.

Lord Sheffield to Mr. Eden.

Sheffield Place, 19th Feb. 1789.

My dear Eden,—The last post brought me your letter of the 29th January. I am alarmed at your saying some time has passed since you heard from me. I have not written to you very lately, because I daily expected to be able to state new arrangements, &c.; but I wrote some letters, and one very long one, which I should be very sorry to hear had been *intercepted*, for I have little faith in the miscarriage of letters. I wished to write to you by your courier, but I found his departure very uncertain, and I was obliged at length to write a letter to be sent to the Secretary of State's office, to be forwarded to you. I shall be disturbed until I find you have received all my letters. There is a great suspicion that they are not fairly treated at the Secretary's office; but I can scarce believe it. I particularly desired that you

would point out some other line, by which I might occasionally write to you. Many thanks for your care of my friend Mr. Downes* at Barcelona. There cannot be a more worthy and respectable man. I rejoice to hear that the climate agrees with him.

Neither the accounts sent to St. James's nor the ministerial account can be relied on. This is clearly proved by the second examination of the physicians, which I suppose has been sent to you; but the King's health is certainly better, and his mind is more composed. His physicians never see him alone; therefore it is doubtful whether the composure of his mind is the effect of restraint or a degree of restoration. He is much afraid of Dr. Willis. Some time ago he used to show the greatest joy when the other physicians came, Willis being absent, and behaved in a very different manner; he is not now suffered to see any one without Willis being present. He has been lately reported in a progressive state of improvement, but he is occasionally outrageous, and on particular subjects quite deranged. This is thought by some a bad appearance, and that the disorder may settle in that way. The four months' delay of appointing a Regent very justly provokes the reprobation of all men not heated by party. It is inconceivable how it has been possible to treat the business in such a manner. The proceedings, which may appear to you at a distance as digested, uniform, determined, and one part arising from another, were in every respect the contrary. The Chancellor, even after he had determined to act with them and to go out with them, has, I believe, at times treated the measures very cavalierly, and has not been very comfortable to the minister. The expectation of the King's recovery keeps the friends of the latter together. The thanks he has received have not been procured in a very creditable manner; and when the Prince is declared Regent, which I think he must this

* Mr. Downes was an Irish barrister. He afterwards became Chief Justice of the King's Bench; created, 10th Dec. 1792, Lord Downes.

week or the beginning of next, he will have plenty of addresses.

Is there any method of sending you short pamphlets, or parts of other papers and newspapers? If sent in moderate packets to the Secretary of State's office, will they be conveyed to you without any immoderate postage? I suppose you know the persons who are to fill the principal offices, viz. First Lord * of Treasury and the two Secretaries.† Earl Fitzwilliam, First Lord of the Admiralty, Earl Spencer, Lord-Lieutenant. Pelham has been in readiness to set out for some time, and would have gone ten days ago if good news had not arrived from Ireland. Sheridan is to be Treasurer of Navy or a Vice-Treasurer. Lord North declines being of the cabinet.

I have made four visits of many days to London since the meeting of Parliament. I returned here about ten days ago. I shall attend the address from this county to London, and then this family will settle there. You suppose I expect some office. There is thought to be good dispositions towards me, but I have not urged a claim in such manner as to be likely to obtain any emolument at present. There is little to give, and there are many more pressing than I am. My friend Foster very properly declared himself of no party.

SHEFFIELD.

The Archbishop of Canterbury to Mr. Eden.

Friday, 20th Feb.

I am this moment come home, and informed that a courier from M. del Campo goes off in half an hour. From every possible quarter whence information to be relied upon can be had, I am informed that the King is perfectly well—calm, collected, accurate in his recollections. Time is necessary to confirm the complete

* The Duke of Portland was to have been First Lord of the Treasury.
† Mr. Fox and Lord Stormont were to have been the Secretaries of State.

recovery, but except that nothing is wanting. On this ground the Regency Bill was yesterday put off, and the House adjourned till Tuesday, it being the opinion of all lawyers that in the King's present state the great seal could not be put to a bill to transfer the regal powers. To-day it was expected the same proposition of adjourning would be made in the House of Commons with an explanation, and Burke was prepared to make it. The motion for adjournment was made in very few words, and Burke had not the opportunity, such was the temper of the house, to speak at all.

Without a relapse, of which none of the physicians pretend to think, things will get immediately into the old channel, voting that the King must not be plagued with business till experience of his perseverance in calmness and quiet induce people to think it safe. On the physicians' report of incapacity the bill was founded. On a new examination of them, I suppose the bill will be put an end to; but what means will be adopted for a time I guess not. What I have said above is more than guess. I believe the adjournment of yesterday was a relief to the party, torn by divisions, and those divisions increased by a hint given of a requisition of a very large sum of money to pay debts*, and a hint of a second sum for other debts of another person†—no less than 60,000*l.*, besides a future provision.

What do you think of Fox's being through all the critical discussions of the last month at Bath—not ill, as I hear, but if ill, certainly not at all confined? The city is in high spirits to-day, as I heard from one who dined at the Mansion House. Addresses every day from the country; and *per contra* addresses, one from Westminster, and three from Scotch boroughs. The embarrassment of those *qui ont manqué leur coup* is great indeed; and great will be the outcry of those thousands whom they had promised, and the thousands

* The Prince of Wales. † The Duke of York.

more who were expectants. I don't know that they would have moved you, if they thought you would stay in, till they knew how to dispose of your situation.

Madame Huber to Mrs. Eden.

Saturday, Feb. 21st.

By this time Baillard is very near moving. I reckon from his account that he will be with you by Tuesday at latest, and that in about a fortnight I shall hear that you have received all our stale news, books, pamphlets, working-box, rouge, d'histoire—of which, as I fear, the book has been forgotten by my good man. I shall send another at all events (as it will be better to have two than none), with the book about tric-trac, which he is copying to send to our dear ambassador. I cannot bear to think of all the dismal accounts I suppose my long letter contains of our dear King, now that I know he is so much better, for I have very little recollection of what is in it, and fear only its being extremely stupid. I this minute received a letter of the 17th, in which my friend* gives me the best account possible of him, and speaks of his recovery as certain—that even Dr. Warren said at Kew the other day, that the amendment was great: he has written several letters to London, and has settled some accounts with perfect recollection and coolness, and is constantly serene, cheerful, and composed. Mr. Burke is almost mad, and will be quite so, no doubt, if the King recovers, though he has already renounced his intention of disputing that point, whenever it is asserted. "They may (says he) bring back a King subdued and quieted by coercion." Being called to order, he complained of interruption. Mr. Pitt answered him most completely with such cold contempt, informing him that he never wished to do away with the impression his

* Miss Sayer.

speeches made on the house. After this great violence in the House of Commons, Mr. Burke found wrote with chalk the next morning, "Very irritable in the evening, no sleep all night, and very unquiet this morning." The Prince, being very drunk the other night, promised a regiment to Captain Macdonald, who has not the smallest pretensions to one; but he keeps him to his promise. A person who *saw* the King says, though thin, he is not so thin as he has been, looks fresh and healthy, and much handsomer from not being so weatherbeaten. Somebody, a few days ago, attempted to talk politics to him, but he said, "None yet; my head is not strong enough for that subject."

Perhaps I send you old news, but if I do, my dear friend, it is your own fault, for I can get no answer from you whether you have the newspapers. All the ladies may burn their Regency caps*, of which, no doubt, you have an account. One correspondent supposes another has given me a description of them, and of course says I will not give you an account of the Regency caps, the cheapest of which costs seven guineas. Nothing but the subject of our dear sovereign could have taken up a page and a half before I talked of Mr. Bell, who I have got in my possession, to our no small delight. He is, I assure you, a charming young man, very handsome, very amiable, very cheerful, very reasonable, and good-humoured as possible—he has allowed his hair to be powdered at Strasbourg, and this morning Short, M. H.'s *valet de chambre*, had turned the ends of his hair. He assured us he did not know himself.

Monday morning.

Our young friend is just set out with M. Huber for the *diligence*. You can't think how very sorry we

* Lord Sydney writes to Lord Cornwallis :—"The acrimony is beyond anything you can conceive. The ladies, as usual, are at the head of all animosity, and are distinguished by caps, ribands, and other such emblems of party."—*Cornwallis Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 406.

are to part with him, but he is obliged to join his regiment at Windsor the 10th of March, and he is to go first to Newcastle. I am sure Mrs. Eden would be quite pleased with him. I wanted him to write a line on my letter, but he promised to write from London or Newcastle.

Some better news of our excellent King; there seems now to be no doubt of his perfect recovery, and the Regency Bill is in consequence deferred reading a third time. Lord Radnor is coming over for a month, and takes Lady Radnor. I hear the Duke of Portland, Lord North, and Mr. Fox have advised Mr. Pitt not to think of making any changes in the ministry. I would give a great deal to be witness of the joy in England on this happy event. The Queen surely will think there can never be enough done for Dr. Willis, and I hope he will experience the gratitude of a generous nation in its most powerful esteem. I can give you little account of the English now in Paris, I know only that they have some gentry, and that though I should like very well to see more of some of them, there are others so disagreeable to me that I do my duties without murmuring, and continue to live with our French friends, who, though less gay, were very good to me when I had no other society. Mrs. Sturt and her daughters are gone, but her disinherited son, lately arrived with his wife from India, is still here, having, I believe, no fortune, and he having lost 1,100*l.*

The Coutts's*, who always give dinners when the others do not, have not once since the affair of Mrs. Welsh's marriage; the Ashburnhams have not visited me. Lady Radnor I see very often, but she freezes me to death. Lord Wycombe called very often while he was here, and Spain was always the subject of conversation. Since that they have made several single men give balls—Mr. Hurst and Major Balfour, and two others whose names I have forgot. The

* Mr. Coutts, the banker, with his family, were now residing in Paris.

Coutts's talk very much of going to England, but I think they find it too hard to leave their daughters, and I am sure, will take them with them, though the apartments have been hired these two months. It is the eldest girl*, I am told, who insists on staying; perhaps she does not despair of being Duchess of Dorset. *A propos* of Dorset, the said duke received a very curious note the other day, written by a Colonel Glover, who, no doubt, you know by name—he is here on the Duchess of Kingston's business, and brought letters of introduction not only from Lord Carmarthen, but from several particular friends.

After waiting many weeks, and receiving no invitation or civility, and thinking the duke, from the expected danger, was going to England, he wrote:—"Colonel Glover's compliments to the Duke of Dorset, and returns him many thanks for all the attention he has shown him; for his great hospitality, and for his attention as English ambassador to the introduction of Lord Carmarthen, and his other friends. Wishes his grace a good journey, and begs his compliments to Mr. Home." This Colonel Glover is, I believe, a madman, but it would be very well if it could serve to act upon the duke. I am not provoked to say so, for he has been for a long time remarkably civil to us; but many of the English are very angry, even amongst people of rank, and admire a paragraph in one of the papers which says, when the Duke of Dorset leaves Paris, it will cause a general mourning amongst the *French*.

The Archbishop of Canterbury to Mr. Eden.

Tuesday, Feb. 24th.

The physicians' reports continue to be everything one can wish, and the private reports also as favourable as possible. His Majesty received the Prince and Duke of York yesterday in the Queen's apart-

* Afterwards Lady Guilford.

ment. She was present, but no other person. He was collected; conversed freely on general topics, and all went off well. He had a good night and was well this morning. He saw the Chancellor* and Mr. Pitt to-day separately, conversed with the two full three hours, on a variety of public subjects, not only with great composure, but with great readiness, method, and accuracy.

At the House of Lords to-day, the Chancellor said, that the reports of the physicians continuing so favourable, he should move the house to adjourn, in order to give time for further observation, till Monday next. The Duke of Norfolk said that it was known the noble lord had had interviews with his Majesty, and therefore could form a judgment of his present state; that he by no means presumed to ask what passed at them, but should be glad to know what we mean to do after the adjourment. Was a message to be sent from the King? Were the physicians to be again examined? Were means to be agreed on to carry on the Government, supposing the King, though well, could not exercise his functions without the risk of suffering inconvenience therefrom. It was replied that, in such a case, what was to be done after the adjournment could not now be said, but that it must depend on the then state of the King; that he trusted it would be everything that could be wished, for that at present his Majesty was, to the best of his judgment, well; he did not, however, speak as a physician, but as an ignorant man, from the best observation he had been able to make in several interviews of length; that as far as that observation went, his Majesty's judgment and understanding were clear and distinct, and he was as capable of discoursing on any subject as ever in his

* Lord Thurlow's intrigue with the opposition had been discovered by Mr. Pitt, in the following manner:—"Lord Thurlow had written a letter in the evening to Mr. Pitt; the servant who ought to have taken it forgot it, and another servant who went with the letter at midnight mentioned that Mr. Fox was then with his master."—*Auckland MSS.*

life; that this had been invariably the case, without any deviation, in every conversation he had with him. The House then adjourned. Mr. Pitt told me that everything the King said to him led him to believe him perfectly well; that he talked on many subjects, and on all collectively, with as sound reasoning, as perfect precision and recollection as possible; that he asked many questions about public affairs, talked calmly and reasonably about them, and in every respect appeared to him to enjoy the most perfect self-possession.—Adieu.

Mr. Storer to Mr. Eden.

Golden Square, Feb. 24th, 1789.

Dear Eden,—The vessel has righted again. Ministry is perfectly afloat. Even the studding-sails are set, and probably this very day will put an end to the progress of the present Regency Bill. The King has seen the Chancellor, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York. Many tears were shed, much paternal as well as filial tenderness expressed. More I cannot tell you. If the persons attached to ministry do not bear their honours and their success with more moderation and philosophy than they did their tendency towards disgrace and dismissal, they will be insufferable. I never saw so much despondency and such *acharnement* amongst the ministerial supporters whom I happened to know, as I did on this occasion. Many of my acquaintances amongst the tribe of gamesters can bear the loss of their money better than that of their places. If his Majesty's disorder was singular and surprising, his cure is not less so. As a patriot, one must be glad of his recovery, for there never was so destructive a thing to the country and the Government as the intended Regency Bill. How Burke and Sheridan must be disappointed! Charles Fox has been at Bath taking care of his health, at the moment the King recovered his understanding. Whether this be merely a lucid interval

or not, is more than I or the physicians can say; but the thing is so, and sanguine politicians will tell you that the King's understanding now is better than it ever was. *Si non errasset, fecerat illa minus.** Mr. Pitt has this last week gone a good deal into what is called the world. This is singular, but another event, which is still more singular, is, that John St. John has written a play, which is now in rehearsal: the subject taken from the English history. Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Elizabeth appear on the boards in this performance, with a great variety of other characters, as many, it is said, as in any play of Shakspeare's. I hope it will succeed, for though John's friends, and amongst them I myself, may sometimes take the unwarrantable liberty of laughing at him, yet when it comes to a pinch, I should not at all like that John should be the object of public ridicule.

The poetry of opposition, as it generally has been, is at this moment remarkably brilliant; that perhaps is now the only thing in the party that will be so. The Chancellor, in his interview with the King, said that he had probed his Majesty, and that he had found him sound. Your situation at Madrid cannot now be shaken. It is probable some regency will be formed, though there is an end to that of the Prince of Wales. It will be thought unadvisable, in all likelihood, that the King should immediately apply to business, and of course some repose for his mind may be necessary; in the mean time public affairs may be transacted by a council.

Ireland†, it is said, is in great confusion. Lord Buckingham has refused to send over the address to the Prince of Wales, and the Irish have sent a messenger of their own.

M. de Calonne has answered a pamphlet of Madame de la Motte, and at the same time that he declares he does not mean to enter into a literary war with

* Martial, lib. i. ep. 22.

† The Irish Parliament voted the unconditional regency of the Prince of Wales.

this daughter of House of Valois, he has already done it. He seems, at any rate by what he says himself, to have been very indiscreet in undertaking to correct Madame de la Motte's "Memoirs," or to have entered into either negotiation or conversation with so infamous a profligate.

Our opera is execrable. We have had a riot or two, but Gallini does not treat the public better.

I think now I have given you a *tableau en abrégé de Londres*, something of every sort. I am afraid not satisfactory. It seems as if we had abundance of matter to talk about, but it has all been confined to one subject; and I believe most people were tired of talking about the king's illness. His Majesty has now been so complaisant as to furnish us with a new topic. His recovery will supply us with new events.

A new game is begun. I could almost wish that I might be the first correspondent who informs you of all this. You will certainly pass a comfortable half-hour afterwards.

Give my best compliments to the ambassadress, and believe me, with the best wishes for your prosperity, yours most sincerely,

A. STORER.

CHAP. XVIII.

The King continues well. — Lord Loughborough at Devonshire House. —Great Rejoicings on the King's Recovery. — Letter from Paris.— Duke of Orleans and Madame de Stael.—The Duke of Dorset prevents a Ball. — M. de Calonne in France.—Ball at Brooke's.—The Maids of Honour in Disgrace.—The Duke of Queensberry a Martyr. — The King goes to St. Paul's.

The Archbishop of Canterbury to Mr. Eden.

March 10th, 1789.

THE King has continued as well as possible in all respects, increasing in strength, and without the least symptom of relapse, ever since my last note. The physicians, all of them, except Dr. Gisborne of the household, have taken their leave. His Majesty has conversed much upon business with his ministers, with some of them daily, and upon general subjects with a variety of other persons of all descriptions, amongst whom I suppose at least a hundred of the Houses of Parliament, with many of them *tête-à-tête*, and with others four or five or six at a time. Out of the whole number not one has appeared with whom a shadow of doubt has remained of established absolute recovery. A speech was read to the Lords and Commons last night at the Secretary of State's, and at the Cockpit, which will be read to-day by the Chancellor &c., in the Houses.

It is from the King, and states that he is well; thankful to God for his recovery, much affected by the sense of the care taken of him, and of the country during his illness. It communicates and promises to lay before them a treaty of defensive alliance made

last summer with the King of Prussia, speaks of the pacific temper of foreign princes towards us, and recommends dispatch of business.

But I recollect that, in all probability, you will have the speech itself, though it is not yet printed. Movers, Lords Chesterfield and Cathcart; Commons, Gower* and Yorke. Lords Lothian†, Queensberry‡, and I believe Malmesbury, are out. I will ask Mr. Pitt about the last to-morrow morning, *for a particular reason.* Great and general illuminations are expected to-night, and, I fear, very peremptory mobs. The King goes to Windsor with the Queen on Saturday, and return on Wednesday. He will have a drawing-room on Thursday, the next day; they return to Windsor on Friday. The Duke of Marlborough was with his Majesty half an hour yesterday, and his Majesty made him a present of an astronomical watch. He will be at the House to-day. It is a pity he had not nerves to move the address.

Nine o'clock.

I am returned from a dinner (ministerial) at Richmond House. I find Lord Malmesbury resigned. A pension of 500*l.* per annum is settled on Lord Lothian's daughters. The business of the speech went off well at both Houses. In the Lords a little awkward interruption was given by Lord Stanhope, but *sans conséquence.* In the Commons Mr. Fox spoke but twice; once objecting to something said by Mr. Yorke, one of the movers, and again, when an address to the Queen was moved, saying he thought there was as much reason for one to the Prince, but no motion was made. The King longed to go to Windsor, and went with the Queen on Saturday—was affected by the acclamations and joy of the people, but returned before six, comfortable, perfectly

* Earl Gower, eldest son of the Marquis of Stafford.

† William John, fifth Marquis of Lothian. He was dismissed from the colonelcy of the 1st Life Guards.

‡ The Duke of Queensberry was a Lord of the Bedchamber. He also was dismissed for voting with the opposition.

well, and happy in having been there. This account came from Kew to Mr. Pitt about eight. On Friday night an odd thing happened at a great assembly and ball at Devonshire House, given for all the world. When it was very full the doors flew open, and "Lord Chancellor" was announced, when, lo! Lord Loughborough walked in. The servant probably considered him, and had been used to call him so three weeks ago.

The princes were all at the House of Lords. The illuminations are universal, but all quiet; the streets as full as at midday. I believe, by what I see, all the environs are lighted up; I hear it is so as far as Greenwich, Hampstead, Brentford, &c.

The Duke of Marlborough to Mr. Eden.

London, March 12th, 1789.

Dear Eden,—The Archbishop gave me your letter yesterday, and I am very sincerely happy at the news contained in it. I knew something was in agitation about you when the King was taken ill, and lamented that it was prevented being carried into execution at that time. He sent for me to Kew the other day, and I found him just as I could wish as to health and spirits. He was very kind to me indeed. I fear I behaved like a fool twice, whilst I was with him, but the account of his feelings, &c., moved me so much that I could not help it, and he took it very kindly, and was a good deal affected himself.

The Xères is very good, but I think too dry, that is, not quite sweet enough.

We are very much delighted at the thoughts of seeing you in May, and I hope to stay. What an event this has been, and how well it was timed! It's quite like a fairy tale. The Duchess of Marlborough says I use you very ill in not writing oftener, but I do not plead guilty upon that point. Your letter from St. Ildefonso is in her bureau; we were very much

entertained with it indeed. I met the King on horseback this morning. He talked to me for some time, and is certainly perfectly well; but the opposition would be ready enough to talk of a relapse, were he to get a bad cold even.

We beg our best compliments to Mrs. Eden.—I am, very sincerely,

Yours, &c.

MARLBOROUGH.

P.S.—I suppose you will not fix upon your title till you come home. The Duke of Portland has got Woodstock, or I am sure you would have been very welcome to have taken that. The Duchess of Marlborough is much obliged to you for the snuff you intend sending her.

The Archbishop of Canterbury to Mr. Eden.

March 13th, 1789.

On Wednesday the King saw the *corps diplomatique*. The meeting was affectionate, and the whole of it satisfactory. He was then, and has been ever since, as well as possible. The illuminations were not more distinguished by extent and universality than by the good-humour, decency, and tranquillity of the people. In extent they went to all the towns within a considerable distance of London; and of the more distant towns I hear the same account. Lord Malmesbury's resignation can be no harm to you. No successor is appointed. The person who said he would ask the minister about that matter, did so, and the answer was very satisfactory. For having said it might be agreeable to a friend of his *possibly*, it was answered that the idea had occurred, and the wish was to manage it if it should be agreeable in that quarter. This conversation implied all that could be wished, without committing any one to accept.

It is said Lord Camden wishes emancipation from

all business, and that it is in contemplation to indulge him. Other arrangements must result. Report says Lord Sydney will make a part of them. But I speak now from report only. It is thought, as the revolution has been so strong in Ireland on the King's recovery, that Lord Buckingham will again unpack his trunk. They were so taught to believe in that country there would be no recovery that in the hour of trial great were the numbers who fell off: amongst the rest my old friend (of Hertford formerly) who had by my means assurances of everything he could wish. That die is now cast, and irrevocable, I conclude. He will suffer and I am mortified. A letter to-day from Rome speaks well of their Excellencies*, and promises a new relation in due time. All well here. Adieu.

M. Huber to Mr. Eden.

Paris, 18th March, 1789.

Dear Sir,—Many grateful thanks for your friendly comforting letter. I assure you very sincerely that I have perfectly forgot that I ever solicited the place of agent-general, and that I now pity without rancour the mean and little ways which have been used to foil my labour at Paris. I am sorry to confirm to you, from the most undoubted authority, that the ambassador in London is the man, and that his secret motive, as well as his brother's here, has been their fear (and Barthélemi's also), of having in London in me a confidential correspondent of M. Necker, whom they thought likely to be oftener privately applied to by him on many subjects than could possibly suit them. This is so exactly true that for a few days, when the cabal here had given it out that M. Necker, fatigued with the vexatious attacks of his antagonists, had determined on immediate retreat—the man who now is appointed to London, had at once given up every hope of it, and was going to, and had already set out

* Mr. Morton and Lady Elizabeth Eden.

for, Strasbourg, where his father has long entreated him to take the reversion of his place, for he did not doubt one moment my being named if M. Necker went out, but he was sent for back on the foolish rumour being dissipated, and was then instantly named. These particulars I have every possible reason to depend on. So unexpected a reason for not succeeding in my wishes, or M. Necker's protecting them will, I trust, give me an additional dose of philosophy, and make me look hereafter with more coolness on the events of this life, as well as on the most unexpected contradictions. M. Sougaux having just sent me word that an English officer sets out for Madrid to-morrow morning, with an intention of stopping nowhere on the road, I have got back from Count Nunez the secret which he has for some time been laying there for your excellency. I now give it to the fortunate traveller who is soon to see you, and I add to the parcel (mark my candour) M. de Calonne's "Lettre au Roi," which has appeared within these very few days. I can at the same time accompany it with the dissection of it by the Abbé Cerutti—the same who has written so favourably for the Tiers État—the same who has written so wittily to Count de Lauragnais—the same who, it is said, is the present counsel and director of the Duc d'Orléans. Am I paying you a compliment below your merit, when I think you would have answered M. de Calonne much in the same manner as the Abbé Cerutti has done? I am credibly informed his "Lettre au Roi," which I persist in thinking more justly, "Lettre écrite pour éblouir les Anglais," has had no success in London. It would be extraordinary, indeed, if the country in which subjects of every sort are every day best analysed, was to be seduced by outward form.

All my endeavours have hitherto been fruitless to get at Madame de la Motte's pamphlet. I positively expect it from London next week, perhaps for nothing; here it has sold for six louis-d'or. I doubt whether you would think it worth six sols. It has

not caused here the sensation of a moment; and what in my opinion shows its standard is, that notwithstanding the high price, nobody seems to wish for it. What would make me think the sensible Abbé Cerutti cannot be the "directeur spirituel du Duc d'Orléans" is, that in his pious highness's instructions "à ses re-"présentans aux bailliages," he requests they will demand the liberty of divorce of the States-General. Madame de Stael very pleasantly thanked him for it yesterday at the Duke of Dorset's ball, "au nom des femmes." The duke replied, "Madame, je suis "sans cesse occupé, de ce qui peut leur faire plaisir." By the bye, his highness has thrown the gauntlet to the Princes of Condé, Conti, &c., being avowedly and strongly for the Tiers État. If he means by this to become once more popular, he succeeds to admiration. He orders his "représentans aux bailliages" to renounce on his behalf every pecuniary privilege and exemption of taxes, and to announce, in the most positive manner, that he gives up all his capitaineries (which is chiefly what arms the other princes against present measures), reserving to himself and his descendants "le droit de chasse pur et simple." Les élections des bailliages go on vigorously and very well. In most places they begin on the part du Tiers État with violent complaints and expressions against the noblesse. In every such place it has hitherto produced a most conciliatory deputation from the noblesse to the Tiers; a renunciation of the two first orders of the privileges pecuniaires, and a handsome acknowledgment in return from the Tiers. In a great many and important places the unanimity of the three orders has shown itself instantly; nowhere has the proportion been disputed of two to two.

Indeed everything seems now to promise that the thing will succeed, if not completely in the first assembly, at least in many essential points. "La reste viendra aux prochaines convocations, qui seront le premier objet fixé, et les détails des doléances seront renvoyés à la connaissance sure

et immédiate des assemblées provinciales, par conséquent, locales." Do you not find out from this collection of politics that I am a member du Club Politique? I was admitted last month, and I am not a little flattered to have been one of eight admitted out of thirty-six pretenders. The club is really composed de la meilleure société de Paris.

We heartily pray for your speedy release from Madrid, and that you will not be disappointed in a wish that seems to be so serious with you; indeed we trust your power, if not your wishes, will be much enlarged by the happy event that has taken place in England. I must, however, tell you that Lord Radnor, just returned, who was of course present at the motion of an address to the King, makes me uneasy about the very possible death of Lord Chatham, who is extremely ill of a lingering illness; he says they seem to look to nobody, at least to have nobody in view to succeed to Mr. Pitt in such a case but the present Speaker*, who must then sham an illness to vacate his chair. "Fermons les yeux, et marchons en avant." Lord Radnor confirms all that is bad of the conduct of the two princes. The Duke of York was positively determined to have made a motion the day previous to the address, tending to show that the King was still in a state of insanity, but having felt his ground he dropped the thought. Pious children those! Accept our warm thanks for all your letter contains affectionate to us. We have no return to make but the heartfelt reality of our most sincere attachment to you, to dear Mrs. Eden, and all our beloved little friends, including in the meaning all those yet unborn.

Our curiosity is raised high about the play entertainment and masquerade, which we observe in the *Nouvelles à la Main*, have been given to "M. l'Ambassadeur et Madame l'Ambassadrice d'Angleterre à Madrid par leur charmante petite famille." Donna Eleanor, said to be a principal composer of the per-

* Mr. W. W. Grenville.

formance, assisted by her sisters. Pray, are we to believe such a paragraph? if so, how we long for the particulars of it. I am informed that my friend William continues to be one of the best boys in Spain; that he takes to his book, and applies very seriously to what he is put to. Lord Wycombe, one of my informants; and I am also informed that my friend William dances now. I thought at first it was only a joke, remembering how he used to run here for his sofa the moment his sisters began; but no doubt he has seen that every young gentleman knows how to dance, and he would not be pointed at as one that could not learn it. We shall have a great deal to hear of him from all his friends, and we expect to see him much improved.

Madame Huber to Mrs. Eden.

Paris, 18th March, 1789.

I long to hear you speak of Baillard's return, not of my long letter, because, though I have entirely forgot the contents, I am sure it must have been stupid and uninteresting speaking of our dear King's illness, and lamenting it at the moment that you will have been rejoicing at his recovery. We have not heard from you since you knew it, and delight in the pleasure it will have given you independent of my own personal reasons.

I don't understand enough of the matter to know what will be for the best, but I pray only for everything to be as you wish. The *congé* is what we have now mostly at heart. In that case tell me how long you think you shall stay at Paris? We have had a very charming letter from our young friend Bell, from Boulogne, and expect one very soon from England. He left us on the 25th, I think; had to go to Newcastle, and to be with his regiment at Windsor on the 10th of this month. I have a good story to tell you about a love of his—a very virtuous one I assure you, but have not time now, for I am already scolded for not having

made up the parcel. It will, with the book on history, contain a black handkerchief; which I hope you will not be angry with me for sending, as everybody wears them here, and only since a few days; they are called "a Savoyard," and were formerly only worn by our housemaids, yet the point must be left as low behind as a common one, joined to the top of the gown, not crossed before but just narrow as possible over the shoulders, and passed under the arms, and tied very tight behind. It is very becoming to the shape, and makes even high shoulders of *your* acquaintance look decent; judge then how pretty it will be with the shoulders of *my* acquaintance.

Mrs. Turnburn has been returned here quite alone since Saturday, to follow her affair, which seems to be in very good trim. She seems to hope that a marriage will take place between her daughter and Lord Shrewsbury. I see her seldom and am never to live with her; but she is very entertaining and seems to know everything.

The Duke of Dorset gave a ball on Monday, to which he invited, of English, Lady Radnor and Mrs. Coutts. Rank and riches I fancy were necessary; for, except a very few English of that description, the ball was all French. I hope, for his sake, he will give one to the English on the King's recovery. Lord Radnor is trying to set a subscription one on foot. I doubt its success, because we know some regency hats and caps here, which, of course, would not be of the party.

Madame de Loisons has been two or three times to see me; send me a message for her.

Love to all the dear circle. I commission all my little friends to give a kiss to my god-daughter.

M. Huber to Mr. Eden.

Paris, Tuesday, March 24th.

Dear Sir,—An English officer, Mr. Cockburn, is now on his way to Madrid, which place he means to

reach before Easter; he stops only two days at Bordeaux. He is bearer of a letter in answer to yours of the 26th of February. Of M. de Calonne's letter to the King (which is not an answer to M. Necker, but a bitter criticism of the Rapport au Conseil which has pleased you so well, and an arraignment of all that has been doing here for these nine months past, contradicted however by himself in the last part of that very letter), his friends are by no means pleased with this performance. I have also sent you an answer to it by the Abbé Cerutti. Mr. Cockburn has besides Madame de Stael's "Lettres sur les Ouvrages et le Caractère de Rousseau." I say nothing of them, but we shall be glad to hear yours and Mrs. Eden's opinion of them. These, the treatise on tric-trac (which I took back from the Spanish ambassador's), six pairs of dice, large size, and something from the Abbé Gautier, compose the whole of Mr. Cockburn's cargo. You have not mentioned anything of Baillard's arrival and delivery of his waggon. Having done with this, I am impatient to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9th of March: we have not read it without being very unhappy at the particulars of dear Mrs. Eden's having again been attacked with the Spanish fever—we are not uneasy or fearful of its lasting, having Mr. Robertson at hand (he is really to us an invaluable part of your family), but we fear the effects on her future health of such repeated trials, and most sincerely wish her back at Beckenham. It is happy the dear little girl behaves so well, and does not imitate her mamma. I shall acquit myself of your commission with M. Pérégaux, and now give my pen to Madame Huber—

Madame Huber to Mrs. Eden.

Who comes to interest you, my dear Mrs. Eden, to write to me the minute you are able. I cannot remember the things that did, or imagine anything in future that will give me more pleasure than to

hear you have received a *congé*, and that the day of your departure is fixed. M. Huber, in his list of things Mr. Cockburn carries, forgot my present of a bordure, which I hope my dear ambassadress will wear in her hair, and will tell me what the Spanish Court says to it. I have a long story to tell about one of the finest balls that ever was given, which *we* English had projected, and which is prevented by the Duke of Dorset. I have always taken his part till now, but I think, to do nothing when not a little village in England but has shown some outward marks of joy, is so mean, so disloyal, where there are so many English, and then, in order that he may appear less blameable, to prevent others from doing it, is shameful. We should have had a subscription of 600*l.* at least. The Duke of Queensberry*, who is arrived here, having, just as he was setting out from Brussels, received his dismission, would not perhaps have been of the party; Lord Gray would have given his 20*l.*, but not have gone; ditto Lord Elcho; but Lady Milner was the best. She answered Lady Radnor, who wrote to ask if she would subscribe; that she by no means considered the King as recovered, and should defer her joy on that happy occasion to some future period. Lord Mountstuart too, was against it, but appeared to oppose it only from respect to the ambassador; he also stated Mrs. Coutts's answer, which was to the same purpose. Mrs. Coutts never says or does anything now without consulting a peer.

I cannot say how vexed I am that, because we are absent, we should be the only English who, having the wish, should not have the power to give any public mark of our joy. Lord Lothian has refused the regiment and the pension offered him; and the

* Lord Sydney writes to Lord Cornwallis, 21st Feb. 1789:—"They have driven old Queensberry out of England by calling him a rat for deserting his master to hobble after a young prince. At Calais his grace was in doubt whether he should go to Brussels or venture to Paris, where he would be as much abused as in London."—*Cornwallis Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 406.

night of the illumination in London, the Queen, having stayed till two o'clock in the morning, when she arrived at Sheen, the King came to meet her, and took her out of the coach with all the joy and earnestness possible.

M. Huber to Mr. Eden.

Paris, 31st March.

Dear Sir,—Your much wished-for letter of the 17th, is not quite so satisfactory as we could have hoped. Mrs. Eden's health seems unruly, and English air much wanting. Surely nothing can have prevented that long-expected *congé* being granted, everything being in England exactly on the former footing; and we trust your calculation on the 1st of May for your departure will prove true. Under such a prospect, is it friendly to try the strength of our good sense by inviting us over to Madrid? Had the invitation come some time ago, nothing could have stopped us, as we had it in contemplation, and only waited to be asked. Perhaps we should go even now, but that we might possibly miss you on the road, and we do not at all feel that Madrid without our friends would repay the trouble of the journey. One thing we should certainly miss by going, I mean the opening of the States-General, which I make now no doubt will take place the 27th of next month. We shall be a few yards nearer Versailles than we were before, having just taken a house ready furnished in the Rue Chaussée d'Antin, which leads to your house, Rue de Mathurins, of happy memory. We hope to have the pleasure of seeing you early in June at No. 87 in that street, *en face* de l'Hôtel Berlin. You will know the place of our residence by a chiosto, and a few trees which are peeping out of a jardin Anglais belonging to us, no other in short, than Madame Beaumenils, formerly of the Opera. I leave particulars to Madame Huber.

April 7th.

This letter was written so far last week, and could not go. We have since received under your own hand, and in dear Mrs. Eden's, the delightful intelligence of her perfect recovery. God be praised for it! Had she continued ill, I will not answer for our not having soon forsaken our pretty house, and flown to Madrid to assist you all in the nursing *de cette chère malade*. Hang Spain! we cannot forgive it climate: however, the good weather and the certainty of your leaving it soon are our security against a relapse. In yesterday's paper, that is, in *The World* of the 31st (which is a Ministerial paper, and a true one, Mr. Rose* tells us), I observe with great pleasure, "Despatches were sent last night to the Right Honourable William Eden," and we take it for granted they contain the longed-for *congé*.

You will have seen Mr. Cockburn before this letter reaches you. M. de Calonne's letter and the answer to it will have amused you; prepare to hear something unexpected. M. de Calonne was in French Flanders last week, to cut the laurels prepared by his brother, the Abbé de Calonne, who had been canvassing for his election to the States-General at Douay and Dunkirk. The English M. de Calonne presented himself for the bailliage de Bailleul, near Douay. At first the murmur was only *sourd*, but soon broke out into such a flame as made him think an immediate retreat advisable; he afterwards tried Dunkirk, where he met with a worse reception; so that he immediately left it for Ostend, where he was when the last letters came away. You know, perhaps, that he formerly was intendant in Flanders, and was born at Douay†, where he of course has more friends than elsewhere. Can you now tell and guess better than people here what M. de Calonne meant by this bravado; for I can call it nothing else, when I consider that he must know better than anybody what might

* Mr. George Rose. † In 1734.

have been the consequence of his falling in the middle of the Assemblée National, the King's power in a manner suspended. I think he would have said when in sight of Paris what Pope* —— said in sight of Constance, when he was making his entry into that city to hold the famous Council, where John Huss was burnt, and he himself deposed, "Voici la tanière où on prend les rénards." A member of our club said, when intelligence was received of his having landed in France for the purpose just mentioned, "Tant mieux, il vient de brûler à la chandelle." The moment Prince de Robecq, commander for the King in Flanders, saw him, he advised him to make a short stay, and sent an express to Versailles. *It is said*, and I believe with some degree of truth, that it was strongly agitated in the King's council to arrest him; and that every opinion went to that except M. Necker's, who was firm in the contrary one, and said, smiling, to the King, "Sire, ne craignez pas; le mal qu'il peut faire je ne le crains pas, moi." Meanwhile, things go on much better and quieter than I could have expected: everywhere the noblesse and clergy give up their pecuniary privileges, and consent willingly (no doubt, because they can't help it) to the repartition — *égalité de l'impôt;* and as I am firmly convinced that the King will meet them early in the business on the point, and which *he* is to concede, and exceed even this wish; I really do not see what can render the sense of the assembly doubtful. If everything is not done, at least a great deal will be done.

Lord Sheffield to Mr. Eden.

Downing Street, April 8th, 1789.

My dear Eden,—Your penultimate letter was so trumpery, and so ably fraught with nothing, that I was only disposed to abuse you for it, except, indeed, on one point, wherein it appeared you had paid

* There were three who laid claim to the Pontificate: John XXIII., Gregory XII, and Benedict XIII. The Council deposed all three, and elected Cardinal Colonna as legitimate Pope by the name of Martin V.

a very obliging attention to my application in favour of Mr. Downes, and on which I was preparing to be thankful, when your letter of the 16th of last month arrived, more satisfactory by far than the former, but which, however, mentioned what I did not like to hear, viz., that Mrs. Eden had been indisposed, but you also stated that she was recovering, an event in which I rejoice more than any mentioned in any of your letters; but I hope she will not be again seduced by any insidious Spanish sun.

At present we talk of nothing but the King's going to St. Paul's to return thanks. The greatest efforts have been made to persuade him not to go, but without effect. We are rather in a whimsical state. John Bull has now and then a perverse, obstinate way of thinking; and it seems a pretty general opinion, except *among those concerned*, that if all was right, none of the Willises, or of the people belonging to them, would be retained about majesty. There is little chance of authentic information. One set of men eagerly exaggerate the recovery, and another set will not say what they think and know on such a subject.

Men amuse themselves with notions of immediate dissolution; but I am satisfied, and I think on good ground, that it neither has been nor is in agitation. I think it probable that this may be the last session of the Parliament, but it does not appear to me that the minister could benefit himself by sudden dissolution, as has been expected, and by holding a summer Parliament. Notwithstanding the shop tax is repealed, the minister, according to usual or constant custom, continues to be committed for some very extravagant and ridiculous business. His little reserve, in the art of shuffling, gives him some advantage; but he is so much dipped in the Slave question that, although he has begun to shrink from his declarations, he will find it difficult to take a decent line. Last year facts, sense, argument, &c., were rejected with disdain. This year they are better received, and a considerable change is taking place, and in a short time I think

the inefficacious and wild idea of abolition will be scouted. I was glad to receive the edict relative to the Slave Trade (which you enclosed) at the time some men amuse themselves with the supposition that all Europe would join with us in the abolition.

An answer to the rest of your letter you shall have another time.

It is believed that you have the option of exchanging from Madrid to the Hague.

Mr. Storer to Mr. Eden.

Golden Square, April 21, 1789.

Dear Eden,—The distance at which you are, and likewise the uncertainty of the principal event of the winter, added to the little interest with which every other event might be heard of, has made me a worse correspondent than I intended to have been. Everything is now so returning to its old course again, that Hastings's trial (the old story) is begun again to-day. Indeed, we have something new for the day, and that is, a ball given by the club of Brooke's, on account of his Majesty's recovery. The tickets are at three guineas and a half each, so that the fête ought to be magnificent to justify the great price of the ticket. The club of White's has already given a ball; and, as the ladies in opposition would not honour the Pantheon with their appearance, so (it is said) the ladies who support Government will not deign to attend to-night the ball at the Opera-house. The poor maids of honour were not invited to the fête at Windsor, and, as the report goes, Lord Aylesbury was commissioned to tell them that Miss Brudenell had been invited, and the others had not, because the first had been conspicuous for her loyalty, whereas the other had been deficient. This has occasioned the maids of honour to write a letter to her Majesty.

On Thursday we are to have another curious spectacle. The King goes to St. Paul's. Peers, House of

Commons, foreign ministers, and the grandees of the kingdom, assist at this ceremony. Foreigners cannot upbraid us for not giving magnificent and splendid spectacles. Most people think that his Majesty will go to Hanover, but as yet that is not a thing that is divulged to the public.

We have now going on a great sale of books, where the buyers seem to have full as much occasion for Dr. Willis as ever our gracious sovereign had. I am so poor that I am obliged to preserve my senses. The imperial minister*, for the honour of the corps, commits great extravagances.

The French Ambassador has built two large saloons at the back of his house, for the purpose of giving an entertainment on account of his Majesty's recovery. The queen herself and the princesses are to honour his Excellency with their presence. Del Campo is to follow this jubilee with something splendid too, at which I take for granted the queen and the princesses are likewise to be.

Government have not done very wisely in turning out the Duke of Queensberry. His grace appears now in a new character, that of a martyr; of course if he likes it, he will be received by opposition.

"Hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentur Atridæ."†

John St. John's play has had very great success. It is but fair, that as politics at present have not favoured John, that at least the Muse should. Without entering into the events of the piece, it is enough to say, that the main end has been answered, namely, that of the town's receiving it with great applause, and our friend's getting a good deal of money by it. General Conway's play, which was acted last year at Richmond House, is now in representation. I have not seen it.

* Count Rewitzky sold the greater part of his library to Lord Spenser.

† Æneid, lib. ii. l. 104.

Everybody has been on the wing, imagining that a dissolution of Parliament was speedily to take place. That fear seems for the moment to have ceased.

I cannot conceive what induced Lord Malmesbury to take the step he did in politics. Was there any occasion for him to act such a part as would force him to resign his ambassadorial appointments? Mr. Fitzherbert is to succeed him. The French ambassador and myself had sent you to the Hague instead of keeping you at Madrid.

The Vicomte* and the Vicomtesse de la Luzerne, M. de Montmorin's daughter, are in England. The Vicomtesse hoped that she should see Mrs. Eden before she left England. I have pleased her very much by telling her that event is very probable. I hope Mrs. Eden has had no complaint but what a little northern air will cure.

As Fitzherbert is to go to the Hague, the world put you in Lord Hawkesbury's place, and of him they make a Secretary of State, in lieu of Lord Sydney. Lord Camden is superannuated, *à ce qu'on dit*, and is to retire; in his room Lord Sydney may preside at the council. *Nous verrons* shortly what will happen. These events may interest you, but no changes will bring me anything. As I have no occasion for my modern languages in a foreign mission, I am now returning to the dead ones. I have a Greek who comes to me three times in the week, who was formerly secretary to Ali; but opposition in Egypt had as little success as it has in England, and so he was driven from his fortunes there to seek them with me in England. It will be difficult for him to make them in my company, for I was born under an unlucky planet.

Adieu, my dear Eden, my best wishes to you and yours,

A. STORER.

* Nephew of the ambassador.

Captain Sidney Smith, R. N., to Mr. Eden.

London, April 24th, 1789.

Dear Sir,—Your letter of the 19th January acknowledging mine of the 30th December, arrived in due time. I thank you for having afforded me the satisfaction of knowing that my communications were acceptable to you.

I am glad the hopes I gave you of the King's recovery have not proved delusive. It was gradual from the time Dr. Willis pronounced his hopes; and, as he from the first declared the disorder was not madness, but a common delirium from fever, there is little fear of relapse. I should have written to you when his Majesty was declared to be free from complaint, but I knew that it would be the business of many to send you that pleasing intelligence by the quickest possible conveyance, and, therefore, that my letter would be but a late duplicate.

I take up my pen now to remove any anxiety you must have felt, in common with us all, on hearing of his Majesty's intention to show himself first in public by a procession to St. Paul's to attend the thanksgiving service. Everybody feared lest the fatigue and the acclamations of the people should have been too much for his nerves, debilitated as they must be by so long and severe an illness. This ceremony took place yesterday, and the whole went off with a regularity that was quite surprising to everybody, considering what an unruly animal John Bull is. The King was affected, as every man of feeling must be at being the centre to which the blessing and prayers of thousands flowed at the same instant, but he covered his face with his handkerchief, and soon recovered himself. He got back to Buckingham House within five hours from the time of his first setting off to go, and the whole finished with a *feu de joie* from the brigade of guards. He looks thinner, and is three stone lighter than he was. You will say you had rather hear of his mind than his body. In answer to

which I can assure you of the goodness of his memory and the composure of his manner, for I put myself in his way a few days ago, at Windsor, and got near enough to be spoken to. He alluded to the intention I had expressed of going to Spain, when I took leave to go abroad two years ago, and was more accurate as to the exact month in which I returned than I could be at a moment's warning, for I mistook it, and he corrected me, remembering my having kissed hands on my arrival before *his illness*, which he alluded to as the circumstance that made him remember my being at the levée on my return.

We have had one grand night of illumination that must at least have equalled yours at Madrid in elegance, though perhaps not in glare. To-night we are to have another, which I fear will not go off so well, as it rains very heavily. This circumstance may perhaps prevent such a crowd of carriages as there was last time.

Your sincere friend and humble servant,

W. SIDNEY SMITH.

CHAP. XIX.

Description of the Meeting of the États-Généraux.—The Duke of Orleans joins the Tiers État.—M. Necker's Popularity.—Proceedings of the États-Généraux.—The Clergy and Nobles join the Tiers État. —Dismissal of M. Necker.—Breaking out of the Revolution.—The Royal Allemand Regiment and the Gardes Françaises.—Desperate Contest. — Retreat of Royal Allemand.— Night Combat.—The Dinner at M. Necker's.—Proceedings of the Insurgents.—They obtain warlike Stores from the Invalides.—Attack on the Bastille.—Death of De Launay and M. Flesselles.—Paris dreads a Night Attack.—The King comes to Paris, having dismissed new Ministry.—M. Necker recalled.—Murder of MM. Foulon and Berthier.—M. Necker and the Duchess of Polignac.—Letters of Mr. Storer.—Debate in National Assembly respecting M. Necker's Financial Project.—Wonderful Eloquence of Mirabeau.—Enthusiasm of the Assembly.—M. Clermont Tonnerre.

THE letters of M. Huber now become peculiarly interesting, as from his connection with M. Necker he had excellent information, besides being an eye-witness of many of the scenes he describes. An account of the opening of the States-General will be found in the following letter:—

M. Huber to Mr. Eden.

Paris, 12th May, 1789.

Dear Sir,—Uncertain where this letter may find you, and most heartily wishing it to be anywhere but in Spain, I still send it under cover to Messrs. Lahanne at Bayonne, who have already received two letters from me, and I hope forwarded them.

You wish, no doubt, to hear of the opening of the French States-General, which I take for granted the court of Madrid is already apprised of. It took place on the 5th, the day before the solemn procession, &c.

Saint Sacrement had been held at Versailles, at which the King, Queen, princes and the three Orders, in their ceremonial dresses, assisted. They all went in carriages to the cathedral, from whence they proceeded on foot to the Chapelle de St. Louis, and from thence again in carriages of state back to the palace. The King was prodigiously applauded, while he cheerfully walked in that solemn slow procession. I pitied the poor Queen* for not meeting with the least approbation. The Princes of Condé and Conti were almost hissed. The three Orders were welcomed in turn by their partisans, as they passed; most of all, however, the Tiers État, in which were conspicuous the Duc d'Orléans; and very near him a respectable looking farmer who, under his black cloak, took care to show his rural dress. This lasted from twelve till four o'clock.

The day following, Tuesday, by six o'clock in the morning, those who had been lucky enough to get tickets (1,800 were given) began to secure their places in the great room prepared for the States-General; the same, only much enlarged and beautified, where the notables met in 1787. The greatest regularity attended the whole. The galleries, divided into open boxes, had each a number stamped on each ticket. The introduction into the hall by three masters of ceremonies of every bailliage separately, took up several hours, and every one was seated only at half-past twelve. The ministers came in at about ten o'clock. I was too sorry to hear a burst of applause when M. Necker came in; this sort of distinction does not lessen his enemies. The King and "tous les grands de la France" came in the moment his Majesty had received a message to inform him everything was ready. When seated on his throne, the Queen by his side on an arm-chair, there was a silence of about ten minutes, which had great solemnity,

* "Personne n'a crié 'Vive la Reine!' Son maintien cependant était calme et noble; ses yeux se fixaient avec intérêt sur la multitude." —*Auckland MSS.*

every one standing with eyes fixed on the King, who soon after opened the ceremony with a speech (certainly of his own composition) replete with good things, and well calculated to be felt by French hearts, so constantly devoted to their sovereigns. After his Majesty the Garde des Sceaux spoke, and was heard by no one. The King had spoke in a manly, audible, yet feeling manner. M. le Directeur-Général got up afterwards to expose, by order of his Majesty, the state of finances. He only read for about half an hour, and being much fatigued he had obtained before, and obtained again there, the King's permission to have the remainder read by a person well qualified appointed for that purpose. The speech lasted three hours and a half. You will receive it as soon as it can be sent; it would therefore be needless to enter into any particulars. He was often interrupted by applause from the three Orders by turns, as each thought its interest favoured or not, and very often universally.

I must not omit saying that his Majesty was, in my opinion, during his speech of a quarter of an hour, too often interrupted by acclamations of "Vive le Roi." I think in such assemblies decorum ought to forbid such things. M. Necker stated the deficit at about fifty-six millions of livres, and accounted for its being thus reduced in a very minute manner. He went, as the First Lord of the Treasury in England, through every branch of the revenue and expenditure, in a manner which must make this hitherto mysterious object clear to every milk-woman in the kingdom. He said, and it was thought with becoming propriety and dignity, that the manner in which this deficit had been formed would be thought of little moment by a nation who met much more to retrieve and consolidate, than to devote their time to minute researches which could not possibly be attended with benefit to a single individual; at the same time assuring them that every paper, every voucher, was ready to be laid before them. One part of his speech tended to destroy

the idea which had of late gone abroad, in and out of the kingdom, that the King would not have assembled the States but for the want he was in of supplies; he showed even the great power the King had in himself to protract, at least for a long while, this convocation, had these been his sentiments. The conclusion of his speech was the most ticklish, that where he just touched on the manner of voting. After much and proper stress on the great necessity of harmony, &c., for all the reasons could be adduced, he said that although his Majesty was far from advising on such a subject; yet "comme tuteur de son peuple, il ne savait comment se refuser de dire au moins son opinion sur la manière qui lui paraissait renfermer le plus de probabilités de facilités et de succès;" and after having said that the world would in vain attempt to take every merit from the noblesse, in thus being resolved to sacrifice their pecuniary privileges of so many centuries by calling it justice, yet it must be owned that justice of this kind required heroic efforts; and that it appeared to his Majesty that at least on this first point, where the two first orders alone were to determine on giving what the Tiers État was to receive, it appeared more consistent with the nature of the thing that they should deliberate and resolve by themselves, there being a sort of impropriety in having the Tiers for witness of their deliberations.

I shall now say no more of the speech; you will read it. The three Orders will now, for a few days, be busy in examination of powers. This they seem resolved to do separately, although the Tiers État have sent repeated messages to the noblesse (which seems determined to be most refractory) to have that examination made in common. Much effervescence shows itself, and will no doubt last some time, about the settlement of this and other—to the two first Orders—important forms. There are, as you foresaw, in the States many *mauvaises têtes* (amongst others, Mirabeau in the Tiers État), and also a great many

excellent ones, which lay by to let the first fire evaporate. M. Necker mentions a loan of eighty millions for this year, and shows easy wants only for the years 1790 and 1791, after which everything will be smooth and flourishing.

La suite l'ordinaire prochain.

M. Huber to Mr. Eden.

Sunday, 28th June.
(By the Courrier Extraordinaire de Bordeaux.)

Dear Sir,—You'll receive by this post with this letter one which could not go yesterday, owing to neglect from the servant. "Si votre excellence me gronde des ports des lettres trop gros que je lui occasionne j'en serai faché;" but I cannot help sending what must be interesting to a politician de son calibre. Besides, my heart tells me that a man whom I have the greatest esteem for may soon have immediate concern with French affairs, which being the case, pray take the present important piece of intelligence: that yesterday, at five o'clock, after receipt of the inclosed four lines from the King, the whole chamber of the noblesse (that is, the majority) went over to the Assemblée Nationale, as did also the minority of the clergy which had stayed behind. This revolution thunder-strikes the keenest-sighted men. I do not wonder at all at your opinion, expressed in your letter from Bayonne, received yesterday. Had you known what my letter of yesterday informs you of and above all, had you read the Discours du Roi, which I inclose (delivered only last Monday morning), you must have thought the Revolution next to impossible. If ever a minister was revenged of a malicious set of enemies, it is certainly M. Necker, who, within the week, defeats all their schemes, and hopes, and certainties d'un tour de main seulement.

I have kept you informed gradually as well as I could of the proceedings in the Chambre du Tiers. You will have observed that both the Clergé and Noblesse have themselves prepared their own snares

and successively fallen into them. Had they at first immediately consented to the vérification en commun de tous les pouvoirs, they might have then separated, and the devil himself could not afterwards have joined them, for that step bound them to nothing else. D'Eprémesnil (secrétaire de la noblesse) and the spirit of cunning of parliament, have been their loss.

As to their future operations, touching the restoration of France as to legislation and finance, if you had read all the different cahiers of instructions from the body of constituents on these two and other subjects, you would find that they are all agreed beforehand, and seem inspired by one man; so much so, that some of both parties have repeatedly said, "Il faut bien se garder de mettre nos instructions dans une même chambre, car la constitution se ferait toute seule et sans nous."

I shall write on Monday, and direct to Tarbes. I have only time to say that our joy at seeing you so near your place of rest is great, but we want further and better accounts of yourself and dear Mrs. Eden.

God bless all our dear friends.

M. Huber to Mr. Eden.

Paris, 5th July.

Dear Sir,—I did not write last Monday, because nothing worth relating had occurred: things have since been settling gradually in the Assemblée Nationale. I attended the debates the day before yesterday, when the Cardinal de la Rochefoucault, in behalf (as he said) of the clergy, and supported afterwards by the Archevêque d'Aix, reminded the assembly that they (the clergy) had accepted altogether the King's declaration, *well understood*, without prejudice of their rights, and not debarring them of their reserves and protestations whenever occasion should arise. He was most effectually silenced by the venerable Archbishop of Vienne, in Dauphiné, who said he knew of no majority or minority of the clergy; that

the clergy, *so known* and *so called*, was that body who came collectively to the House of Commons three days before the King's declaration alluded to had taken place. The two first prelates were hard run by Mirabeau, and completely defeated by the wisest speech that ever was heard when conciliatory ideas were necessary. Le Comte de Clermont Tonnerre, a young man of about twenty-eight, made it. He has great and shining abilities, is of course of the ordre de la noblesse. Yesterday they chose their president and six secretaries. The Duke d'Orleans (whose intention to refuse was known, but who had a right to be complimented with the offer), had a great majority. On his very handsome refusal, the presidency of the Assemblée Nationale, actually composed of the three Orders, fell by majority on the Archbishop of Vienne. Their secretaries are vastly well appointed: three of the Tiers État; two of the noblesse, M. de Clermont Tonnerre and M. de Lally Tollendal, the two best-intentioned and most eloquent of their order; and one of the clergy, a curate, strong anti-prelate. Things are now in the best train, but still I should not be surprised to see a few more hurricanes blow. I think the calm too sudden. What has certainly most contributed to this quick and wonderful revolution, is the defection of those troops who were depended upon and applied to to support coercive measures, and a more than probability that the whole army is ready to do the same. The most serious informations on that head are daily coming to the ministers from the provinces.

Paris is an alarming state of agitation. The novelty of the situation has turned the brains of the people; each thinks himself a Brutus, and sees a Cæsar in each noble. With all this, corn is exceedingly scarce and bread dear, notwithstanding the enormous sacrifices made by the Trésor Royale, either in premiums given to importers, or in money to the bakers in the kingdom to keep down the price of bread; I know the sum to exceed one mil-

lion sterling. Judge of the immensity of the effort in such a time of penury. A Bill of Rights is ready, and will immediately appear, to quiet the minds or defeat the bad intentions of people who are ignorant, or affect to be so, about the sacredness of property of every denomination.

Enough of politics. You have not said how long you propose staying at Bagnères. I have a few other books to send you, which may be acceptable, and I will do it next week. I am afraid, on recollection, that I directed my last letter "A Tarbes, en Espagne," but on inquiry at Bayonne I hope it will not miscarry. With all due deference to your Excellency, who is on the spot, the poor Madame Lalanne, although dead, chooses to have her name still in the firm of the house. Although Mrs. Eden has not heard at large of late from my good Lydia, she may be assured that she does not lose sight one moment of the governess, &c. She will write next week. All our time is given to our unfortunate friend M. de Germany, whose loss can only be well felt by those who know the value of a most virtuous and excellent wife, possessed of every good quality. His earthly happiness is gone with her; and for my part I have lost a friend which this world can never restore to me. It makes Paris a very different place to us. We don't know whether our Sulivans are yet arrived at Bagnères; we shall venture a letter there next Monday. Accept, and dear Mrs. Eden also, all that is affectionate for yourselves, and our sweet eight friends, from your most sincere and unchangeable

B. & L. H.

On Saturday, the 11th of July, M. Necker received his dismissal, and Baron de Breteuil was appointed principal minister. There will be found in the following letters of M. Huber an account of the eventful scenes that occurred in Paris, caused by this attempt of the Court of France to stop the onward march of the Revolution: —

M. Huber to Mr. Eden.

Paris, Tuesday, 14th July, 1789.

My dear Sir,—I could a tale unfold, which would harrow up your soul, but that it is an undaunted *English* soul. Read first the *Journal de Paris*, containing Mirabeau's motion, then learn that the great and virtuous minister is no longer in Paris, but on his road to Geneva since Saturday, six o'clock in the evening: this last information you have no doubt already got. Then learn that on the Sunday morning when this peal of thunder was heard in Paris, there also gathered a storm of the most violent kind, sullen at first—a sort of whispered rage which travelled at the rate of the wind, and broke out in the evening in slaughter between the troops, horse and foot, and the poor deluded Parisians.

The Maréchal de Broglie, the secret council, in short, having brewed up this beverage in the dark regions, had prepared against its consequences (that is, as best they could) by having their foreign troops under arms from early in the morning, which precaution on their part was the more necessary, as several companies of the Gardes Françaises had, as you know, come over to the people, and had for several days threatened the foreign troops. They kept their word: on Sunday about six o'clock P.M., a party of these popular French guards, at the head of many thousand people, all armed as well as they could, carrying before them the pictures* of their beloved minister and of the Duke of Orleans, marched towards the Place de Louis XV. on their way to Versailles. On the place were drawn up dragoons, Swiss infantry, and to my great sorrow under such circumstances, the regiment of Royal Allemand Cavalerie, commanded by my near relation and bosom-friend Colonel d'Hauteville, a brave, good, humane officer, under Prince de Lambesc, owner of the regiment, present also, cruel and detested in Paris. This last

* They were busts.

regiment had at that time received orders from M. de Bezenval* to enter the Tuileries, and do execution there. The prince led, and signalised himself at his entrance by cutting over the head an old inoffensive man, who only said in return, "Vous deviez respecter mon âge." They then opened a brisk fire, and retreated as they had come by the Pont Tournant into the Place, Colonel d'Hauteville first, who passed unmolested. They (the people) instantly threw a sort of barrier between him and the prince, who leaped over. The regiment broke it down; and then began a furious battle with large stones on the part of the people, who brought down many a rider. The Swiss fired slowly, reluctantly, and, I believe, not much to the purpose.

The night kept advancing, the storm increasing, the French guards had given up the idea of Versailles for that night, and wanted only to pay home Royal Allemand, against whom they had vowed vengeance for some days past, on account of ill-treatment from the Prince de Lambesc. Royal Allemand was sent to the Boulevards, drew up at the corner of our street, the Chaussée d'Antin. The French guards soon appeared (half-past nine o'clock), when a dreadful fire took place between them, which we saw from our garden-wall, twenty yards from the scene. *You*, my dear friends, will feel for our hearts—not only was the occasion woful to us, but to know our friend there, Madame de Germany's (whom we had just lost) darling brother, was a trial indeed. My Lydia behaving all the while, as she always does, like an angel, like a hero, and to add to our situation, we had to support our friend Madame Scherer, whose husband and brother had left us half an hour before to go on the Boulevards in search of news. They returned afterwards unhurt. Royal Allemand lost some men and horses, and retreated to its camp in the garden of La Meute, near Passy. Meanwhile,

* M. Bezenval was commander of the Swiss Guards.

there remained in the dépôt des Gardes Françaises, which you may remember at the corner of our street, two companies still true to the King. This was the ground of another long engagement between them and their former fellow-soldiers and the mob, who by twelve o'clock gave them a regular storm, and fired from every corner. The mixture of firing, hallooing, the torches which others carried to light the combatants, all this had its effect.

Yesterday morning at ten o'clock, two fresh companies of the French guards went from the quartier-général, which is now at the Hôtel de Richelieu, to attack the camp at La Meute, and this they did in the best order, headed by their grenadiers, and even officered, notwithstanding the threats, prayers, &c., of the Duc de Chatelet, their colonel, and other general officers who were there. The gates were thrown open, and they marched *tambour battant*. The Duc de Chatelet has just had a narrow escape of his life, having been pursued by the mob with stones up to the quartier-général, after having hardly escaped being thrown into the river on his coming out of the Bac des Invalides. He was saved by four privates of the Gardes Françaises, who put themselves between him and the people, and by swearing himself that he was du Tiers État, and would further their cause at court. All this was yesterday morning. About four o'clock P.M., all the French guards joined (except those at Versailles), and the Swiss guards also joined the people, likewise a regiment of dragoons, two other regiments of foot, who came from. St. Denis; the whole calling themselves l'armée nationale. The Swiss regiments who are here will certainly follow the guards, and there seems to be little doubt left of a general desertion. Meanwhile, the magistrates of Paris and every inhabitant, fearing the consequences of such an anarchy, have assembled in churches, and came to immediate resolutions of embodying themselves for the security of Paris, and march the *rondes*.

Twenty-four hours have made a total change—a

mixture of Gardes Françaises and Gardes bourgeoises have patrolled and guarded Paris; last night not a gun, not a noise heard. This excellent conduct will strengthen and facilitate that of the States-General, who behave like Romans; words could not do them justice. Only read their *arrêté* of last night, and tell me whether any Court whatever, and particularly a Court without troops, can contend against the intrepid champions of twenty-five millions of people, now sitting, the three Orders united in États-Généraux. I finish this horrid detail with saying that the storm intended on the Camp de la Meute did not take place, Maréchal de Broglie having sent orders to Royal Allemand to march to Versailles.

Let me now return to M. Necker. I went to dine with him last Saturday at Versailles, *en très petit comité;* he, having intended to come to Paris that morning, had not invited company. Before we sat down, he was told M. de la Luzerne* wished to speak with him. He returned, spoke a few words with his wife†—we sat down. There were only his brother, Madame de Stael, the Archbishop of Bordeaux, an intimate friend, and myself. I never saw more serenity, more attention to their guests, more presence of mind. He, during the dinner, just squeezed Madame de Stael's hand, who had presented it to him. After dinner, he said the weather was charming, and having no council to attend that evening he would take an airing. He drove away to St. Ouen with Madame Necker, there sent for horses, and went off at eight o'clock. The next morning only, his brother received a line telling him of his departure, and entreating him to go to his daughter, who is almost distracted. The King's letter was, that in so violent a crisis, M. Necker would oblige him by letting him know that he had absented himself for some time. Oh, happy kingdom! Happy subjects!

* M. de la Luzerne, the Minister of Marine, brought his dismissal. M. de la Luzerne was nephew of the ambassador.

† Madame Necker alone was informed of the circumstance.

We are going out of Paris till the darkness is cleared up; we shall write to you from our place of retirement. I have gathered what I could in silver; bank-notes are out of the question; you see what the *arrêté* of the States-General says against a bankruptcy: on this must we creditors of the state lean. I need not say that my property has been in the French funds since M. Necker came into administration—so is his. God bless you all, most loved friends! think of us, and pray for us. At this moment the report is, none of the ministers named yesterday choose to accept. In the night a strong party went to the hotel of M. de Breteuil (well knowing, I suppose, that he was not in Paris), announcing their intention of finding and hanging him. They went all over the hotel, and came away. I shall write as soon as I can. We write to our friend Sulivan at Toulouse—speak of them in your next.

M. Huber to Mr. Eden.

Passy, Thursday morning, 16th July.

My dear Sir,—Your letter from Bagnères reached us yesterday. It breaks my heart to hear of our dear Mrs. Eden's eternal relapses. I shall ever retain a bad opinion of Bagnères, of fresh good air, of liberty, if this relapse is not the last. I must be the unluckiest man living, in regard to my invoices, since you never receive them.

By the long letter I wrote to you last Tuesday (also by way of Bayonne, thinking, after your own words, that you would have stayed but one week at Bagnères), you will have seen in what a distracted state things were here between the Sunday and Tuesday morning. This is in continuation. On the Tuesday morning, about ten o'clock, the Parisians marched to the Invalides, attracted by the cannon, firelocks, gunpowder which they wanted to get into their possession. They were, of course, close to the camp formed in the Champ de Mars by six Swiss

regiments, and with wonderful presence of mind they demanded a parleying, to offer an exchange of hostages, by way of security for not attacking and not being attacked. This being done they proceeded to the Invalides, where M. de Sombreuil, being no doubt a man of great sense, instead of making a defence against Frenchmen, which might have slaughtered 20,000 subjects, surrendered himself. They marched in the greatest order, committed no fault, took all the ammunition and 60,000* muskets, thirty pieces of cannon, flour, bread, &c., all which they carried to the Hôtel de Ville, where a committee of Paris, headed by the Prévôt des Marchands, M. de Flesselles, sat day and night.

During this expedition another party of Parisian troops, decoyed by false promises of the Prévôt des Marchands, marched towards the Bastille, where he had assured them M. de Launay would likewise surrender and give up all his ammunition. They were headed by a very small detachment of Gardes Françaises, and by a Chevalier de St. Louis, whom they met; and who, on their cool application for his commanding them, threw away his *cour* frock and put on a regimental of the guards. M. de Launay made some faint resistance, but soon invited them to come into the courts, and hoisted out, it is said, a white flag. They went in unsuspecting, and after having got perhaps two or three hundred of them in, the drawbridges were pulled up, and the cannon began to fire briskly among them *à mitraille*. They were not in the least disconcerted, but saying, "Nous sommes trahis," rage took possession of them, and with the intrepidity of veterans they fell on the garrison, sword and bayonet in hand, gave no quarter, let down the bridge, and by this got all the rest of their detachment in. They carried every defence, and after three hours, without much loss to themselves, forced M. de Launay in his last intrenchment, put him to

* "About 30,000."—*Auckland MSS.*

death, and cut off his head. On searching his pockets they found a letter received that very morning from the Prévôt des Marchands, who was, at the same time, their president, saying, "Tenez bon jusqu'au soir, à dix heures vous recevrez des renforts par les souterrains de Vincennes" (which you know, perhaps, have a communication with the Bastille). With this letter and M. de Launay's head, they went to the Hôtel de Ville, they read it to M. de Flesselles, convicted him of perfidy, shot him through the heart, and cut off his head also, which, with its companion, they carried on pikes, and walked round the Palais Royale, of which they had also made place-d'armes.

Meanwhile Paris, which the day before offered nothing but confusion; Paris which the King in his answer had said could not guard itself, gave a proof of the contrary; for by five o'clock on the Tuesday, every district was regularly formed and armed. Patrouilles, composed of bourgeois, Gardes Françaises and Gardes Suisses, did their duty as in a war place. No noise was heard. If a few stragglers were seen with a gun, without qualification, it was taken from them, and they submitted. The night came on, and with it certain information that the town was to be attacked in the night by the Maréchal de Broglie. It was needless to think of taking Madame Huber out of Paris. I had in vain attempted it in the day. Nobody was suffered to pass the gates, and every carriage that attempted it was led back to the Hôtel de Ville to give an account of itself.

I grew very uneasy in my mind. All we could do at home to keep matters hushed before our wives and Mr. Scherer's three young children could not prevent servants from repeating all they heard every minute. The bells rang from every quarter. Strong patrouilles passed for ever, and at ten o'clock a detachment came into our street, unpaved it, made ditches, and filled it with obstacles to stop the force which was expected in from the Barrière Blanche. In short, Paris positively expected to be

stormed. My poor Lydia, notwithstanding her bravery, began to show herself unhappy, and to sit close by me. You can judge of my feelings. I went out on tip-toe with Mr. Scherer, to find out, if possible, a place of concealment for our women and children; and we placed a ladder against a wall which led to a small hay-loft. In this situation of mind we spent from ten o'clock till two in the morning, when, no troops appearing, it was concluded we had had a false alarm.

After taking an hour's sleep, we rose to set out from Paris for Brussels with M. de Germany, M. Necker having informed him of his being safely arrived there. We took every precaution that could insure our exit out of town:—a permission of the committee of the Hôtel de Ville, an escort of the Garde bourgeoise, and we trusted, above all, to M. Necker's name; but the last, from which we expected our chief support, failed us entirely. The people collected fast around us in the rue de Clichy; and being informed that M. Necker's brother was going to leave Paris, they absolutely opposed it, saying, it was enough to have lost M. Necker, they would, at least, keep his brother. "Si vous vous en allez, sur qui pourrions-nous compter pour savoir des nouvelles de notre père?" No reason could prevail on them; and to our great sorrow and disappointment we were obliged to return home, lest we should be the cause of a bustle between those who would and those who would not. About eleven o'clock in the morning we attempted to walk out of Paris, and came safe through Chaillot to M. Grand, at Passy, at whose house we have taken shelter for a few days.

While we were thus arranging ourselves here, affairs were taking a different turn at Versailles. The awful scene Paris had exhibited the day before, the success of the people, and most likely the two heads, had had a prodigious effect at Court. At twelve o'clock at night the Duc d'Orléans went to the King, gave him the particulars of the day, which

no doubt were concealed from him, and which, on his insisting to have the confirmation of his council, did not dare deny. This interview produced the good effect of yesterday morning. The King, unexpected by everybody, took his resolution, and went at eleven o'clock with his two brothers to the Assemblée Nationale on foot, and without guards, and there made a speech of which I send you a copy enclosed. The effect it had on the people of Paris was to make them double every guard, every patrouille. They said they were tired of being deceived. As long as the ministers, who had advised the troops and the present measures, stayed, they could have no confidence, and suspected treachery. This day, Thursday, the troops are actually on their march, and are every hour leaving St. Cloud, Sèvres, Versailles. Moreover, the King has, this afternoon, dismissed M. de Barentin, Garde des Sceaux, M. de Villedeuil, and I don't know yet, whether the third dismission is M. de Breteuil, or M. de Broglie, one of the two certainly. This last operation will operate on the minds of the people more than anything else could have done.

Thus I have given you every particular down to this hour, and shall not send the letter till to-morrow, to add anything material that may occur. I shall not leave my pen without telling you that the interruption you meet with in the reception of your bulletin must be owing to C. Diodati's departure for Geneva, about one month ago. I shall call at his house and know how all this happens. I have some suspicion of economy on his part, which, without lessening his good qualities, might account for his regularity while here, and for his want of it now he is gone. I never failed acquitting myself of your commission to him.

Friday morning Passy. I write as I go on. Hear the news of this morning at seven o'clock. M. de la Fayette (who, by the bye, was named yesterday, Colonel-Général de la Milice Bourgeoise de Paris) has sent this morning, at one o'clock, a courier to Madame de Stael to announce a courier despatched by the King, with a

letter from him in his own hand, and a letter from the States-General entreating his return. The courier will find him at Brussels.

Friday night.

Hear now what will secure M. Necker's return. Not only the whole new administration turned out (that is to say, MM. de Breteuil, Broglie, Barentin, Villedeuil, La Vauguyon), but all the factions of the Court gone, namely, Count D'Artois, having taken away his two children, all the Polignacs, in the night; in short, the whole infernal set which has been so long working at the ruin of the kingdom, making, with their suite, between twenty and thirty carriages, which are gone with and under protection of the fugitive army, M. de Broglie in the centre. Oh! where were you, my dear sir, that you could not contemplate (as a man) so awful, so great, so sudden a revolution? Why could not you see with your own eyes that frivolous people of Paris turned at once into a people of heroes, achieving in twenty-four hours what imagination itself cannot compass? It was the Duc de Liancourt* (a deputy), not the Duc d'Orléans, who spent part of the night with the King, the consequence of which was all I have now related. The King went this morning to the Hôtel de Ville; I saw him pass unattended by his guards. The bourgeoisie de Versailles attended him on foot as far as the Barrière of Paris. He was alone of his family, having only with him his captain of the guards, M. de Beauveau, &c. At the gate he was met by M. de la Fayette on horseback, *en habit bourgeois*. La bourgeoisie de Paris lined the quays, from the barrière to the Hôtel de Ville. The greatest order kept pace with their demonstrations of joy and respect. The Poissardes entered dancing before his carriage, carrying olive branches. At the Hôtel de Ville the reception was such as you may imagine. The King confirmed his grants. He had been preceded, and met by a

* It is said that the King said to the Duke, "C'est une révolte, donc?". The Duke answered, "Non, Sire, une révolution."

hundred deputies of the States-General of the three Orders, and, by the bye, their union is now complete and entire. The King asked for the *cocarde* he saw everybody wear, *la cocarde nationale*, put it on his head, and waved it at the window of the Hôtel de Ville. The bourgeoisie attended him back to the barrière. "*Vive le Roi et la nation*" went up to the skies. I must not omit saying, that the dreaded Bastille is now being demolished very fast. Five hundred men at work under inspection of magistrates and others named for that purpose.

I think I have forgotten no material information. You may rely on its being all simple truth and matter of fact. The Abbé de Vermont seemed to be overlooked in the general despatch, but he is not overlooked by the States-General, who have resolved (privately) his exile.

M. de Bezenval is gone off. The Intendant* de Paris gone off, and not one minister is named till M. Necker returns. The King has nobody even to copy his letters, which he writes himself. Now let me ask you what you think of things? Of M. Necker's future situation, powerfully supported by the States-General, who have obtained everything they asked for? What do you in particular think of the Queen's future influence at Court in the situation things have been put, deprived of her horrid set? I received some time ago a pleasing information from England, namely, that should the power of the Queen of France cease here, by which his grace has been much benefited, a very valuable friend of ours has the greatest chance of being appointed to a nomination, which he alone almost was capable of doing great justice to. If so, and God grant it may, his hour seems to be at hand.

I am now going out to buy the few interesting sheets I mean you should read, and close this packet. M. de Tollendal's speech to the States, after M. Necker's departure, will, I think, give you an idea of

* M. Berthier.

Antony's speech to the people after the death of Cæsar,—*Vale amatissime vir.* Do not impute neglect to me in anything that concerns you, for, upon my honour, my heart acquits me.

M. Huber to Mr. Eden.

Paris, Tuesday, 28th July.

Dear Sir,—I have been silent since last Tuesday, because till Thursday no account whatever had arrived here from M. Necker. M. de Fresne de St. Léon had been sent with a letter from the King, and one from the States-General, and finding him gone from Brussels had posted away after him. M. Necker kept travelling at a rate which rendered fruitless every exertion to overtake him till he himself stopped at Basle, in Switzerland, where he arrived on Monday the 22d. He had sufficient reason for keeping all his canvas out; he is, however, thank God! safe and well, as we shall, I trust, see with our own eyes next Wednesday. On a false report of a precursor arrived at Versailles, we left Paris in great haste last Thursday, and went to Versailles with his brother to receive him, and there waited till yesterday to no purpose; for, as by the greatest ill luck every courier had missed him, his friends were also without a line from him, he not knowing till very lately the (23rd) what had happened here since his departure.

It is but a liberal expression to say the ministry, M. de Montmorin in particular, were in the utmost consternation at this long silence, for nothing is doing at Versailles: no council held; the war and the seals not filled till he return.

As to giving you a true idea of the situation of affairs, I mean as to following the vein of evil as deep as it goes, it would be next to impossible, and attended perhaps with some inconvenience; your being now master of the principal strings of the machinery, you may easily enough perceive the different ramifications, there being a load of ground

for suspicion. Effectual measures have been taken to arrive at more certain knowledge: letters of different denominations have been stopped; amongst others one from the Duke of Dorset, directed to Count d'Artois, which luckily contained nothing very material, and became more serious only as it gave reason to suppose more and confirmed apprehensions entertained from the other side of the water. Advices of a very serious nature have been received here from M. de la Luzerne. Their being important must depend on his abilities to judge between appearances and reality; but as men generally adopt from others the idea on which they lean themselves, and fear is now preponderant here, those advices have had a tolerable great effect, and have for several days past reflected on the Duke of Dorset in a most unpleasant manner; so much so, that having yesterday morning at Versailles heard from the fountain head an opinion concerning him, attended with fear of a very alarming nature, I went directly to his house to give him my information, not being particularly bound to secrecy, nor would I, by any motives whatever, have consented to be so bound in matters which I conceived regarded his own personal safety; he judged of my intention, and seemed obliged to me.

I found him preparing on that subject a letter to M. de Montmorin, whom he requested to send it this day to the States-General; this has been done, and has had a very good effect. The Duke read it to me yesterday. He complains in it of the injurious and dangerous reports circulated against himself and his nation, of idle assertions concerning a design on the French Court; and as a proof of the improbability of any hostile ideas, he calls the minister's recollection to a discovery on his part, two months ago, of a black plot against Brest*, and of his Majesty's gratitude for his conduct on that occasion. He assures the minister of the pacific disposition of

* "M. de Montmorin in a letter to the Assembly, denied that the Duke of Dorset had given any information on the subject."—*Auckland MSS.*

England towards France, &c. I took the liberty of pointing out to him two parts of the letter which to me appeared more than weak; he seemed to feel them, but did not dare alter them. As he had taken leave of Versailles the day before, and as I knew M. de Montmorin thought him gone, I strongly recommended it to his consideration to determine whether he had not much better go immediately, than by waiting some days longer run the chance of a sudden gust of ill-humour of the people which, in the present situation of affairs, was dreaded even by the leading men here. I think he will go in three or four days. His letter, however, has had very great success in the States, and so far he must be quieter. You will have heard of the hard fate M. Foulon* and M. Berthier†, Intendant of Paris, met with last Tuesday—both hanged and mangled at the Place de Grève, notwithstanding every effort used by M. de la Fayette to save at least the first from their fury. The proscription extends far, but the Assemblée Nationale is earnestly working at settling some immediate tribunal (very justly mistrusting parliaments), before which the devoted wretches may be brought and condemned if guilty. Such judgments of the people without appeal must not take root.

I am informed to-night, and I am afraid with a degree of truth, that the Maréchal de Broglie is besieged in Verdun; that the peasants surround the place, and refuse to let any provisions in until he is delivered up to them: if so, and he should fall into their hands, his head must go. The

* "M. Foulon was the father-in-law of M. Berthier. M. Foulon was treated with revolting barbarity. The mob seized him about fifteen miles from Paris, made him walk with naked feet, carrying a load of hay. When he was thirsty they gave him vinegar to drink. He also had a crown of thorns placed on his head. On his arrival at Paris he was murdered, his head cut off, and placed on a spike. The head was then taken to meet his son-in-law when he arrived."—*Auckland MSS.*

† "M. Berthier was murdered under the windows of the Hôtel de Ville. He also was arrested in the country; and the first sight that met his eyes on his arrival was the head of his father-in-law. The elector, who was in the carriage with him, had the humanity to tell him that it was the head of M. de Launay."—*Auckland MSS.*

Abbé de Calonne and the Abbé de Maury have been arrested disguised, the one at Peronne, the other at ——, but being both suppléants to deputies, they will be claimed as such, and no doubt given up. Deprezmeni is fled, so is the Abbé le Coigny. The little man in the boulevards, M. de St. I——, is out of town also.

In short, my dear sir, a man must have walked all his life far from every intrigue here to be easy at present, for every action and circumstance is remembered for twenty years past. M. de la Fayette, seeing his power of no use whenever an execution of that sort is at hand, gave his dismission two days ago, and pressed it strongly; it was as strongly refused, and by resuming it he ought to have, and I think will have, more weight than before—the next opportunity will show it, for I dare not hope that M. Foulon's blood will be the last spilt. They just hang them at the rope across the street, which holds the réverbère, and after severing the heads, they carry them, and drag the body round Paris. They had his mouth stuffed with hay, remembering that twenty years ago he said, when bread was dear, and the Parisians complained, "Let those dogs eat hay."

Here follows an anecdote which will relieve your mind of these horrors, and affords food for philosophy to any one who, considering the course of human affairs, wishes to know how to submit to unforeseen vicissitude. After M. Necker's arrival at Basle (where, by the bye, circumstances will have kept him a whole week), a sort of abbé-like man came to the inn where he was, wanting to hire the whole house for a certain number of travellers of the first distinction. The terms were nearly agreed on, when a deputy from a neighbouring place came to inquire after M. Necker's health.—"M. Necker!" said the stranger. "Where is he?"—"Here, in this house." On this the abbé remounted his horse, saying the house would not do, he must have a larger. Who was it but the Abbé Balivière, who came to hire the

house for the Polignacs. M. Necker knew not a word of what had passed in Paris since he had left it. An hour after the duchess*, who, with her whole party, had alighted at another house, sent to M. Necker to request the favour of his taking charge of a few letters for Versailles. This to him, from the duchess, must at that moment have sounded odd enough. He went, however, to her, and stayed an hour, in which he learned a great deal. Her sending, and his going, answers well to the character of both. She was as calm as in the Queen's apartment; wondered how she, of all the world, had been obliged to go away, never having meddled with politics. You can guess at the rest of the conversation.

M. Necker has since said, pleasantly enough, that this was the ground of a novel, in which the hero and heroine, after surprising adventures, meet in a foreign country. Now, going back to the days before M. Necker was dismissed, how could the person have been looked upon, as to sense, who would have said — in ten days Madame de Polignac and you will both meet at Basle in Switzerland. The contradiction was so evident that Macbeth's witches alone might have foretold it; for certainly the reason which sent one of the two from Versailles ought to have kept the other there. Meanwhile I think M. Necker's life might well be placed among the Arabian Tales, and that page will be looked upon as one which will hereafter hand him down to posterity in the history of France.

Another effect of human vicissitude: the Cardinal de Rohan's nomination as a deputy of the clergy, which had been opposed on the strength of the *lettre de cachet*, under which he laid, was taken up in the Assemblée Nationale three days ago, and declared good unanimously; so that he will be here very shortly, sitting among the law-makers, and contributing to prescribe lawful rules to his sovereign. I look upon this as

* The Duchess died at Vienna, December 5, 1793. The murder of the Queen hastened her death.

one of the bitterest draughts that could have been offered to the Queen; her's and her husband's present situation is truly deplorable—not one man, not one shilling in the kingdom at their disposal.

There never was a more democratical anarchy than at present, and until the States-General have finally settled the constitution, the King bears an empty name: they entered yesterday on that great subject. The committee, composed of eight of the ablest heads appointed for the work of the constitution, began to report yesterday in the Assemblée Générale, where the points will be examined and discussed one after another. This must and ought to take a considerable time; and I am at a loss to guess how the deputies can keep to their injunctions, "not to enter on the subject of finances till the constitution is settled." I defy them to go further in their payments than the latter end of August, so that no doubt the States-General must grant a small loan, enough to go for a few months only. My next letter to you will be interesting. I shall tell you on what footing M. Necker has accepted*; various are the opinions on that subject. Meanwhile, the adoration paid him in the provinces is beyond the most exalted imagination; they kneel at his name. I finish this letter with a paragraph I have taken from the *Courrier de l'Europe*:—"On parle de nouveau beaucoup de la nomination prochaine de M. Eden à la place de Secrétaire d'Etat; si cette nomination a lieu le Duc de Leeds aura les Sceaux," &c. How very interesting this is to us, my dear sir; and *how* we long for *your* letters! Do tell me all the news, my dearest friends; indeed, one is utterly incapable of interesting oneself about anything else. I have passed four days at Versailles, and every day from nine in the morning till three in the Assemblée. I think of nothing but you, which passes time. What a

* M. Necker returned to his former position, but his popularity was very short-lived.

month we have passed, surrounded by all the horrors of civil war. I don't know how my health is as good as it is. I cannot say I have been in fear for myself; but everything inspired me with terror for others. Write to me, my dear Mrs. Eden, if only a few lines.

M. Huber to Mr. Eden.

Paris, 6th August, 1789.

Dear Sir,—I risk this letter to Montauban, half in hope of its not being in time, and that our dear travellers are travelling towards us at a great rate. The paper it contains cannot astonish you more than it did yesterday Lord Radnor and me, who were at Versailles the day before, where we were entertained for several hours on the necessity or not of prefacing the new Constitution with a déclaration des droits de l'homme, which droits de l'homme were to be discussed by forty-eight members, who were on the Speaker's list, ayant demandé la parole sur cet objet-là—for this has hitherto been their mode of debating. The debates of that day were so noisy, so irregular, showed so much acrimony, were so wide from coming to the main point (the Constitution), that we were not tempted to go to the evening assembly, taking it for granted (and this was the opinion of many deputies) that it would take at least three months to come to some sort of conclusion, when, behold, like an unexpected volcano ripe for bursting, all these articles forming, in fact, the share of the people in the new Constitution, were brought forward and passed one after another, almost unanimously, being only opposed by a few in the clergy, and not attended to by a few nobles, who left the house.

M. le Vicomte de Noailles opened this very unexpected and interesting scene at twelve o'clock at night*, in a pretty full assembly, after having

* This night was called "La nuit des sacrifices," for clergy and nobles surrendered all their privileges.

given notice in the morning of an important motion he had to make in the evening, which, however, every one thought, would relate to Brest. By two o'clock in the morning all these great resolutions had passed — they are now being framed into a code, with the necessary explanations as to the mode of carrying them into execution, and it is expected in two days they will receive the King's sanction. He expresses the greatest happiness at this sudden and irrevocable turn of the business. Poor man! he means well, but in the situation he is he would, no doubt, sign almost anything. You will, however, I believe, find a great many excellent articles in the two-and-twenty; the noblesse and clergy are, to be sure, brought to a new sort of existence, which three years ago they little dreamt of.

The new ministry is l'Archevêque de Bordeaux, Garde des Sceaux; M. le Comte de la Tour du Pin, Ministre de la Guerre; M. de St. Priest, Ministre de Paris; M. de la Luzerne (I think for a little while only) still Ministre de la Marine; the Prince de Beauveau l'entrée au conseil; and thus at last all M. Necker's friends are in to support his measures. He himself has not yet altered his situation, but will, I believe, very shortly have no fixed department, and be made chef du Conseil des Finances, or something like that, with a comptroller-general under him, he, however, keeping always the Trésor Royal under his immediate direction. I think the next step will now be voting a loan; for you must suppose the miracle of the five loaves cannot last much longer: it may be, however, only a partial loan, to keep the wheel going till everything of this first session is finished.

We shall have a great deal to say when we meet, but I will not wait till then to express the pleasing emotion your very friendly thought, on pecuniary difficulties, gave my dear Madame Huber and me. Your offer was doubly welcome to us, as part of your character, which must for ever secure our

most sincere attachment, and as a warm and delicate proof of your regard and friendship for us. You had judged well of the possibility of great difficulties here, even as to the necessaries of life, for a little while. I thought myself lucky in collecting about 150 francs amongst several friends, who shared their mite with us on the black Sunday. We were relieved a very few days after, but had things continued any time in this distracted situation, your kind foresight would have proved of the highest comfort, and, believe us, we would have accepted it from you with pleasure and confidence. Uncertain whether this letter may reach you at Montauban, I will not enclose the draft on London, and shall keep it till we see you. I look forward to that great pleasure in about ten or twelve days, as you will no doubt take some rest on the road. Mr. O'Dunne came to us yesterday morning, and added greatly to our joy by telling us the contents of your letter to him: everything is as we could have wished.

M. Huber to Mr. Eden.

Paris, August 17th.

Not one word of news have I been able to collect. Yesterday and the day before, being holidays, no business has been done at Versailles. Many are the present plans and projects in the Comité des Finances, composed long ago of sixty deputies. I have many weeks ago said that loans (which must create new taxes) are but an indifferent plastering remedy, which will put off the cure till Doomsday. I for one, have strongly recommended the idea of a *don gratuit* ordered by the States-General on every kind of property. I think that 1 per cent. on the fortune of every subject, be it land, house, merchandise, or funds, might produce about 500 millions of livres, making every allowance for the perjury of a few thousand subjects. I would have them pay that *don*

gratuit on oath (as to their fortune) before their nearest magistrate, and a certain number of juries, &c. I am inclined to believe this plan, which has met the idea of many people, is under serious consideration, but, before it takes place, the public debt must be acknowledged and consolidated, so that every one may know thereabout the value of what he possesses. I told you before, I believe, that the Assemblée Nationale seemed to me to go too fast, and I persist in thinking so. I am even apt to think that the night of the 4th of August, which produced so many unexpected sacrifices, has laid a bed of regrets in many of the members. The deep ones availed themselves of the moment of enthusiasm, and when they awaked the next morning, many shuddered at what had been done. Everything is now doing that can be done to restore vigour to the executive power, and that is indeed very necessary to enforce the payment of the old taxes; for, if you have read attentively M. Necker's last speech, you must observe the deficiency increasing daily, from that dreadful mischief of refusing to pay in the provinces. The loan of thirty millions goes on slowly—the disrespect shown for M. Necker's first plan of finance, when so much regard was expected to be paid to his great knowledge, had thrown a damp over the spirits of moneyed men, and nothing but the necessity of keeping the machine going will get the loan filled soon.

I repeat, that no place in Europe is safer, or likely to remain so quiet, as Paris. A regular militia of 26,000 men is now embodied; of these, 6,000 are paid, of these 6,000 upwards of 3,000 are old Gardes Françaises. I am not furnished with the least news from England. The papers to the 11th instant are quite empty—nothing but the excise on tobacco, on which the chancellor differs from Mr. Pitt. Your friend Lord Hawkesbury's son is here, but no English except the Gardiners and Sheldons. The first are going away soon, she to England, and he, I believe, to Ireland, called over by

his brother, who is made a peer, and brings him into the Irish House of Commons.

It will give us great joy to address you under the title which is so deservedly bestowed upon you; but none can make us ever forget the name so dear to us which preceded it, and behind which, when worldly grandeur surrounds you, we shall always shelter ourselves. I devoutly kiss her ladyship's fair hands, and send my love to my right honourable friends. I trust you will be good enough to write to us which day you mean to arrive here: we should meet you at some distance from Paris but for the scarcity of post-horses which all your carriages must occasion, so that we must prove an incumbrance or be left behind. I think we may be useful to you here at landing.

Mr. Storer to Mr. Eden.

Golden Square, August 21, 1789.

Dear Eden,—I received your letter dated the 12th of July about a week ago, at Romsey. It found me in the middle of my circuit, and I was surprised to find by it that you were still so far distant from home. Ever since the last letter I wrote to you, I have discontinued writing, because I thought you were on your way to England—sometimes I heard of you at Paris, sometimes at Dover, and once, I believe I was on the point of going to Lambeth to look for you. At last I am told that leave is certainly gone to you, so that probably we shall now soon see you; for I do not imagine that Paris will have any charms to make you stay there any time.

Revolutions in that part of the world take place as quickly as they do in any nonsensical plays of Dryden, or even in the Rehearsal itself. We have no news in England now, but from France—all our intelligence is French, though they did not bargain for it—they send us more of that article than they do of their wine or their millinery. I came to town with

a great curiosity to see some of their illustrious exiles, and as I began with the president de la noblesse, M. de Luxembourg, I found that Madame had manifested no concern or solicitude when she came to England about anything she had left in her native country, but that all her anxiety was expressed in her inquiries to know if there was any mass in London. This put me in mind of the song the French made on James II. when he abdicated the throne:—

"Quand je veux chanter Guillaume,
Je trouve d'abord un royaume,
Qu'il a su mettre sous ses loix;
Mais quand je veux parler de Jacques,
Après m'être mordu les doigts,
Je trouve, qu'il a fait ses pâques."

I wish no greater misfortune had befallen any one than the loss of a mass. The storm is begun in France; but it is not over. The Duke of Dorset has thought it right to retreat; and *I*, as *I* always have done, have filled up the embassy with Lord Auckland —if that is not to be your title, you will not understand me. Miss North* is not to be married till October. The first event I learned in town was the death of Peter Delmé; I could have spared a better man, but for his family and his circumstances, I believe he died in good time. His eldest and his second son will be well provided for, but his younger children will have very little. Lady Betty has a thousand a year for her jointure, but although that is not poverty, yet it is a great reverse to the situation in which she has been used to live. You mention in your letter the scarcity of corn in France. *Apropos* of that, I wish, for the honour of our country, that Pitt had permitted them to have the quantity they asked for—returning good for evil would have made a fine part in his speech in Parliament, and his prohibition to export did not hinder the exportation, as I know, from the intelligence I picked up in the Isle of Wight.

* Catherine Ann North, eldest daughter of Lord North, married 27th September, 1789, to Sylvester Douglas, created, 1800, Lord Glenbervie.

The quarrel which happened last year between Lord Brudenell and the Prince of Wales is made up. The first question which I was asked upon my arrival in town was if I had heard of *the peace?* I began immediately to consult the diplomatic corner of my brain, and my imagination flew to St. Petersburg, Moscow, and the Porte; but I need not have looked so far; the peace, which was considered as so great an event, was between the persons I have just mentioned. By this time I hope Mrs. Eden is perfectly recovered; her goodness of constitution will surmount a good deal, and her cheerfulness will always contribute much to her health. I am much obliged to you for your good wishes. Your quiver is full, and Mrs. Eden will not be afraid to meet her enemy in the gate; but how should I maintain a nursery? I have neither your activity nor the means of providing for such household troops. Kitty will be married before me. I went about a month ago with M. de la Luzerne to pay a visit to the Bishop of Winchester* at Farnham. Mrs. North must always have a French ambassador in her suite. We had scarce been there four-and-twenty hours before an express arrived, in the middle of the night, with an account of the first revolution, and so he was obliged to set off for London by five o'clock in the morning, time enough, I suppose, to say mass with Madame de Luxembourg. From Farnham I went to Romsey, from thence to the Isle of Wight, then I returned and stayed a few days at Romsey; from thence to Winchester, and then I paid a second visit to Farnham, and me voici maintenant à Londres. I propose going in a few days to Tunbridge, to pay a visit to the Norths —and après, let the fates decree. Adieu! With my respects to Mrs. Eden,

I am, yours, most sincerely,

A. STOREK.

* Brownlow North, half-brother of Lord North, married 17th Jan. 1771, Henrietta Maria, daughter of John Bannister, Esq.

Lord Auckland, who had passed through France, then in a state of insurrection, had now arrived at Beckenham.

Mr. Storer to Lord Auckland.

Golden Square, Sept. 24th, 1789.

My Lord,—Jam nunc assuesce vocari. I congratulate you with all my heart on the accession of your honours and your titles, but I only consider you as yet at the half-way house. The Spanish embassy has only made you an Irish peer; it is to be hoped that the embassy to France may end in a British peerage. I congratulate you, too, on your safe arrival at Beckenham with her ladyship and all your infant troop. The retreat of Xenophon's ten thousand is not more extraordinary than your return with all your family safe and in good health. I own I cannot help being envious of Lady Auckland's having been in a part of the world where I have not; I have no other complaint against her but this. You see by the date of this letter where I am, and it is hardly necessary to inform you that I will be anywhere where you choose to appoint me to meet you, either at Beckenham or elsewhere. Saintefoy has been out of town for these few days, but I believe he is shortly to return to Grenier's Hotel, in Jermyn Street, the grand resort of the illustrious fugitives from France, where, amongst others, is Madame de Boufflers and the Comtesse Emilie. We have a great deal to talk about, and undoubtedly your conversation must now be peculiarly worthy of attention; it is so at all times, but in general you know more than you choose to communicate. Give my best compliments to her ladyship, and believe me, with the greatest sincerity, yours, &c.

A. Storer.

P.S.—Enclosed is a letter which the Vicomtesse de la Luzerne desired me to send.

In the following letter of M. Huber will be found an animated account of the great debate in the National Assembly respecting the financial scheme of M. Necker, whose popularity was already on the wane.

M. Huber to Lord Auckland.

Paris, Sept. 26-27th, 1789.

My dear Lord,—Let all on whom this title is conferred deserve it as well as the one to whom this letter is written, and the homage paid to *our* nobility will be more from the heart and less from form. May you rise in dignities with daily increasing happiness!

Our anxiety is not over, but may be gradually done away by the result of yesterday's assembly at Versailles. It was a boisterous one, big indeed with the instantaneous fate of the empire, for if the plan of the minister had not passed, the certainty of bankruptcy would have rendered its effect immediate. My feelings were prodigiously tried during seven hours and a half.

The assembly opened with the report of the Comité des Finances (I mean the Comité des 12), by the Marquis de Montesquieu; the report was on the minister's plan; it is not yet printed, but will no doubt soon appear, and when you see it you will, I believe, say that it is a chef-d'œuvre. He concluded with saying that the committee approved the entire plan of the minister, and recommended its being adopted in all its parts by the Assemblée Nationale, leaving to him the mode of carrying it into execution. The first who rose to speak was the Count de Mirabeau, whose inveterate hatred to M. Necker is known to all the world. He had several points to gain, and was to steer through nice and difficult paths. He had his malice to gratify, his power of eloquence to show, an opposition to the plan to form, and yet he was not to carry it so far as to endanger it, nor even stop its progress, for then he saw the *lanterne* over his head.

His first motion tended to adopt at once, *sans*

examen, a plan, given in at such a critical moment, "par un ministre l'amour et la confiance de la nation, dont *l'immense* popularité faciliterait le travail."

The assembly, *bonâ fide* convinced that this was the only good resolution to take, got up as one man, and were going to vote it by acclamation, when Mirabeau stopped them by saying that before the thing was resolved on, the motion must be properly worded, and that if he was ordered to withdraw for that purpose, he would return in five minutes. He was accordingly commissioned to do it, and stayed an hour and a half.

During this interval some of his satellites got up successively, and prepared such objections as they knew he would push at his return. One motion, however, unexpected and foreign to the subject, was made by a member; which was, that in so dangerous a situation, all the church plate should be sent to the different mints in the kingdom.

This motion was handsomely seconded by the Archbishop of Paris, who only added the clause, that committees should be appointed, empowered by some of the upper clergy, the curate of the parish, and some of the municipality, to see that the thing should be fairly carried into execution, and that only what was necessary for the decency of Divine service should be left. This motion passed with great acclamation; the maker of it said he had it from the best authority that this object would yield one hundred and forty millions of livres. *I*, who am not sanguine (as your Lordship well knows), am willing to suppose an over-valuation of one hundred millions, and I still find forty millions quite unexpected.

Mirabeau returned with a written motion of two pages, the most invidious, malicious performance against the minister and his plan that impudence itself could frame and read; insomuch that in the middle of a dead silence the Prince de Poix called aloud, "Fi donc, Monsieur! on ne parle pas ainsi. C'est indigne et abominable." The motion was to

separate entirely (as to this plan) the assembly from the minister; and by taking that support from him to court every difficulty against him, and prepare the odium of the nation to fall upon his head in case of miscarriage. The devil himself could not have worked better.

M. de Lally Tollendal made a counter-motion, adopting that of M. de Mirabeau "quant au fond, et la renvoyant pour la rédaction au bureau du Comité des Finances." This engaged the combat, in which the minister's friends only worked to make Mirabeau gradually alter and reduce his own motion, which at last was brought to this: "Attendu l'urgence des circonstances, vu le rapport du Comité des Finances, l'Assemblée Nationale accepte de confiance le plan du premier Ministre des Finances." The president, M. de Clermont Tonnerre, did all he fairly could to have "*avec* confiance" substituted to "*de* confiance;" but to no purpose. You feel the difference. And such was the humour of the assembly, that, looking upon the president as a ministerial man, and upon Mirabeau as a friend to the cause, they gradually grew so violent that some called for a discussion of the plan, and others for an adjournment of the question —either of which, being attended with unknown delays, might have proved highly dangerous, and perhaps mortal; so that the Treasury bench, seeing the tide ran against them, did not dare oppose too strongly, for fear of exasperating. I was for two hours in a high fever; and Mirabeau saw at last that he had done more mischief than he had meant to do, and that it was now time to avert the explosion, and prevent the dreadful consequences. He rose at five o'clock, and began with saying: "J'entends autour de moi des menaces du Palais Royal, j'ai entendu un honorable membre dire, 'Catiline est aux portes de Rome, et on délibère.' Je ne crains ni le sort de Catiline ni les menaces du Palais Royal, mais je crains d'apercevoir les sentimens de quelques membres de cette

assemblée qui osent souhaiter la banqueroute, croyant par là échapper à la taxe."

He then, with an eloquence, an energy, an elocution beyond all powers of description, made so true and so terrifying a picture of the moment, in which the nation and the assembly stood, painted in such high colours the stream of blood, famine, and the utter ruin waiting for them at the gates in case inevitable bankruptcy followed their refusal of the plan: he said, in so irresistible a tone, "Qu'à moins qu'il n'y eût dans l'assemblée un autre moyen infaillible de remplir à l'instant le Trésor Royal et de boucher le déficit, il fallait que les plus mauvais, comme les meilleurs citoyens, se réunissent pour accepter, à l'instant même, en son entier, le plan du ministre;" that all the members, out of breath and with horror painted on their countenances, rose at one motion, and called out, or rather screamed out, "Aux voix! aux voix!" The votes were then called immediately, and the plan was carried.

Mirabeau fell almost senseless on his bench. I never saw greater exertion. For several minutes the house thundered with applause. No party was seen. His avowed enemies threw themselves in his way to touch at least his coat.

Now for a few probable things. The tax of a fourth part of the income, will, there is reason to suppose, produce a very considerable sum of money. Paris and many of the provincial towns are so desirous of it, looking upon it as the surest present remedy, that (as I said to some of the deputies) if they refuse it, it will be thrown at their head. M. Necker values that *don gratuit*, in eighteen months, at about 160 millions. We shall see. One excellent effect of yesterday's result is that the conduct of the finance is now entirely left with the minister, which will bring back that confidence frightened away by the awkward interference of the Assemblée Nationale. If anything can bring to light again the coin entrusted to the womb of the

earth, it is this measure, which must take effect with gold or silver.

The Caisse d'Escompte will now, I presume, advance what will be thought necessary to the Trésor Royal for the present exigencies. The plate (private property) goes pretty quickly to the mint. It must produce a sum; and, as I said before, many whose income is lessened by the present measures will be glad of making up for it in this way, which does not hurt their pride.

The Comité des Finances make a reduction of several millions more than the minister. They intend to do away for ever the loan by anticipating in the revenues, and when they have got all they can by economies, &c., they mean, in order to bring up the rear and to wash off the old debts, which hold a high interest, to make a loan for the remainder of their wants; "donnant pour sûreté des fonds de terre, des biens du clergé, pour toute la somme empruntée."

In this manner there is no sort of doubt of their getting what money they may have occasion for. The clergy itself always fund at four, and never at five per cent what they wanted to borrow, mortgaged on their land, which is abundantly free for several hundred millions of livres.

I have thus brought your Lordship to the present moment of Monday morning. I dined yesterday with M. de Clermont Tonnerre, who is perfectly knocked up, and looks wretchedly. He says the Assemblée Nationale is now in the best situation it has yet been. "Elle se rend justice sur tous ses vices; elle a fait la plus grande partie de la constitution; elle va cette semaine former les municipalités et donner au pouvoir exécutif la force la plus absolue; elle vient d'abandonner au ministre tout le soin des finances qu'elle n'entend pas, et peut entrevoir le terme assez prochain de se séparer. L'assemblée prochaine sera moitié en nombre, beaucoup mieux composée, formée de sujets indistinctement, qui auront pour première leçon le mépris

que cette première assemblée en général a inspiré par sa conduite."

M. Mounier, your favourite writer, is named president for the next fortnight. You must expect to hear soon that the ministers are called to the Assembly as representatives. It is at least the wish of a great number of the deputies, who feel the necessity of it. I have seen several times Mr. Andrew Stuart since your departure, and find him a man of great information and liberal way of thinking. He informed me, with concern, that two deputies de la ville had some days ago set out for England on purpose to purchase flour. They did not, in their sincere stupidity, think it in the least necessary to consult the minister on this imprudent measure; when they did, he treated them in a manner they little expected. This may do mischief, I am afraid, and raise the price in England.

I am, my dear Lord, your Lordship's most faithful and obedient servant,

B. HUBER.

M. Huber to Lord Auckland.

Paris, Sunday, October 3rd, 1789.

My dear Lord,—Not that I have much to say this time, but for want of shorter paper I take this. It shall convey the Rapport du Comité des Finances which your Lordship will approve of, or I am much mistaken. To this I add M. Necker's last speech to the Assemblée Nationale. It seems to me that he could not have resented their little care of him (in exposing him alone to the ill-humour of the nation in case his last general storm does not succeed) in a more becoming manner than by accepting boldly and voluntarily the risk from which they mean to screen themselves;—when, to close the whole of his conduct, one sees the gift of 100 thousand livres. It may be permitted to say, that few French ministers have hitherto equalled

are in self-renunciation. I was in hope of having enclosed also Mirabeau's address to the provinces on the subject of the new tax, but it is not yet printed, nor will be, till the King has accepted (not sanctioned) the articles of the Constitution which have been presented to him last Friday, — I mean les droits de l'homme and what has hitherto followed. His answer will most likely be given to-morrow morning, when the decrees of the Assemblée Nationale concerning the tax, and Mirabeau's letter for driving it into every one's heart, will be let loose. I shall hardly dare to send any more packets so heavy for postage till I know whether I may. I have had some qualms of conscience and some uneasiness ever since I sent the paper concerning M. du Tems, after having just the week before requested the favour of you to send me an ostensible letter for M. Necker which might facilitate my nomination to London. The double feeling of giddiness and indiscretion does not sit easy upon me. I trust, however, that your Lordship will only have seen in it my anxiety not to leave any possible measure untried to get into a pleasant line of activity. The English post not being yet come in, I have no letter to answer. If it brings me the one you have been so good to promise, I shall, to-morrow, go to Versailles.

No post come in, and here I must end abruptly, to save the post.

Ever most entirely,
B. H.

CHAP. XX.

Lord Auckland accepts the Embassy to Holland.—Letters of M. Garlike and the Count de Goltz, describing the Events of the 5th and 6th October. — Mr. Storer at Wroxton. — Anecdote of Charles II. — The dispute with Spain. — Letter of Mr. Stanley.

LORD AUCKLAND having resigned the Spanish embassy, at the earnest request of Mr. Pitt accepted another foreign mission, and he had again the good fortune to render the most important services to his country.

The following correspondence chiefly consists of private letters to and from Lord Auckland, whilst resident at the Hague.

Mr. Pitt to Lord Auckland.

(Private.) Hollwood, October 5th, 1789.

My dear Lord,—I feel very sensibly your attention to my wishes and to the convenience of Government in the sacrifice you are willing to make of your own inclination on the subject of these embassies. I assure you I should not avail myself of the liberty you give me of deciding on the subject, if, besides the facility of these political arrangements, which will depend on the French embassy being open, I did not also see, in a very strong light, the real advantage which I am persuaded the public service will derive from your going to Holland, and which I have no other way of obtaining. On these grounds your acceptance of this commission will give me real satisfaction, though I at the same time regret that your goodness in com-

plying with my wishes interferes in any degree with your own.

I am, my dear Lord,
Yours most sincerely,
W. PITT.

Mr. Garlike to Lord Auckland.*

Paris, Tuesday, October 6th, 1789.
Twelve o'clock at night.

My Lord,—I take the advantage of a few minutes to inform your Lordship that, in consequence of the alarm occasioned by what passed at Versailles† on Friday, and the unaccountable continuance of the scarcity of bread, the Poissardes assembled yesterday morning from every part of Paris, and, forcing men and women into their party, went off in furious disorder to Versailles.

M. Bailly's consternation and fears were such that he intended resigning and escaping; and the Marquis Lafayette, without orders from the Hôtel de Ville, could come to no resolution he was sure would be safe.

The troops assembled in every district, and the Gardes Françaises (who also began to fear for themselves in case of any turn against them) and some others of the troops surrounded M. de Lafayette's house, and insisted on his leading them instantly to Versailles, and, mentioning the *lanterne* as an alternative, told him he must either go on or go up. About 40,000 troops, armed men, and some women, left Paris about five o'clock, headed by the marquis. On their arrival at Versailles, they found the King's household had surrendered to the mob of women and Versailles militia that had attacked the Gardes du Corps in the morning. Five or six of this corps were taken, and either cut to pieces or beheaded, and sixteen or seventeen were saved by the arrival of the

* Mr. B. Garlike had acted as Lord Auckland's private secretary when in Paris, and was now attached to the English embassy.

† The banquet given by the Gardes du Corps to the Regiment of Flanders.

city troops. The heads of two of these young gentlemen were paraded through the streets this morning, without a sigh for their fate from any of the spectators, and amidst more insult and cruelty from men, women, and children, than I could have conceived in any people, and in any people with such a spectacle before them, in any state of humanity whatever.

The King, Queen, and royal family arrived at Paris about seven o'clock this evening, and are to remain at the Tuileries. Many of the Gardes du Corps have escaped: those now in Paris have taken the common oath, and are incorporated with the National Militia.

In the mobbing on Monday I saw many genteel women forced from their coaches to go to Versailles; means, however, were found to prevent the greater part from being taken there. Several went, and some fainting in the streets were left to the mercy of the bystanders.

I beg my most respectful compliments to Lady Auckland and my young friends, and to subscribe myself, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient humble servant.

The following letter of the Prussian minister at Paris entirely attributes the safety of the royal family to the exertions of M. Lafayette.

Count de Goltz to Lord Auckland.

Paris, le 12 octobre 1789.

J'ai bien reçu, mon cher Ambassadeur, la lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'écrire le 2, en réponse à ma première. Vous en avez reçu une autre depuis. Voici la troisième, puisque vous me dites que vous y mettez quelque prix, et parceque j'ai du plaisir à me rapprocher à votre amitié. Je ne vous ai pas écrit la semaine dernière, car, en vérité, les scènes que nous avons vues, et dont vos autres cor-

respondans vous auront déjà parlé, ne m'ont laissé que le temps nécessaire pour mes écritures officielles. Quand on voit des têtes sur des piques se promener sous sa fenêtre, comme cela m'est arrivé, on ne pense guère à écrire. Vous savez déjà sans doute que dans la nuit du 5 au 6, les gardes du corps ont été massacrées jusque dans les appartemens du château de Versailles, et que la populace sauvage et furieuse de Paris n'a été domptée à la fin que par les grenadiers des anciennes Gardes Françaises, aujourd'hui Garde Nationale de Paris, qui, sans contredit, ont sauvé toute la famille royale. M. de Lafayette a rendu le plus grand service en conduisant les troupes, qui, à son refus, après l'avoir victimé, auraient nommé un autre chef parmi elles ; et on ne saurait calculer à quoi alors seraient portées les choses. A présent, tout est calme à Paris. Depuis la déclaration provisoire pour les procédures criminelles, donnée par l'Assemblée Nationale, les tribunaux reprenant l'activité, on fera des exécutions, et on espère avoir trouvé le fil des machinations des perturbateurs. On dit même, qu'on va en publier la liste.

Savez-vous, milord, qu'à la députation des citoyennes de Paris, qu'on ne voyait en apparence que des dames de la Halle ?—celle qui portait la parole au roi le soir du 5, est reconnue à présent pour une demoiselle galante, connue et fréquentée par des gens connus. Que d'objets à réflexion !

LL.MM. font deux fois par semaine, Dimanche et Jeudi, l'honneur au corps diplomatique de le recevoir. La Reine a jeu trois fois la semaine. Je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire que quoique les pièces aux Tuileries soient assez grandes, le logement de LL.MM. ne vaut pas celui de Versailles. Les troupes nationales garnissent jusqu'aux portes des appartemens sur la terrasse du jardin. Vous entendez des cris fréquens du peuple pour jouir de la vue de LL.MM. et du dauphin aux fenêtres. Elles ont toujours la bonté d'y paraître, quelque mauvais temps qu'il fasse.

La peur du peuple de Paris a fait quitter l'Assem-

blée Nationale à beaucoup de députés, surtout du clergé. Mais un qui n'en est pas, qui est essentiel, c'est M. Mounier, qui est allé promptement dans la province de Dauphiné, où il jouit d'une grande considération. M. de Lally a aussi quitté la partie. On dit que M. de Clermont Tonnerre en sera autant. M. de Mirabeau ne s'en ira pas, je crois. Vous savez que bien au contraire, il vient de dénoncer à l'Assemblée M. de St.-Priest, pour avoir, dit-il, renvoyé les dames de Paris à l'Assemblée, en disant que les douze cents rois leur donneraient du pain. Le Ministre dénoncé a imprimé une lettre au président, pour nier le propos. Je ne vous parle pas de la motion faite par l'évêque d'Autun, relative aux biens de l'église. M. Huber vous en parlera mieux que moi, et de tout ce qui regarde les finances. Voilà une longue lettre, milord, et que j'écris avec plaisir, parce que je vous aime de tout mon cœur. Je vous prie d'avoir bien soin de cette-incluse à milady Clermont. Elle est d'une de ses amies et des miennes aussi. Je vous la recommande beaucoup. Mes respects à milady Auckland. Je prie votre Excellence de recevoir mes sincères hommages.

The leaders of the Revolution were now beginning to quarrel amongst themselves. In the following letter will be found an account of a scene between M. de Lafayette and the Duc d'Orléans:—

Mr. Huber to Lord Auckland.

Paris, October 15.

Yesterday at three o'clock, P.M., the Duc d'Orléans set off for England, having for companion M. de la Clos (the director of his conscience and of his political conduct), the same virtuous man who has written "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," which book, if you have not read, I beg you will read. In the morning the duke wrote to the Assemblée Nationale to request a passport for England, with an apology for not attending himself.

His letter was seconded by one from the Count de Montmorin, saying, "que sa Majesté ayant donné à M. le Duc d'Orléans une commission de la plus haute importance à l'Angleterre, il priait l'Assemblée de vouloir accélérer son départ." This is the ostensible part of the thing; and voici le secret de la chose. The duke was at the head of a formidable party, the purpose of which was to send the King away, if not worse, and to make himself be named Regent, &c. M. de Lafayette has worked out this plot in wonderful silence, and once master of every proof, he waited on the duke last Saturday for the first time, and told him these words on which you may depend:—"Monseigneur, je crains qu'il y ait bientôt sur l'échafaud la tête d'une personne de votre nom." The duke looked surprised. "Vous avez, Monseigneur, l'intention de me faire assassiner, mais soyez sûr que vous le seriez vous-même une heure après." The duke swore his word of honour he was not guilty. The other continued, saying: "Monseigneur, je dois recevoir votre parole d'honneur, mais comme j'ai en main les plus fortes preuves de toute votre conduite, il faut que votre altesse quitte la France, ou bien je vous traduis dans vingt-quatre heures devant les tribunaux. Le Roi a descendu quelques marches de son trône, mais je me suis mis sur la dernière; il ne descendra plus, et pour arriver à lui il faut me passer sur le corps. Vous avez à vous plaindre de la Reine et moi aussi, mais c'est le moment d'oublier tous les torts." The duke consented to depart. The day after they were both with the King, before whom the marquis repeated to the duke all he had said. Twice since, the duke, encouraged again by his people (who told him that by going he pleaded guilty to Europe), said he could not go. But he has been so much frightened by the King and the marquis that he at last determined on becoming your guest, and he went yesterday from Versailles to St. Denis, where he had appointed Laclos to meet him.

Yesterday the Assemblée decreed the riot act, much the same as that in England, except that ten people

armed, and twenty people unarmed, are the number constituting rebels. The act is to be read on proper occasions. On not dispersing immediately they are to be dealt with with all military rigour. The criminal law was also decreed four days ago, and to be put in force by Parliament at least *pro tempore*.

Lord Sheffield to Lord Auckland.

Sheffield Place, January 8th, 1790.

I am sorry that you and Lady Auckland are at the old business of packing and preparing; but for yourselves your present half-settled state here (and at this season when London and its neighbourhood are most uncomfortable) is not much to be regretted. I am glad you will be so near. It seems likely that when it may be thought proper to send an ambassador to Paris, you will move there. At present there seems no symptom of attaining anything worthy the description of a government in France. I cannot conceive it possible that a Revolution, so managed as it is, can proceed smoothly. Progressive distress must produce a crisis, and probably a grand burst. As yet there is no appearance of a great man arising either to restore the monarchy or lead the commonwealth. If the silly nation, instead of abusing, had made use of their advantages; if they had been content with a liberal translation of our system; if they had respected the prerogatives of the Crown, and the privileges of the nobles, they might have raised a solid fabric on the only true foundation—the national aristocracy of a great country. How miserable is their prospect! and after a short time our trade and commerce, and a great part of Europe, will feel a check in consequence of the extreme distress of France.

Your French* letters are very gratifying to us in the country. I return them, and wish you to continue to send while you remain in the island. The account

* M. Huber's letters.

given in them of Lally Tollendal's letters, and of the Duke of Orleans' reception, entertained us particularly. The Count de Lally is to pass the winter at Lausanne with his female friend the Princesse d'Henin. Gibbon mentions him as an amiable man of the world, and a poet, and describes Mounier, the late President of the National Assembly (who was there and is gone into Dauphiné), as a serious, dry politician; they dined with him. He mentions the Marshal de Castriès and the Duke of Guignes as residents there.

It is but too true that it is difficult to suggest advantages to be offered by us to induce Spain to give us a preference in trade; therefore I discredited the report.

A letter from the Irish speaker mentions that the demands on Ireland for corn from France and its Government, are unlimited in price, and the orders from Spain very extensive. Many tricks were believed to have taken place at several ports to keep them open; they were easily counteracted, and the ports are shut, not by embargo, but the operation of the laws.

We are yours and your Ladyship's most sincerely,

SHEFFIELD.

P.S.—Has Wyatt been with you?

Mr. Storer to Lord Auckland.

Golden Square, Jan. 17, 1790.

Dear Lord Auckland,—I arrived in town last night at about eleven o'clock, having been in the country very nearly two months; and for a few days I suppose I shall feel as awkward as if I had never been in London before. I, indeed, hastened my return to town in hopes of seeing you before your departure for the Hague, and of wishing you success in all your negotiations with Meinheer. The letter which you sent me some time since, I received at Bath, and I feel that I ought, consistent with all the rules of politeness, to have returned you thanks for it; but having

no news to send you from that temple of Hygeia, I could not prevail upon myself to send you merely a letter of compliment. It could be no very interesting thing to tell you, that Mrs. Armstead and I were dry pumping our feet in order to cure our lameness, and that Mr. Fox and I were playing at battledore and shuttlecock in the morning, and at *longue patience* all the evening. From Bath I took a tour into Hampshire, and enfin me voici à Londres. Vous vous moquez de moi when you talk of my *good graces*. About my piano-forte you may do as you please. If it accommodates you, if you will not accept it as a present,—you may pay me for it. I think twenty-two guineas quite enough for it; but if it is sold, I know I must buy another, and I do not believe, though I can get a fairer outside, I shall be able to purchase a better toned one. This consideration will reconcile me to taking twenty-two guineas, but if it be sold, I must stipulate a price for it, which is that, into the bargain, you give me a book in the library at Beckenham,—it is a single volume in octavo, "Les chefs-d'œuvre de Corneille," printed at Oxford, and it has your handwriting in it, which must not be torn out.

You hope I amuse myself. By my last request, you may guess the kind of amusement I have. While you are settling the interests of Europe, and are considering the extent of imperial territories, I am occupied with that of a title-page. Had I anything else to think of, I should be inexcusable, but *faute de mieux faire; strenua nos exercet inertia.* I should be very glad to see you before you leave England, to wish you and Lady Auckland a pleasant voyage, and a successful embassy. If you can tell me where I can find you on this side of Harwich, believe me, I shall with the greatest pleasure wait on you. Adieu!

I am, with the sincerest friendship, yours, &c.,

A. STORER.

Mr. Storer to Lord Auckland.

Golden Square, August 6th, 1790.

My dear Lord,—What news can I write to you that you will not know before you receive my letter? Your present situation naturally puts you at the fountain of intelligence, while we ex-ministerialists are a long way down the stream, and before we get a draught you have done yours. Great events have happened these two days last past, private and public. Lord Guilford* died on Wednesday about two o'clock; and yesterday it was known that we were to have a *Gazette* extraordinary in the afternoon to inform us of what had been done between Spain and this country. The *Gazette* does not seem to be as satisfactory as I should wish; but however, though the negotiation may be attended with some interruption, it will in all probability end in peace. The *corps diplomatique* seem to think that peace, too, is on the eve of being concluded between Sweden and Russia; the Swedish minister says so very openly. Of this you will be informed sooner than we can be here. Dundas may soon make use of his amplifications, and say, "All the world is at 'pess.'" George Cholmondeley is married to Miss Pitt, Morton Pitt's sister; and they say Lady Margaret Fordyce is disappointed, she having intended herself to have tried her fortune in wedlock a second time with Miss Pitt's bridegroom. A few days ago I made a visit at St. Ann's Hill, and found our blue and buff chief† surrounded by the arts, lolling‡ in the shade. Mrs. Armstead was with him; a harper was playing soft music; books of botany lying about; and astronomy, in the shape of Sir Harry Englefield, assisted in the group. I received a commission from him to get a plant from Mrs. Ellis; and thus you see, like

* Father of Lord North. † Mr. Fox.

‡ George Selwyn called Fox and Pitt, the idle and industrious apprentices.

Solomon, he is to seek wisdom in the search of herbs and flowers.

Were I at the Hague I should be a match for you at quadrille, if my having learnt it before I was eight years old would entitle me to any pretensions of playing well. Of Lord Guilford's will I have as yet heard no particulars. I take for granted he cannot have died poor; and therefore, *à tout événément*, his successor will be in very easy, if not in ample, circumstances. A day or two ago, at the French Ambassador's, it was reported that there was a probability of a change in the French ministry. The Duke of Orleans, it is said, is not to fight the man who affronted him; altogether he has played his game but ill. Madame de Boufflers and la Comtesse Emilie are established on Richmond Hill; Madame de Roucherolles has got a pied à terre at Petersham; the President d'Alegre is on Richmond Green; the Duchesse de Biron * is gone to France, with some intention to return. The French should at any rate stay here, for in France they become *simples bourgeois;* here they retain their titles. Catuelan, whom you may remember, is obliged to call himself by a sorry name, a lucky one it is to be hoped: —— is the appellation he is obliged now to assume; and some illustrious personage, I believe, is, hereafter, to be styled Monsieur Chassepoux. The French have adapted the terms of *tric-trac* to the principal actors amongst them. The King, they say, "a pris le coin bourgeois; le tiers à battu les deux coins," &c. These people always like a little joke in the midst of their most serious misfortunes. *Voici tout le détail que j'ai à vous offrir;* and therefore, not forgetting my best compliments to the ambassadress, and my best wishes for the general prosperity of you and your family, I take my leave. Adieu, my dear Lord, I am, with the greatest esteem,

Very sincerely yours,

A. STORER.

* The Duchess was guillotined in 1794.

Mr. Storer to Lord Auckland.

Golden Square, September 28th, 1790.

Dear Lord Auckland, — Since I received yours I have been entirely in the country, regardless of even what is pending between England and Spain. A fortnight of my time I spent at Wroxton, a place where I had never been before, and where, for an idle portrait-hunter like myself, there were ample materials for amusement. I have made another discovery in my travels, which you will not consider as a perfectly new one, and that is no less than that Oxford is a very curious place. The only time I ever was there before was once when I was very young and thought of nothing but the inside of a tennis-court, and when I changed horses sometimes in our *voyages* to Blenheim. The house at Wroxton is full of Norths and Popes. We wrote Wroxtoniana, or, according to my friend Pennant's title of his book, *of Wroxton.*

During our stay I cannot speak very highly of Lord Guilford's spirits; whether it was owing to the remembrance of his youth passed here that he seemed peculiarly melancholy, or only on account of some accidental nervousness, I cannot tell, but he was very far from being cheerful. He is become very rich, and I believe has as many houses as Cicero ever had. My attention to the portraits made everybody consider me, according to the language of the house, as *Popishly* inclined. The two medallions of yourself and Lady Auckland I have expected very anxiously, but in vain. I wish you would, now you are ambassador, have your portrait engraved. I do not desire you to appear so frequently on brass as Lord Sheffield, but a good print of you to me is a great desideratum. You come into a variety of classes, particularly amongst my noble authors. Had I any interest with you, I should make it a point that you consigned your features to the skill of some celebrated engraver.

The whole summer I have had a voyage to Holland in contemplation, but something or other has prevented me. Though you have had a material advantage over me as a traveller by your journey to Spain, I meant to keep pace with you by seeing Holland; so do not be astonished if, with a courier, some *beau matin* you see me arrive. I shall count upon a dinner; where you have so many guests, an additional one may very easily squeeze in. Amongst my other projects this summer I had a mind to have gone to the source of the Thames, and come all the way down by water. As I could not accomplish this expedition in the manner of Bruce, I went out of the road at Dorchester* to see the junction of the Thame and Isis, where Emma's father, if she had one, lived.

Amongst the portraits at Wroxton there was one of Charles, the first Lord North and Grey, which pleased me very much, and it did not please me less on account of an anecdote which is told of him. It is said, that, feeling a little jealousy of his younger brother, Sir Francis North† (afterwards Lord Keeper), to whom Charles the Second was then on the point of granting some favour and of giving some promotion, he asked an audience of his Majesty; and after having stated that, however proper it might be to feel a regard and attention to the interests of a man's own family, yet he told the King that there was another duty which superseded this, viz. the duty one owed one's Sovereign: that, urged by a sense of this obligation, he was forced to waive his love to his brother from a consideration to his Majesty's interest, and therefore took the liberty of informing him that his brother was a very weak man, and totally unworthy of the trust his Majesty reposed in him. Upon this Charles the Second thanked him very much for his attachment and loyalty, and said that he must confess that he

* Dorchester in Oxfordshire.

† Sir Francis, second son of Dudley fourth Earl North; created Lord Guilford 27th Sept. 1683; married Frances, daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Pope, Earl of Downe.

had always heard that there was one weak man in the North family, but *never till then knew who it was.*

I am no sooner arrived in town but the first thing I do, as you see, is to write to your excellency; but an idle unemployed gentleman cannot tell to you about what you are engaged in, and what too he wishes he himself were engaged in likewise, politics and diplomatics. They say a courier arrived yesterday from Spain*, but what he brings has not transpired; it can be nothing decisively favourable, otherwise Mr. Pitt would probably have communicated it to the world. We go on earning and spending money. Captains complain of insults from Spain, and moneyed men wish for war; but though many things seem to portend war, I cannot be induced to think that it is possible there should be one, at least of any long continuance, for who is to fight with us? France, in spite of the boasting of her Assemblée Nationale, is in a state of perfect impotence. I hope Necker's retreat amused you. Whenever quacks, as well as regular bred physicians, abandon us, there can be but little hopes of living. Having now filled my paper, according to the old phrase, having made my number, giving my best compliments to Lady Auckland, I remain yours most sincerely,

A. STORER.

Mr. Storer to Lord Auckland.

Golden Square, October 22nd, 1790.

Dear Lord Auckland,—Yesterday I received two very beautiful medallions, which I shall certainly consider as very valuable additions to my domestic ornaments. Many thanks to you for them. Plain black, and not gilded frames, will be their destiny; and they shall be hung in my new mansion, on each side his Most Christian Majesty's portrait. Though I thank you for these, yet I am not satisfied, nor shall be, till your portrait is engraved.

* The Spaniards had seized some English ships at Nootka Sound. This nearly occasioned a war.

We are all here, as we have been for a certain time, at fault. Which shall we speculate on—peace* or war? I have been in town three or four days to learn what is passing, and to see how the world goes, but I might as well have stayed in the country. It is true I saw last night, and shall see again this evening, one of the principal performers in the interlude, viz., the Spanish Ambassador, and, would you believe it? I got nothing from him. 'Tis true I played at *Trou Madame* with him, but though admitted to entertain his Excellency, with so much intimacy and cordiality passing between us, yet I am no wiser than I was yesterday morning. I saw his handkerchief out of his pocket, but, though I looked very narrowly, I could not discover the peace which they say is lurking behind.

All our officers are in high spirits at the idea of a voyage to Mexico. They buy Ulloa's Voyage to make themselves masters of the South Sea coasts. I remember you formerly supposed that, as war never could be again carried on by this country, that the younger brothers of great families would be for a long while destitute of provision. *Mais le probable n'arrive jamais.* Here we are going to war, and for what? A place, the name of which I can scarcely pronounce, never heard of till lately, and which did not exist till t'other day. Pitt is tired of peace. He bullied France so effectually three years ago, that he is determined to try the same thing with Spain. I wish he may succeed. As a poor West India planter I have more to lose by the mistakes of a minister than I can gain as a well-wisher to Opposition. This year, however, the West Indies have produced very kindly. If every year would be like this, I never should go begging. Suspended between these two speculations, we have nothing to put us in motion. We look about

* Mr. Storer alludes in this letter to the dispute with Spain with respect to Nootka Sound. Spain eventually acceded to the demands of the English Government, and Nootka Sound was ceded to England.

for the catastrophe, and think a very short time must decide it, but so we thought two months ago.

Lord Wentworth is at last made a lord of the bed-chamber. He has waited a good while for it. His brother-in-law Milbanke has spent a very large sum in the Durham election. I wish Sir John* may not have spent so much. It will be hard upon him to lose both his money and his election.

I dined yesterday at the French Ambassador's, and I am going to dine there again to-day, but yet I can form no opinion from any intelligence I can pick up amidst the diplomatic fraternity. I really believe that the negotiators themselves know not what will happen. M. Florida Blanca seems to have had a pleasure in his publication of his memorial; and Pitt, as it is said, is piqued at his negotiation being known; probably he may not have conducted it so adroitly as he ought to have done, and so, to cover his mistakes, whereby he has failed in producing a peace, he will hurry us into a war. I hope most sincerely that my supposition may be entirely groundless.

Warner†, who went chaplain to Paris with Lord Gower, has been dismissed. What was the ground of their misunderstanding I know not. Warner was recommended to Lord Gower by Lord Carlisle and Selwyn. The latter is very much broken this year.

I am sorry that I cannot write to you a more satisfactory letter, but we have no news, and so, assuring you that I am with the greatest sincerity yours, I am,

A. Storer.

My best compliments to Lady Auckland.

Mr. Storer to Lord Auckland.

Golden Square, November 28th, 1790.

Dear Lord Auckland,—I am glad to find that in one thing I resemble you, viz., the practice of keeping

* Sir John Eden.

† Dr. Warner, the friend and correspondent of George Selwyn. Probably the doctor was dismissed on account of his admiration of the French Revolution.

a box, and in it your agenda. I wonder not that, amidst all the variety of business which you must have to do at present, my letter should sink to the bottom; indeed, I should not have been astonished if you had taken the Cardinal Dubois' method of answering all your private letters, and putting yourself *au courant* by throwing them into the fire. You have been very merciless to the deputies from Brabant. What! no respite? You have been as hard-hearted as an unrelenting judge at the Old Bailey. His Majesty's speech tells us that this business is soon to be decided, and therefore you are determined to expedite it. The report here about the convention was, that our Ministry was in doubt whether we were to have peace or war, so probable did it seem that Spain would not yield; but I own that I was not wise enough to foresee the probability of resistance on the part of Spain single-handed against Great Britain. Although the convention has been retarded a long time, I adopt the motto of the York stage-coach, "Sat citò, si sat bene;" but there are diplomatic persons in this country who say that Mr. Pitt might have had from Spain all he has got without a penny expense.

I am glad that a mynheer is likely to be added to your collection of fantocini; six children born in six different countries is indeed a very extraordinary event, and it shall not fail to be recorded on your portraits, whenever they are engraved. The Danish minister says that he has five children produced in different parts of the world, but you are on the point of outdoing him. You ask me whether I have candour enough either to feel or allow the merit of the late transactions? I certainly do not wish to convert a correspondence of friendship into a discussion of politics: in order to judge rightly of the ability with which these matters have been conducted, one ought to be much better informed than I can boast of being. My ignorance hinders me both from pointing out the faults and from discovering the

merits of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fitzherbert*; but still, as blind Gloucester says, there are some things in this world one can see without eyes. Is there much merit in a great boy's bullying a little one who has wisdom enough to decline a battle, rather than be beaten by a superior adversary? The merit is in him who yields, rather than in him who provokes a contest about what will turn to very little account when obtained.

The *corps diplomatique* here are very far from thinking as you do on the continent: the convention itself, which, as it was said, was to put an end to all possible dispute and altercation, is very far from being precise.† You will say it is very difficult to describe accurately the limits; as it is, it is so far from precluding cavilling and quarrelling that nothing is more open to misunderstanding, whenever it suits the interest of Spain to misconstrue and wrangle. After all, peace is certainly a good thing; nobody will deny this, not even the city of London, or that great artist and magistrate, the Lord Mayor.‡ As long as France will but continue in her present ridiculous and miserable situation, old England is perfectly safe, and "any man may be minister, even Grenville." This I quote from yourself, but though you foresaw the possibility of his being a minister, you never thought of his being a peer. You will never urge now as an argument against your being a peer the inadequacy of your patrimony to that dignity.

Burke and Calonne's books have been and are the subjects of universal conversation, talked of for ever in private, and daily discussed in the public newspapers. I do not believe we wanted the assistance of Burke's eloquence to persuade us not to change our constitution, nor of Calonne's to prove to us either the poverty or folly of the French. Burke's

* Mr. Fitzherbert succeeded Lord Auckland as Ambassador in Spain.

† The convention was so loosely drawn up, that when Captain Vancouver arrived at Nootka Sound the Spaniards refused to restore the territory to the English.

‡ Alderman Boydell.

book is diffuse and flowery, like his speeches, talks of various very uninteresting things, but it is what is called a fine piece of eloquence and a splendid exercise of talents. Calonne's book (a peer* has said it) is a libel, and, if the author returns, it will be the duty of Lord Stanhope to endeavour to send him to keep company with that other arch-libellist, Lord George Gordon.

It is said that the Administration were to bring on some question in the House by way of approbation of the convention; much is said about the two chancellors† being on ill terms, but Thurlow will keep his place, and Government will never turn him out; he will find fault and scold in all cases, but afterwards support the worst. Opposition has not summoned its troops, nor means, I believe, to take the field before Christmas. You know that Lord Carlisle is a grandfather, and that Lady Catherine Douglas is in a fair way of giving Lord Guilford the same title. Do not forget to give my best compliments to Lady Auckland, and believe me, with the greatest truth,

Yours most sincerely,

A. STORER.

Mr. Stanley‡ to Lord Auckland.

Grosvenor Place, December 7th, 1790.

My Lord,—Excuse me if, during my stay at Paris, I never wrote to you to say how much I was obliged by your very kind letter, and the letter of recommendation it contained for Mr. and Mrs. Huber. Attribute my silence to the constant occupation which a series of such new and interesting scenes that every day afforded, furnished me with; indeed, very little leisure did the bustle of Paris, in its present agitated, distracted state permit me to enjoy, and I trust your lordship will not take it ill that I now only

* Lord Stanhope. † Lord Thurlow and Mr. Pitt.
‡ Afterwards Sir John Thomas Stanley of Alderley.

take up my pen to assure you that I equally received pleasure and advantage from your attention. Both Mr. and Mrs. Huber were, in consequence of your letter, very desirous of showing me civility during my stay at Paris. I found Mrs. Huber a pleasing and sensible woman, and such are not to be met with every day.

I spent nearly a month at Paris, and it was there only I could form an adequate idea of the state of the people's mind, of the violence of party, of the confusion, anarchy, effervescence produced by so sudden and so great a change as has been that of the Revolution. Your lordship may wish to ask me if so near a view of the Revolution has made no change in my opinions concerning it. I will frankly own to you it has, but let not Lady Auckland triumph too much in consequence of this confession, for I have not changed in favour of any other opinion. I am now neither aristocrat nor democrat; indeed, a man unprejudiced by his feelings for friends or acquaintance who suffer can be of neither party. The violence, injustice, ignorance of both, are equally disgusting. It is impossible to converse rationally with the partisans of either. Passion takes the place of argument, and abuse of discussion. It is not only in private society, if the chance dinners now given may still be called society, but in all clubs, in the coffee-houses, in the National Assembly more than in any place, that this strain of invective and illiberal declamation is made use of. Men of both parties seem equally averse to calm discussion. No mean in argument is admitted. According to one side, all liberty is bad because licentiousness is intolerable. According to the other, because despotism is oppressive all subordination should be destroyed.

I was at Paris when the mob destroyed all the furniture in the house of the Duke de Castries; and I had an opportunity of seeing how much of his popularity M. de Lafayette has lost. He was talked to in a most insolent manner on that day by that part of

the mob which was nearest to him. In the evening of the same day I was at the meeting of the National Assembly, and there heard more than one member approve the conduct of the people.

I have now been a witness to the violence with which the Revolution is carried on, and to the system of injustice which prevails, and must with Mr. Burke reprobate the proceedings of the National Assembly. More violence must be yet committed, however, before the late system can be regretted. For the present anarchy cannot last, and I scarce can think the French nation so lost to all sense as not to undo what their mad deputies have been doing:—re-establish order, give security to property, and submit to a King, whose authority shall not be annihilated, but properly limited. Should this change happen, the Revolution will be praised as it was at first. At present, indeed, it seems to have brought more mischief than good to the country.

Led away by a subject of so much interest, I have written to your lordship a much longer letter than I intended to have troubled you with. I claim your indulgence. My letter, indeed, now is very nearly concluded, for the country in which I now am affords few materials for writing. When we have said the prosperity of England is at its highest, we have said all. To me this prosperity appears greater when I contrast it with the situation of some of the countries I have just been visiting. And now, my lord, in looking back over the stormy days I have seen in France to the quiet of the Hague, let me again thank you for the comfortable months I spent there. I was induced to visit Holland by the offer you made me of a kind reception, and you gave me no reason to repent my journey.

May I request your lordship to give my compliments to Lady Auckland.

I remain, your humble and obedient servant,

JOHN THOS. STANLEY.

CHAP. XXI.

The Russian Armament.—Lord Auckland opposes the War.—Opinion of Admiral Kingsbergen.—Mr. Pitt desires it to be sent officially.—Death of George Selwyn.—The Prince of Wales in Hampshire.—The Ladies become Bankers.—Lord Cardigan's Marriage.—The Russian Armament highly unpopular.—Retirement of Mr. Ewart.—Lord Blandford's Marriage.—Advice to Morton Eden.—The Duchess of York.—Apathy in England with respect to foreign Affairs.—Mr. Pitt's Overture for a Coalition.—Lord Auckland's Letter to Lord Loughborough.

Mr. Pitt's foreign policy had been eminently successful: he had humbled the pride of France and Spain; but his attempt to curb the ambition of Russia did not terminate satisfactorily. The English Government demanded that the fortress of Oczakow should be restored to the Turks. The Emperor refused, and England, in conjunction with Prussia, threatened war and increased their armaments.

Lord Auckland had, from the first, opposed proceeding to extremities in the present state of Europe, and in private letters to Mr. Pitt represented the danger of distant war. Mr. Pitt was much influenced by this advice, and particularly by the opinion of the Dutch Admiral Kingsbergen, who was well acquainted with Oczakow, and who had informed Lord Auckland of the insufficiency of the object for which the war was to be undertaken.

Mr. Pitt, in the following letter, desires to have an official letter respecting Admiral Kingsbergen's opinions: —

Mr. Pitt to Lord Auckland.

(Private.) Downing Street, March 7th, 1791.

My dear Lord,—The information you have been so good to send me, of Admiral Kingsbergen's opinion, is in the present moment so very material, that I should most earnestly wish to have it sent officially as early as possible. I will endeavour to get a despatch sent from the Duke of Leeds' office by to-night's mail if possible, but I am not sure whether I shall have an opportunity of seeing him in time. At all events, I would beg you not to wait for an official intimation as time presses.

The substance of what you have already stated seems to include an answer to the most material questions which would occur; but, for greater distinctness, I would ask — 1st. Whether the fortress of Oczakow itself in any degree commands the passage from the Liman to the Black Sea? 2nd. Whether it affords a station which would enable a Turkish fleet with more advantage to oppose the passage of a Russian fleet from Cherson, and prevent its joining any force which they might equip at Sebastopol* or any other port on the Black Sea? 3rd. From whence must the Russians draw their supplies of masts, timber, and other naval stores, for the purpose of carrying on equipments at Cherson, or Sebastopol, or any other port of the Black Sea; and whether they could probably, in time of peace, lay in sufficient stores for carrying on a war without fresh supplies in the course of it? 4th. Whether Oczakow, in the hands of the Turks, would furnish any material impediment in time of war to the Russians collecting at Cherson or Sebastopol, or any other port, such supplies of troops, seamen, provisions, stores, &c., as might be necessary for making a formidable attack on Constantinople; and whether, supposing them to intend such an attack, it would be necessary

* "Admiral Kingsbergen informed Lord Auckland that Sebastopol was the great danger for Turkey, and that it would be easy for an active admiral to burn Constantinople by a sudden attack from that port."—*Auckland MSS.*

for them to begin by taking Oczakow? 5th. Whether the port at Oczakow, or any other in the district which would answer the same purposes, is capable of being so strengthened as to be reasonably secure against any attack which the Russians could make by sea or land, or, at least, as to be able to hold out for as long or a longer time than it did in this war? 6th. Whether Oczakow and its district, in the hands of the Russians, would give them the command of the principal channels of commerce from Poland to the Black Sea, and particularly whether it contains any port which commands the navigation of the Danube, either at the mouth or above it? 7th. Whether it would, by this commerce or otherwise, tend to encourage materially population and cultivation in the Crimea* and the parts adjacent, and thereby facilitate the means hereafter of making considerable equipments from thence? I am aware that these questions include some details not merely naval, but even on these it is probable Admiral Kingsbergen can give material lights. If any other points occur connected with the subject, I take for granted he will include them in his report. I write, as you will see, in haste.—Ever, my dear Lord, faithfully and sincerely yours,

W. PITT.

Mr. Storer to Lord Auckland.

Dear Lord Auckland,—George Selwyn died this day se'nnight: a more good-natured man or a more pleasant one never, I believe, existed. His loss is not only a private one to his friends, but really a public one to society in general. He has left or given upwards of thirty thousand pounds to Mdlle. Fagniani; in case of Mdlle. Fagniani's death without children he has left the reversion of twenty thousand to Lord Carlisle; the residuary legatee is the Duke of Queensberry, but I do not understand that there is any surplus after paying the legacies. Ludgershall and his landed estates go by entail to Lord Sydney.

* The Crimea was ceded to the Russians in 1784.

To turn one's thoughts from this unpleasant subject, the death of one's friend, which I feel more than I had any conception I should, let me tell you that the Prince of Wales has been giving and receiving magnificent balls and *fêtes* in Hampshire. Whether gallantry or politics be the motive for these festivities, I am not enough in the secret to know. Amongst the others who gave him a ball, was my friend Mrs. North. I suppose the old floors and timbers of the ecclesiastical castle rocked to the steps of the nimble dance. Having no civil discord in London to agitate us, we are obliged to the two Opera-houses for sowing something like a dispute amidst the gay world. It is as yet very doubtful whether there will be an opera or not at the Haymarket; it seems certain there will be one at the Pantheon—meetings and conferences amongst people of the first fashion and consequence have been held, but in vain, Tweedledum and dee have not as yet shaken hands.

That great man and illustrious poet, Mr. John St. John, gave a great dinner to seven *beaux esprits* t'other day. I suppose he fixed on seven, in order that his company might rival the seven wise men of old. I am told that most of the conversation was a critique upon Mary Queen of Scots. The interests of the Duke of Bedford and of Mr. Sheridan are supposed to clash very much respecting the two different opera-houses. Faro goes on as briskly as ever: those who have not fortune enough of their own to live on have recourse to this profitable game in order to raise contributions on their friends. The ladies are all embarked in banks, Mrs. Strutt, Lady Archer, Mrs. Hobart, Lady Elizabeth Luttrell*, are avowed bankers; others, I suppose, are secretly concerned. I found a card on my table from the Abbé Gautier, and the first visit I paid was to Grenier's Hôtel; there I left word that I was just come to town, and should be glad to see the abbé any morning he would do me the honour of breakfasting with me.

* Sister of the Duchess of Cumberland.

You remember you remonstrated to me last year about my inattention to his Grace of Canterbury; I can assure you I went twice or thrice to Lambeth, but I had not the good fortune to be let in, and I never heard of any visit, or any notice whatever taken of my two expeditions; but that I may not be wanting to any one who either by a side wind or directly has shown me any civility, I shall certainly pay my homage again this year at the steps of the palace. It is an operation to go so far as Lambeth, and if one performs such a feat, one looks for reception, and one's horses at least stand in need of refreshment.

If your letter had any pretensions to the dignity of a sermon, mine has some claim to be considered as a pamphlet; however, before I conclude, give me leave to beg you in your next to say a word about the Russians. I am very curious to know what is to become of the Ottoman empire. The Russians seem to be advancing very rapidly to the gates of Constantinople, and may reach that capital even before Frederick North, who, I believe, will not rest till he gets there. We talk here of fleets in the Baltic, and of expeditions northward, but we ignorant people can only make a blind guess. Adieu!

Give my best compliments to Lady Auckland, and with my best wishes for your health, and the happiness and prosperity of your family,

I am, yours most sincerely,

A. STORER.

Mr. Storer to Lord Auckland.

Golden Square, May 6th, 1791.

Dear Lord Auckland,—I congratulate you with all my heart on the accession of a Dutchman* to your family; probably Lady Auckland may mean to surpass Hercules, except she prays to the Sicilian nymph,

* George Charles, died 1798.

"Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem."*

Whatever happens, she has my best wishes, and I flatter myself with the prospect of seeing her and you at Beckenham this summer; but if our seeing you depends on foreign affairs being settled, I am afraid that pleasure is not so near as the first day of autumn. I should have been unpardonable in not acquainting you with the news of Lord Cardigan's† marriage, and even had the strictest rules of punctilio and reciprocity subsisted between us, I should have on such an occasion deviated from them to have informed you of this event, had I known it as soon as the rest of the world did; 'tis true I had heard it talked of, but so extraordinary did it seem to me that I did not pay the least credit to the report. When I was informed of it as a certain thing to take place, you must have heard of it, and therefore I did not think it necessary to write to you about it. I have some time still left, although I already am an old bachelor, to look out for a wife, and who knows but I may live long enough to think Hetty too old for me.

Whatever amusement this marriage may have afforded you at the Hague, it does not seem to have been deficient in that respect here. The newspapers have been much indebted to his lordship. All the world has laughed except his nephew‡, and he, on hearing of the event, burst into tears. This sign of grief on such an occasion seems to me much more extraordinary than even his noble uncle's marriage: if one considers how regularly Lord Cardigan has been growing young in proportion as I and others have been growing old, perhaps one's astonishment ought to cease. When first I was acquainted with him he had all the austerity and appearance of an elderly gentleman; every year, which takes something from

* Virgil, Eclogue x. 1.

† Lord Brudenell succeeded his brother the Duke of Montagu in the Earldom of Cardigan, 23rd May, 1790. He married, 28th April, 1791, Lady Elizabeth, sister to George Earl Waldegrave.

‡ Lord Cardigan had no issue by this marriage, and he was succeeded by his nephew Robert, father of the present Earl of Cardigan.

others, gave something to him. He began with a passion for the Radicati, and being once embarked in the career of youth, he regularly went on from season to season with either an opera-dancer or a singer, till now he has arrived at perfect years of youth. All his passions have been in an inverse ratio with his real age. I saw him gallop a horse about two years ago for the first time in my life, and this exertion was occasioned by a Mrs., I don't know who, coming by us in a canter, and his wishing to overtake the flying fair. Well, if his marriage occasions him as much satisfaction and amusement as it has done to others, he must be a very happy man.

So much for Lord Cardigan, and *de la politique vous ne dites rien.*—No! it would be impertinent in me were I to suppose you would; but if it be, on account of your knowledge, indiscreet in you to talk on those matters, from my ignorance I can derive no excuse in breaking silence, and now and then I ought to hold my tongue when conversing with you, because I may not see things exactly in the same light with yourself. I think with you there is no end to Mr. Fox's indiscretions; he kept, it used to be said, Lord Guilford much longer in administration than he otherwise would have remained, and I am confident that he will confer the same obligation on Mr. Pitt. His conversation on the French revolution can never encourage royalty to consider him as a proper minister for a monarchy; and were it not for reasons of this kind, I agree with you that many events, ay, and near at hand, might put him at the head of affairs. All the awkwardness in the Spanish business was overlooked in the event of the peace, the success of our threats, and the insult supposed to be offered to the nation.

But what will not only the wise but the unwise say on these Russian affairs? I assure you in and out of Parliament (and this is not to be understood as the ignorant account of an interested partisan), there is not a word urged by way of argument for the Rus-

sian war. The country throughout have told Mr. Pitt they will not go to war. If keeping his word with Prussia would have drawn him into a scrape, opposition has relieved him from it. As partisans, who ought to stick at nothing to gain their ends, the members of opposition may have acted injudiciously; but, as honest men, they tell you they have hindered the minister from plunging the nation into a destructive war. There is no doubt but affairs are in a remarkably ridiculous situation. At Portsmouth every thing is war, in the Alley all is peace. Pressing is going on with great eagerness, while stock is rising. The Duke of Leeds* goes out, as we out-of-doors people suppose, because he cannot blow hot and cold—say and unsay,—and it is here suggested that you have not done all that Administration wished you to do, in order to excite Minheer to a Russian war, and on that account that the great luminary in foreign politics, the Chancellor, with the rest of the cabinet, is exceedingly dissatisfied. Of this you are, doubtless, a better judge than I am. I should conceive it would have required very extraordinary abilities to persuade Holland to act hostilely towards Russia. Another report prevails here, and that is that you are to be Secretary of State. Others say Lord St. Helens. *I* think the Duke of Montrose; others are talked of. Fawkener's † mission seems to indicate the contradiction which has prevailed of late in our measures, when we must have recourse to personal applications and extraordinary envoys, rather than the ordinary method of despatches to transact business. As for saying that he is sent to Russia because Whitworth is ill with the Court of Russia, *credat Judæus*. Why is Whitworth not recalled at once?—*faut-il avoir tant de ménagement pour un si illustre personnage?* There is no doubt that Fawkener may do more, as is generally the case, in a short con-

* The Duke of Leeds resigned in consequence of Mr. Pitt not persisting in his demands on Russia. He was succeeded by Lord Grenville.

† Mr. Fawkener proceeded to Russia in order to obtain the cession of Oczakow. His mission was unsuccessful.

versation than can be done by a very long correspondence, and he may point out to Prussia, in a satisfactory way for Mr. Pitt's interest, the utter impossibility in which he is, with regard to making a Russian war palatable to the English nation.

During all these embarrassments I conceive, were Mr. Fox a fresh man, there would be little difficulty in getting into office; but he has so many old scores to wipe off, that, I own, I am not sanguine enough to foresee any favourable event likely to happen soon either for him or for his party.

After all I have said on Russia; what think you of that cloud in the East? War is at best uncertain. Tippoo may be as successful as Washington. I hope and trust that fortune will, once in her life, smile on our old shipmate* —but he has not been lucky: *Imperator felix* has not as yet been applicable to him. If this cloud should not be dispersed it may prove a hurricane here. I hope none of these calamities may happen. I had rather gnaw the hard crust of opposition than owe employment, much as I wish for it, or private prosperity, to such public calamities. France, as you say, will grow sick some time or other of anarchy, but the Assemblée Nationale can never be considered as stable till their taxes are imposed and contributed.

Our taxes, by the bye, have proved this year beyond example productive—voici un petit mot de consolation. The Presbyterians have treated the poor planters but scurvily, but as more of the property in the Island of Jamaica belongs to England than it does to the planters, probably we shall be suffered to carry on our affairs as usual for a few years longer. I have now written you a long letter *currente calamo*, and I hope you will not scrutinise too severely the speculations of an ignorant man, who has no means of knowledge but what he picks up from an odd man

* Lord Cornwallis had sailed in the same ship to America with Mr. Storer and Mr. Eden.

at the corner of a street. Adieu, my dear Lord; with my best compliments to Lady Auckland, and my most hearty wishes for your health and prosperity, I am,

Yours most sincerely,

AN. STORER.

The following letter was written to Lord Henry Spencer, the second son of the Duke of Marlborough. He accompanied Lord Auckland to Holland, and became secretary to the embassy. He was a young man of great abilities, and but for his untimely death would have risen to the highest honours of his profession.

*Lord Auckland to Lord Henry Spencer.**

Lambeth Palace, September 29th, 1791.

My dear Lord Henry,—I promised to write to-day, and so I write: but I have very little to say. I passed the morning of the 27th in different conferences with Lord Grenville, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Burges, Mr. Aust †, and Mr. Sneyd; in the evening I returned to Beckenham. Yesterday I was employed in arranging my new apartment and in putting up my books, and in receiving the packages and horses, which at last arrived safe from Rotterdam. The horses were perfectly well, though they had been so long upon their legs.

Lord Grenville showed me your private letter to him, and was well pleased with your Brussels paragraph, which certainly is a curious incident. I found great complacency in the office with respect to the difficulties under which the foreign ministers must labour for materials for their despatches; but you must not flatter yourself that in this eventful age you will be long without occasion to exercise both your judgment and your activity.

The messengers lately despatched to Berlin have carried letters and some formalities necessary to lega-

* Henry John Spencer, born 1770, died 1795.

† Under-Secretary of State.

lise the Duke of York's marriage.* Mr. Ewart † is returning immediately to England, and retires on a pension. The situation has been offered to my brother at Berlin. He will act handsomely if he accepts it, as it will not give to him any addition either of ministerial rank or pay, and will expose him to a troublesome mission instead of a quiet one; but I think it probable that he will accept.

All the reports relative to the King's ill health were without foundation. He has never been better, and Mr. Dundas, in a letter of yesterday from Weymouth (which I have this moment received), writes, "The King is remarkably well in point both of health and spirits."

The Archbishop has been at Blenheim, and the report which he makes of what passed, with respect both to the Wheatfield ‡ and Kimbolton§ households, does not encourage the hope of seeing an early success to any conciliatory efforts that may be made.

Do you know that previous to the marriage‖ Lord Galloway went to Blenheim: "God help me, my lady duchess, do intercede with my lord duke to make the young people happy; a word from you would do everything, you have such influence."—"What do you mean?"—"Ay, God help me! it ought to be so; happily your grace governs the duke, as my lady governs me, and as my daughter will govern Lord Blandford." This is a small part of a long dialogue which I have heard reported, and the rest was equally good though ineffectual.

No more at present. Compliments to Mr. Garlike.

I am, my dear Lord Henry,

Ever most sincerely yours,

AUCKLAND.

* The Duke of York married, 21st September, 1791, the Princess Royal of Prussia.

† Mr. Ewart resigned on account of a difference between him and the Government respecting the marriage settlement of the Duchess of York.

‡ Lord Charles Spencer resided at Wheatfield.

§ The Duchess of Manchester was the aunt of Lady Blandford.

‖ The marriage of Lord Blandford with Lady Susan Stewart, daughter of Lord Galloway, which took place 15th September, 1791.

P. S.— Pray seal the enclosed with my seal and forward it. It is worded to Lord Grenville's wish.

Lord Auckland to Mr. Morton Eden.

Beckenham, Nov. 1st, 1791.

My dear Morton,—Lord Grenville informs me that he means to send a messenger to you to-night. I avail myself of the conveyance to write to you with less reserve than I could otherwise do; but various circumstances and engagements of the day oblige me to write *rapidissimo calamo.*

I have executed what you wish on the subject of the red ribbon. His Majesty has approved its being given to you; and if the expected news from the East Indies comes in the course of a few days, you may be announced with other good company; if not, Lord Grenville will endeavour to collect a chapter for you, and will transmit the ribbon to meet you at Berlin, that you may be decorated there; and if the King makes no objection to the ceremony being done by the King of Prussia, I will take care that a proper minute of all the formalities shall be forwarded to you. This is one of the occasions in which the ribbon comes very honourably, and may be a subject of just and permanent pride. Upon the whole, you now clearly and conspicuously stand at the head of the second order. The rest must depend on time and circumstances.

Your nomination to Berlin will not diminish Mr. Ewart's anger. He has been very absurd, nearly, I think, to insanity; and if he had been allowed to drive on as he wished, would have forced the whole world into a state of war, upon the short-sighted and silly speculation of placing the power of England upon a colossus for the admiration of the present age and of posterity; of which colossus he, the architect, was to have received an unbounded tribute of fame and honour. In the whole idea there was a total ignorance of our finances, and of the disposition of this country,

and a total disregard to all collateral consequences. The only wonder is, how he contrived to lead the minds of many individuals so much wiser than himself, and to commit them in his enterprise so far that it became impossible to get out of it without getting into a degree of ridicule, reproach, and inconsistency. He had one merit in that transaction—an unwearied activity. I had, from the first to the last, declared against it, and had resisted it in every possible shape; in private letters, in despatches, memorials, &c. and the Pensionary * steadily and warmly supported me. Mr. Ewart wrote long letters to me, sometimes in a tone of flattery, sometimes in one of presumption and menace; and if, in the interval, it had so happened that the Empress of Russia had given way or made a sudden peace with the Turks, the world would not have been large enough for the political importance of Mr. Ewart. This will not be entirely the case at present. He thinks that, on coming home, he will be listened to respecting foreign politics. He will be astonished to find that nobody here enters into such subjects. I understand that he retires with 1000*l.* a year, and with a supreme and avowed contempt for the talent of many of the King's domestic and foreign ministers.

The mention of him leads me to a view of the new theatre which you are going to mount. We are here in great want of information as to every circumstance respecting the Court of Berlin. So far as I have been able to trace, the first personage there is what in private life (putting his latitudes in the article of women out of the question) would be called a worthy gentleman, but ductile and pliant in the hands of those who gain possession of him, and subject also to a certain degree both of heat and of pertinacity. It is difficult to say or to conjecture who his ministers are, or what is the system of the Court. We suppose here that Schulemburg (who certainly is the

* The Grand Pensionary of Holland, M. Van der Spiegel.

ablest man among them) stands aside in disgust, and his abilities will probably bring him forward again. You know Alvensleven sufficiently: he is empty, vain, and *tracassier*, but may be made of use, for he is bustling and active. I consider Finckenstein, by his age, as *hors de combat*. The Duke of Brunswick has the best talents, and is certainly a very superior man; but God has qualified his abilities with so much artifice and with so much caution, that he makes no apparent impression in the measures of any capital, and cannot be counted upon. The next is Bischoffswerder, who certainly plays the leading part. We have been taught to believe that he is vain, superficial, unsteady, superstitious, and tainted also with all the half madnesses of hereditary dogmatism, &c.; but our accounts of him are very imperfect, and it will be a principal object for you to study him, and of course to be as well with him, and with all of them, as circumstances may allow.

It has been an unaccountable thing that Ewart, though he fell a victim here to Bischoffswerder's views against Russia, should have fallen at the same moment into extreme disgrace with Bischoffswerder, who treated him latterly like a dog. Upon dismissing Hertzberg, a new plan was adopted by Schulemburg, which you must gradually supersede, and which Lord Grenville will assist you in breaking through. Schulemburg said that Prussia should adopt the English plan, and execute its foreign businesses by its own ministers resident in the foreign Courts. That idea was not discouraged here at the moment, because it was wished to take the business out of Ewart's hands, which were too feverish to hold it; but now it must be gradually changed to the old channel, which in truth is necessary, for our constitution as well as our habits require that the English minister in the foreign Court should execute the business there. In any other mode the Secretary of State has no document to refer to for the rectitude of his own conduct, and he becomes personally responsible

for measures which ought to rest on written instructions. By degrees you will get all this into a right shape.

I have a good opinion of Mollendorf*, but I believe him to be merely military.

We do not, I believe, wish at this moment to stand much otherwise than we do with the court of Berlin. Bischoffswerder's strange treaty† with the Emperor has given us a degree of *aisance* and discretion as to future contingencies, and we are no longer committed to anything; but we wish to be externally well and good-humoured, and to a certain degree confidential, but to avoid being committed to any enterprise or plan whatever. This then will be your task, to be well with all, and to be respected and well and fairly treated, and, if possible, to prevent great measures from being adopted without your being previously acquainted with them. Yours very affectionately,

AUCKLAND.

Lord Auckland to Mr. Morton Eden.

Beckenham, December 12th, 1791.

My dear Morton,—I write this at Beckenham on Monday night, the 12th December, in a crowd of company and of children. I have promised to go to-morrow morning to breakfast with Lord Grenville, to talk about the affairs of the day, and to receive the confidence which I presume he will make to me of the despatches meant to be sent to-morrow night by a messenger to Lord Henry Spencer and to you. I can only write on the subject of those despatches at present by conjecture, and after having seen them I shall not be able to write, because the business of the morning and the necessity of saying something by the same conveyance to the Dutch ministers, will carry me to the hour of my return to this place.

* Marshal Mollendorf.

† The Convention of Pillnitz, signed August 27, 1791.

Ewart is at Bath; I understand that he is, nevertheless, more sick and more fretful than ever. Among other matters, he is discontented with his pension, which, however, is very high, I believe 1500*l.* a year, paying nett above 1000*l.*, with the survivance of half to Mrs. Ewart.

I hope that this messenger will carry the ribbon to you; at least Lord Grenville gave me reason to believe that he would.

I can tell you nothing worth your knowing as to the Duchess of York. I have only seen her; nobody has yet been introduced to her; her address and manner are good, but her position is subject to such fermentations of political cavillers and family discord, that it is difficult to foresee what sort of life she will lead here, more especially as she may innocently fall into many scrapes. It would be idle to detain you with the tea-table talk on this subject; nothing can be known till the settlement in the new house and in society is completed. You can take some safe occasion to tell me what you think of the Prince of Prussia; there is some speculation here that he may look towards the fourth princess.* But all this a very delicate chord, and I do not recommend you to touch it.

It is impossible to describe to you how perfectly well the King is; he is quite an altered man, and not what you knew him even before his illness; his manner is gentle, quiet, and when he is pleased, quite cordial. He speaks even of those who are opposed to his government with complacency, and without either sneer or acrimony; at the same time he is most steadily attached to his ministers. As long as he remains so well, the tranquillity of this country is on a rock; for the public prosperity is great, and the nation is right-minded, and the commerce and resources are increasing.

I do not yet foresee the time of my return to the

* The Princess Mary.

Hague; possibly towards March. I think that I certainly shall go for one more year. I do not know that it would be difficult to withdraw myself at present, and to a very eligible situation, but I do not seek it, and am contented. In the meantime I live in perfect confidence both with Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville, and on good terms with Mr. Dundas. I have now written you a long chit-chat in despite of the noise around me; I do not answer for its being either legible or intelligible; it shall go as it is; and I shall recollect other matters which I shall wish to have mentioned.

We were very glad to see your account of Mr. W. Eliot*; it gave great pleasure both to Lord Grenville and Mr. Pitt.

Hugh Elliot† is under orders to go, but obeys them reluctantly.

Our love to Lady Elizabeth. Yours very affectionately,

AUCKLAND.

Lord Auckland to Lord Henry Spencer.

Beckenham, March 20th, 1792.

My dear Lord Henry,—I continue unable to repay your intelligent and interesting packets by any communications worth sending to you. We have company here every day, but they are not official men, and, therefore, if there is anything in the political line material to be learnt, I have not had the means of learning it. I have received a letter from Lord Grenville, in which he says that, "Mr. Pitt, meaning very soon to have a conversation with me on the subject of my return, he will be glad afterwards to talk with me about it." I know nothing more. I have a long letter from Mr. Burges, but so far as politics are con-

* Afterwards the second Earl of St. Germans; he was Secretary of Legation at Berlin.

† Mr. Hugh Elliot was now minister at the Court of Saxony.

cerned the remarks which he makes are general, and chiefly calculated to explain that England has little concern now in what is going forward on the Continent. He adds, that the whole is involved too much in darkness to be a subject of speculation; except, perhaps, with regard to Poland, to which the Empress seems to turn her attention in a manner that may eventually interest other powers, though it will not implicate us.

His remark that we have no concern in foreign politics is true, in another sense, to a degree that I cannot describe to you. I am every day seeing well-informed men of all descriptions, and it is a strict truth (I speak of such men as the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Sheffield, Sir Gilbert Elliot, &c.) that none of them have ever mentioned either the death of the Emperor *, or the change of the Spanish ministry †, otherwise than in the same tone with which you would remark the death or removal of a burgomaster at Amsterdam. And this indifference as to foreign affairs is general through the kingdom; you may find it even in our newspapers; perhaps it may be justly attributed to the great prosperity of the country, which confines all attention to interior and insular details. I have lately much wished to pass a day at the Hague, for the sake of a little rational conversation.

The Archbishop tells me that, in a late audience with the King, his Majesty had spoken with the most marked kindness of you. He told the Archbishop that the Duke of Marlborough had said to him, in speaking of you, that "his parental partiality perhaps led him to think too well of you," "to which I answered," said the King, "that it was impossible for him to think better of him than I do."

We have not again seen the duke and duchess, but we mean soon to attack them violently for a visit. I

* The Emperor Leopold.

† M. Florida Blanca had been dismissed, and succeeded by the Count Aranda, then in his 73rd year.

understand that they have seen your brother, but have not seen his lady, which I think odd.

We are going to town for two days. We dine to-morrow at Sir Ralph Payne's, and on Thursday at Lord Holderness's. Our little George continues to recover. All well.

Yours very sincerely and affectionately,

AUCKLAND.

Compliments to Mr. Garlike.

Lord Auckland to Lord Henry Spencer.

Beckenham, Monday, 4 P.M.

My dear Lord Henry,—The decision as to my return continues to be procrastinated, and by circumstances of too high and too serious a nature to be postponed for my individual concerns. The Russian questions, the East India news, the preparations for the Slave-Trade debate, &c., had from week to week obliged Mr. Pitt to defer what he has to say to me on this subject; at length he was to have come here on Saturday last, when the news of the Swedish catastrophe, which arrived on the Thursday night, produced businesses which detained him in London till yesterday. I have expected him to-day, but his usual hour is now gone by—"enfin il faut attendre."

It is, however, my fixed creed that I shall kiss hands for going away on the 18th or 20th of this month (there will not be any levée before the 18th), and I shall proceed afterwards with all becoming expedition, though possibly not in time to catch all the amusements of the Hague fair—j'en serai désolé. I also continue to think that you will arrive here in time for the birth-day, after having played the ambassador with perfect success for more than nine months.

The mere mention of a royal birth-day plunges me into the depth of political speculations, and gives me melancholy ideas as to all the pomp and circumstance of courts and sovereigns. I was present at Madrid in 1788, when half the royal family was

swept off the face of the earth in three or four weeks. In 1788–9 we had all the anxiety about our own King. In 1789 I saw his late most Christian Majesty insulted by fish-women, and under the mockery of being guarded by blackguards and barbarians. In 1790 France furnished us every day with new scenes of horror; and the Emperor Joseph also died broken-hearted. In 1791 her faithful Majesty* was committed to the care of Dr. Willis. In 1792 the new Emperor was hurried off the stage, and the King of Sweden † assassinated; and the year is yet in its youth. It is fortunate for the National Assembly that the Swedish assassin has been arrested; for if he had escaped—in fact, if he had not dropped his pistol, by which he was traced—that murder would have been set down to the French account. I abhor the heinousness of such an act, which also gives dangerous ideas in times so mischievous as the present; but, exclusive of those considerations, I am sorry for the King of Sweden's death. He had some bad points, but he had also many great and brilliant qualities, and an energy of character very important to be preserved to the world in this wild age.

It is possible that the questions resulting from the debate on the Slave-Trade may lengthen the session. Those who urge the immediate abolition know that it is impossible; those who propose the gradual abolition mean to baffle every species of abolition; and those who vote for the continuance of the trade, know well that it ought not to be continued. Mr. Pitt has raised his own imagination to the belief that the trade ought, at all events and risks, to be instantly discontinued; and all parties agree that his speech in the debate of Monday last was the finest display of eloquence within the recollection of this country. Some people are urging this business upon a mischievous principle, and to promote disturbance, but with little success hitherto.

* The Queen of Portugal. † Gustavus III.

If ever you become a country gentleman, let me recommend to you, if you like to have a full house, to live within twelve miles of London. We are to have six or eight different people every day in the course of this week, and on Saturday next twelve or fourteen, and most of them sleep here and go away the next morning. Our shrubberies and gardens are growing very beautiful, and the weather is warm enough for June.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough were to have been here on Tuesday last, but on that morning we received a note from the duchess to put us off till after the holidays.

All well. Compliments to Mr. Garlike.

Believe me, my dear Lord Henry, very affectionately yours, AUCKLAND.

P.S. — Pray remember me very kindly to the *Greffier*.*

The French Revolution had now produced a complete disruption in the Whig party, and there was great expectation at this time that some of the most distinguished members of the Opposition would join the Government. The first overtures for a coalition undoubtedly proceeded from Mr. Pitt, in the following letter to Lord Auckland, which was communicated to Lord Loughborough. The overture, however, was not successful.

Mr. Pitt to Lord Auckland.

Whitehall, May 1, 1792.

My dear Lord,—I borrow a few minutes from a cause which I am attending at the Cock-pit, to thank you for the note you sent me last night. I will carry the inclosure to St. James's to-morrow, and return it to you on Thursday. In the meantime I am happy to

* M. Fagel.

tell you that the part taken in the House yesterday* by the most respectable members of Opposition, entirely corresponds with the account given to you of their sentiments, and was highly honourable and manly. I wish you could, if possible, procure a list of those who attended the meeting alluded to in the note you sent me. I also wish you would turn in your mind whether it might not be useful to summon a Privy Council, at which the Duke of Portland, Lord Guilford, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Loughborough, and the leading persons might attend, for the express purpose of considering of proper instructions to be given to the Lord-Lieutenants and magistrates in the different counties, and of such other measures as the present circumstances may require. Perhaps it might be afterwards useful to have a further meeting of all the members of both Houses, who are disposed to co-operate in carrying these measures into execution in their respective districts. This would probably include *all* the peers in town but one or two, and *four-fifths* of the House of Commons. I believe, on recollection, that Lord Fitzwilliam is not a member of the Privy Council; but it would give additional effect to the measure, if it is agreeable to him and others to be sworn in for this particular purpose.

Yours, my dear Lord, very sincerely,

W. PITT.

P.S.—I leave it entirely to you to communicate the contents of this letter in confidence, if you think it will be useful.

Lord Auckland to Lord Loughborough.

Beckenham, half-past 4, May 1st.

My dear Lord,—I have received a letter from Mr. Pitt, in which he says "That the part taken in the

* On Mr. Grey's motion for Reform, there was a complete split in the Opposition. Mr. Burke and Mr. Windham spoke in violent opposition to it.

House of Commons yesterday by the most respectable members of Opposition entirely corresponded with the opinion formed of their sentiments, and was highly honourable and manly." He desires me to turn in my mind "whether it might not be useful to summon a Privy Council, at which the Duke of Portland, Lord Guilford, Lord Fitzwilliam, your Lordship, and other leading persons might attend, for the express purpose of considering of proper instructions to be given to the Lord-Lieutenants and magistrates in the different counties, and of such other measures as the present circumstances may require." He adds that, "perhaps it might be afterwards useful to have a public meeting of all the members of both Houses who are disposed to co-operate in carrying these measures into execution in their respective districts. This would probably include all the peers in town but one or two, and four-fifths of the House of Commons." He observes, "on recollection, that Lord Fitzwilliam is not a member of the Privy Council, but that it would give additional effect to the measure, if it is agreeable to him, and other respectable persons of the same description, to be sworn in for this particular purpose." Lastly, he authorises me "to communicate the purport of his letter in confidence, in whatever manner I think may be useful." I think I cannot do better than in stating it to you. The suggestions in question are of great importance, possibly they involve the peace and entire security of these kingdoms. In short, the occurrence is of a kind which ought to supersede all personal views and party delicacies. My alarm is not great, because I think that the good part of the country preponderates, and is awake to the danger, but it may be essential to the whole that so good a disposition should be kept in activity and well directed.

I write this in the bustle of packages and preparations for leaving this country at a moment when I much wish to remain in it. I shall be in town to-morrow morning, and at Lawrence's, No. 24, Bond

Street, from eleven to one, and at liberty at any hour from three o'clock for the rest of the day either at Lambeth or elsewhere.

We understand that there was a meeting of great respectability on Sunday; could there be any objection to our possessing a list of those who attended? It might be of great use.

Believe me, my dear Lord, ever most sincerely yours,

AUCKLAND.

CHAP. XXII.

Lord Thurlow opposes Government in the House of Lords. — His Dismissal. — Letter of Mr. Burges. — Letter of Mr. Storer. — Weakness of the Government in the House of Lords. — Lord Grenville's Determination to prevent Holland joining Austria and Prussia. — Illness of Lord North. — The Opposition sympathises with the Poles. — Levity of the French Emigrés. — Death of Lord North. — Rumours of a Coalition. — The Duke of Richmond at Bagshot. — Policy of the Government with respect to Prussia. — Recall of Lord Gower. — Lady Sutherland and the Paris Mob. — Massacres in Paris. — Speech of Anacharsis Cloots. — The Emigrés arrive in great Numbers. — Lord Sheffield's Hospitality. — M. Huber arrives from Paris. — Retreat of the Duke of Brunswick causes great Excitement. — Fresh Arrival of Emigrés. — Immense Number of French Priests in London. — Increase of Jacobinism in England.

Lord Gower to Lord Auckland.

Paris, May 4th, 1792.

My dear Lord,—I shall not undertake to send you the news of battles* on the frontiers, as you will receive accounts of them as soon as myself. I can therefore only inform you of the sensation that such events occasion here. The two last defeats near Tournay and Mons have stunned the Jacobins; there were great dissensions among them before, which will probably increase at present, as this blow tends to strengthen Robespierre's party. In one thing, however, they seem all to agree, although it appears to be a new discovery with them, that subordination, however disagreeable it may be in civil life, is absolutely necessary in an army that means to be victorious. This first disgrace of *les Spartiates français* is in a great measure to be attributed to Dumouriez's im-

* France had declared war on the 20th of April against Austria. The French armies began the campaign unsuccessfully.

prudence and impetuosity, who thought that impudence and corruption would serve him as well in the field as it has done in the cabinet. M. de Rochambeau has resigned; this resignation will probably be soon followed by that of M. Dumouriez. I am, my dear Lord, most faithfully and sincerely yours,

GOWER SUTHERLAND.

The following letter is from Mr. James Bland Burges, Under-Secretary of State: —

Mr. J. B. Burges to Lord Auckland.

(Private.) Whitehall, 18th May, 1792.

My dear Lord,—I have just received yours of the 16th, and congratulate you on your safe arrival at your old seat of negotiation. You will find it a pleasanter one than when you were last there; as, I thank God, both our positive and relative situation is very different from what it was then, and we have now little more to do than to cultivate the arts of peace in conjunction with our good friends the Dutch. As to anything depending on me, which can in any manner facilitate either your personal or political pursuits, your Excellency may rely upon it; and it will afford me great satisfaction to suppose that I can in any degree be serviceable in such respects.

Your Excellency will have learnt from the newspapers the Chancellor's conduct in the House of Lords on Monday. Such an extempore and gratuitous attack upon the measures of the Administration*, of which he forms a part, is undoubtedly very singular; and it strikes me the more, as I am convinced (speaking as a lawyer) that he is completely wrong in his principles. His attack was followed by another political phenomenon, that of the Duke of Leeds voting with him against Government. It is not a

* Lord Thurlow opposed Mr. Pitt's plan for a Sinking Fund, and nearly caused the rejection of it.

month since Mr. Pitt, in the handsomest and most spontaneous manner, made his friend Dr. Jackson* a Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's; for which his Grace returned his best thanks, and, on the first opportunity, and that personally interesting to Mr. Pitt, voted against him.

Condole with us (that is, the Home Department) on being so completely taken in about Seringapatam. There is, however, great reason to expect news, and that good, from India in a short time; and there is still a possibility, in spite of all circumstances to the contrary, that this account of Lieutenant Abercrombie is authentic. A gentleman, just come from India, who knows him intimately, is positive the letter is of his handwriting. I remain, with great truth and regard, my dear Lord, your Excellency's most faithful and obedient humble servant,

J. B. Burges.

The Archbishop of Canterbury to Lord Auckland.

Lambeth House, May 22, 1792.

So the bomb has at length burst, and My Lord Chancellor is about to make his exit from that high office. Those who were witnesses to the eager opposition he gave last week to a Government bill in the House of Lords, predicted this event. It is surprising to observe with how little noise it seems to be passing off: that may be owing, perhaps, to his still retaining the seals, which has induced people in no small numbers to imagine the quarrel may still be made up; in fact, I suppose he holds them on account of some causes in Chancery which have been heard, and which it would be very hard upon the suitors to have re-heard before a new Chancellor or Commissioners.

I have never heard a more unpleasant debate than that on the Libel Bill.† The language held by Lords

* Dr. Thomas Jackson.

† Mr. Fox's Bill.

Lansdowne and Stanhope towards the judges was malignant and mischievous in the extreme;—it was thought by many that the Bill would not get into the committee. I am glad it is now out of all danger of being lost, because the same language, with additional intemperance, would have come forward again.

You have the proclamation, of course: the prevailing opinion at present about it is, that it seems to admit more disposition in the country to tumult than exists in fact. I shall send you a curious pamphlet by George, who sets out on Friday. The professed subject is a matter of altercation between Dr. Parr (the writer) and a Mr. Curtis, resulting from the Birmingham riots, and as far as that ground is kept to it is tiresome, absurd, and disgusting; in the rest of the pamphlet you will find amusement.

People speculate at present about Lord Loughborough, the Duke of Portland, and others, detaching themselves, as 'tis said, from Fox, who is supposed to give himself up entirely to Sheridan. I am called to celebrate the birthday of Mdlle. Mary. With all good wishes to Lady Auckland and the young ones,

I am yours ever,

J. CANTUAR.

Mr. J. B. Burges to Lord Auckland.*

(Private.) Whitehall, 29th May, 1792.

My dear Lord,—As Lord Grenville is in the country, I took the opportunity of a messenger going down to him to send him your Excellency's letter containing an account of M. de Mercy's† and M. de Buol's in-

* "It was from Mr. Bland Burges Mr. Burke procured the dagger with which he made such a sensation in the House of Commons. Mr. Burke called at the Under-Secretary of State's Office, and Mr. Burges showed him a dagger which had been sent to Birmingham, with an order to make a large quantity after the pattern. Mr. Burke took it away with him."—*Twiss's Life of Lord Eldon*, vol. i. p. 218.

† The Count de Mercy Argenteau.

sinuations. It seems all along to have been the policy of the Court of Brussels to instil into the Dutch an apprehension of the evils likely to result from the weakness of Flanders; and, in fact, they appear to have done all they can to verify their predictions, by removing their troops from that province and leaving the whole of it open to any force which may be sent against it, and all this no doubt in hopes of influencing upon the fears of the Republic, and of prevailing upon its ministers to take the part which has been so wisely and forcibly opposed by England, and which the Pensionary now seems to look upon in its proper point of view. Were I an Austrian, I probably should think this scheme not a bad one; as it is, I will only say I am rejoiced it has not succeeded, and I sincerely hope the Pensionary's nerves will be strong enough to bear any temporary advantage which the French may chance to obtain on the side of Flanders, without returning to his old apprehensions. I anxiously wait for the next mail from Flanders for an account of the result of the formidable attack which it was supposed Luckner and Lafayette were about to make on the side of Mons. Should that fail, like those already made, I have no doubt of everything going on well till the arrival of the additional forces; after which all apprehensions on the part of Holland must, I think, be completely at an end.

There is a report strongly current in town of the Queen of France having been assassinated. The temper of the people at Paris when our last letters came away, and the furious zeal manifested against the pretended Austrian Committee, together with the savage tempers of the present French, undoubtedly justify the belief of any report of this nature. But, for the credit of humanity, I restrain mine till an official account of this affair arrives.

Count Redern, our Prussian Minister, is very dangerously ill, and I understand there are considerable apprehensions of his going into a rapid consumption.

M. Chauvelin* continues a stranger to his diplomatic brethren, and does not gain upon the public opinion. As for M. Talleyrand, he is intimate with Paine, Horne Tooke, Lord Lansdowne, and a few more of that stamp, and generally scouted by every one else. There is no doubt of the good intentions of these two gentlemen, and I hope ere long they will be caught tripping, and treated as they well deserve.

The Chancellor has not yet resigned the seals, nor can I exactly learn when he will. They will be put into the hands of Commissioners, of whom, probably, Sir R. P. Arden† will be the first. How long they will remain there is difficult to say. From various circumstances, I should not be surprised to see them given to Lord Loughborough. This, however, is a mere supposition, of the probability of which you perhaps may be better able to judge than I am.

Nepean‡ is returned much improved in health. At a troublesome moment like the present, his arrival is fortunate, for he is a quick, sensible man, who is used to the police department, and who does business in a spirited and steady way. Talents of this sort may probably be necessary in the approaching summer, when every effort will certainly be made to produce confusion.

Among others, Paine has a new book ready to come out, which I understand he means to publish as soon as Parliament is up. They talk of this happening in a fortnight, though I should imagine it will hardly be so soon.

Pray tell Madame de Nagel that I have given the Baron his snuff.

Ever, my dear Lord, your Excellency's most faithful and obedient servant,

J. B. Burges.

* The French Minister.

† He was not in the commission.

‡ Sir Evan Nepean.

Mr. J. B. Burges to Lord Auckland.

(Private.) Whitehall, 1st June, 1792.

My dear Lord,—The measure of the proclamation has had a complete as well as extraordinary success. Last night the whole House of Lords (except Lansdowne and Lauderdale) united in the Address. I trust it will prove a complete antidote to the Jacobinical poison, and that, while wars and tumults are going on in other places, we shall pass a quiet and prosperous summer.

Nothing else of any importance has occurred since I wrote last; I will, therefore, no longer trespass upon your Excellency's time than by assuring you of the truth and regard with which I have the honour to remain, my dear Lord, your Excellency's most faithful and obedient humble servant,

J. B. Burges.

Mr. Storer to Lord Auckland.

Devonshire Street, No. 14, June 15, 1792.

Dear Lord Auckland,—It would be unpardonable in me were I not to give you the earliest notice of a most important event, which probably will soon happen, especially as the newspapers have as yet got no knowledge of it, and it can only be transmitted to you by private letters. Do not imagine that it is of a political nature, although the dismission of the Chancellor naturally brings on speculations of that sort. Lady Auckland, too, would be furious if I did not take the earliest opportunity of communicating so important a piece of intelligence. Know, then, in order not to keep you longer in suspense, that a treaty of marriage is now in agitation between Mr. John St. John and Miss Manners, and the marriage waits only for the priest to be perfected. Miss Manners is a pretty woman, about thirty, with a

tolerable fortune, and, I believe, is a natural daughter of General Manners. He has courted the Muse so long, that I much wonder at his condescending to stoop to an earthly being.

Much conversation passes about new coalitions. The Chancellor's separation from the ministry gives birth to various reports, but I cannot conceive that anything can shake Pitt's situation; he must be first, and Fox cannot be second. The reform does not get into fashion. We flatter ourselves that in Jamaica we are safe for another year. Lord Guilford has been ill, but last night particularly seemed coming round again. If you wish to have anything done about your print, I will undertake it for you. There is much more difference in the prices of engraving than of painting portraits: a bad mezzotint print will come very cheap, a fine plate, engraved by a capital artist, will cost a good deal; but an ambassador and a noble author ought to have his portrait engraved, and engraved handsomely. Tell me to what sum you would wish to go, and I will look out how to employ the money to the best advantage. Lawrence is, seemingly, after Sir Joshua, the best artist we have. He is so young that he ought to improve, whereas Romney and Hoppner have got, I should think, to their *ne plus ultra*, and the extent of their merit is not very ample.

The French heroes make, indeed, a most miserable figure. Moutier is come over to England; he thought he was on the list to be sent to Orleans. Let me know what you would have me do about engraving your portrait. I am afraid that I shall be obliged to stay in town a great part of the summer, my father being very ill; and, both from duty and inclination, I ought to try to administer every comfort to him. Adieu, my dear Lord. My best compliments to Lady Auckland, and believe me, with the greatest truth and sincerity,

Yours, &c.

A. Storer.

Mr. J. B. Burges to Lord Auckland.

(Private.) Whitehall, 3rd July, 1792.

My dear Lord,—We are all in high spirits in consequence of the good news from India. Peace with Tippoo, on condition of his paying down three millions and a half sterling, and of his surrendering to the allies one half of his dominions. A curious circumstance attends the latter stipulation. This half is to be such as the allies choose; of course I take it for granted our people will show their geographical knowledge, and select that portion of territory which will most effectually cut his wings on our side. This arrangement I consider as very fortunate in all respects, and greatly preferable to the splendid visions of extirpating the tyrant, and re-establishing the deposed Gentoo family.

We now, thank God! have once more shut the Temple of Janus. May it be long before we open it again! For my own part, I do not see any object immediately likely to give us any occasion; nor do I dislike anything in our present prospects, except a few circumstances of a domestic nature, which, however unavoidable, must be considered as unfortunate. I will not, however, at the end of a long letter, enter on a subject which would make it still longer, and perhaps, after all, any observations I could make might be useless. I have strong hopes that, before the meeting of Parliament, an eligible arrangement will be made by which the loss of Lord Thurlow may be supplied; and hitherto the *star of Pitt* has been so prevalent that I depend upon it like an Arabian astrologer. The good fortune of that wonderful and amiable man has been such as to make one in love with virtue; and so great is my enthusiasm that I assure you I consider the circumstance of co-operating with him in public affairs as a credit very much to be envied. Of course I

cannot be indifferent on a point so materially interesting to him, and I look forward with much anxiety to the termination of the present suspense.

I hope Lady Auckland and all your family continue well. Mine are going to take possession of a country house I have got near Chertsey, where I hope to be able now and then to make them a visit. Pray give my compliments to young Mr. Rose. He appears to have good sense, and a desire of getting into business. I recommend my friend Sundersberg to your protection, and remain, with great truth and regard, my dear Lord, your Excellency's very faithful and obedient humble servant,

J. B. BURGES.

Mr. Burges to Lord Auckland.

(Private.) Whitehall, 10th July, 1792.

My dear Lord,—A negotiation has been going forwards within these few days, for placing Lord Elgin at Brussels in the room of Lord Torrington.

Your Excellency wishes me to say a little more on the word *internally*. I can have no objection to tell you what I alluded to, especially as the matter in question forms but a small speck to obscure the general brilliancy of our prospects. From the confidence I feel in the abilities and virtues of Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville, who, in addition to those primary qualities, unite that great desideratum of political existence, the most intimate private friendship, and an attachment founded on ties which can never be dissolved, I entertain little apprehension of anything which may arise to counteract the great plans they have hitherto pursued so successfully, or to affect their popularity. There is, however, as we well know, such a thing as parliamentary management, on which the success of the best concerted and most useful plans ultimately depends; and we also know that numbers alone will not always insure this. Lord Thurlow had, for so many years, carried things in

the House of Lords with a high hand, that of course he obtained an influence there, which, when employed on the side of Government, greatly facilitated every measure which was brought forward ; and his known talents as a lawyer, and particularly his singular expertness in all points of Scotch law, had taken from Administration a considerable part of the weight of affairs in that House. This very consideration had probably a considerable influence in inducing the rest of the King's ministers to put up with a variety of unpleasant traits in his public character: and, in fact, I have sometimes been unable to attribute to any other cause the great forbearance and good-humour which Mr. Pitt has manifested, on occasions when no one who knew what was going forwards as well as myself, could have blamed him for acting very differently.

It now however happens, that circumstances have occurred which have made a continuance of that forbearance impracticable. Those circumstances you are perfectly apprised of, and I need not mention them. They have occasioned Lord Thurlow's dismission from office; and that, in all probability, will occasion his adoption of a hostile line in Parliament. A slight knowledge of human nature leads to this conclusion, but unhappily there are surer grounds for it, from a consideration of the conduct he adopted immediately after this event took place. I do not like to give any individual, be he who he may, more weight in the political scale than he deserves; but undoubtedly, from a variety of circumstances, Lord Thurlow has a great deal, and I think it not at all unlikely that, out of office, and at liberty to take what ground he pleases, he will have more than he hitherto has had. From the present constitution of the House of Lords, this, in my opinion, may operate powerfully against Government. Excepting Lord Grenville, all the best speakers there are against us; and, indeed, excepting Lord Grenville, we have not one tolerable speaker there on our side.

Lord Grenville has certainly shown very great parliamentary talents since he has acted as minister in the House of Lords, and has not only made some of the best speeches ever heard within those walls, but has manifested a quickness and capacity for business which rarely has been seen in that assembly. Powerful, however, as he may be, and very powerful he is, I hold it to be absolutely impossible for any one man to support the whole weight of Goverement business, with hardly an aide-de-camp to assist him against so formidable a phalanx as that now existing of veterans in political intrigue and parliamentary management, reinforced by such talents, experience, and knowledge as those of Lord Thurlow. It is neither suitable to the station and gravity of a minister, nor indeed is it possible for him to answer every one who chooses to object or to ask questions; and of this the Opposition appear to be perfectly aware, and of course to act upon. In the last session, Lord Grenville got through these difficulties with great talent and address; but such a kind of warfare cannot continue; and either the friends of Government in the House of Lords must find ability to support him, or aid must be obtained from other quarters. Of the former there is no great expectation, and the latter is full of difficulties. Something, however, must be done before the meeting of Parliament.

Various arrangements have been talked of, and some perhaps proposed; but nothing has hitherto been settled. To detach anything valuable from Opposition, however desirable, will certainly be difficult on many accounts, especially when it is known their assistance is wanted. It may perhaps be an easier thing (and in my judgment a more desirable one) to make up matters in a proper way with Lord Thurlow; but there again are impediments, which, while men have the passions and feelings of men, it may be very hard to get over. How far it may ever be possible for Mr. Pitt and him to sit together in the

same Cabinet, is not easy to say. A long experience has convinced me of the temper and magnanimity of the former; but the latter has often been capricious when there was little provocation, and when matters had never been pushed against him; and I therefore, notwithstanding I wish him very well on many accounts, cannot but apprehend a good deal after what has happened.

I find I have been carried by this subject to a much greater length than I meant to have troubled you with. If you think me tiresome, profit by your experience, and put me no more upon writing you dissertations. I need not add, to one of your discretion and political experience, that what I have now said is intended solely for yourself. Situated as I am, though I cannot but see and hear a great deal, and though I cannot help drawing from it my own conclusions, I neither ought, nor ever do I communicate any observations I make to any but those who, from their situations, are entitled to confidence, and who by their friendship and merit deserve it. I find myself accidentally drawn into a compliment; you will, therefore, I hope do it the justice to believe it sincere. I make fewer than most people; but I do not repent of this, as it gives me still better ground to repeat my assurances of the truth and regard with which I have the honour to be, my dear Lord, your Excellency's most faithful and obedient humble servant,

J. B. BURGES.

Mr. George Rose to Lord Auckland.

(Most confidential.) Old Palace Yard, July 13, 1792.

My dear Lord,—If I have never explained to you the state of our negotiations for a sort of coalition, it is because I have never heard of any except from vague report or newspapers; in point of fact, I know there have been none. Mr. Dundas has had, I believe,

some communications with your friend Lord Loughborough, but I am sure nothing in the shape of negotiation; there are still great difficulties in the way of one. The Portland and North interests are softened in their opposition extremely by recent occurrences, and would certainly be sorry if any convulsion should turn out the present Administration; but they cannot coalesce without Mr. Fox, who does not appear to have yet decided whether he will adhere to them or to Mr. Grey, Mr. Sheridan, &c. If he should determine on the latter, I think the way to an union of parties would be smoothed very much; if he does not, the measure will be extremely difficult, if not impossible, because there are some matters too recent to admit of his being included in any arrangement. This is my private opinion, but I have very good reason to believe it is well-founded. The confusion at Paris increases so fast and in so odd a way, that I cannot even speculate on what will arise from it.

I can say nothing new to you on the subject of my son*, and yet I feel it impossible to be silent about it. You could not, in the course of human affairs, have laid me under so deep an obligation in any other way. I have something particular to say to my son to-day, and therefore will trouble your lordship to give him the enclosed from his sister.

I am, with sincere truth, my dear Lord, most faithfully yours,

GEORGE ROSE.

The following letter proves that so far from encouraging the coalition against France, the English Government was determined to prevent Holland joining in the Austrian and Prussian crusade: —

* Mr. George H. Rose, to whom Lord Auckland was excessively kind.

Lord Grenville to Lord Auckland.

(Private.) July 21, 1792.

My dear Lord,—I am much obliged to you for your kind congratulations on my marriage*, and beg you to make my acknowledgments to Lady Auckland.

The letter from Hope is curious and satisfactory. The Duke of Brunswick's hint has raised my curiosity, which indeed is much excited with respect to the event of the political *Hayes* † which the three courts are dancing.

Did Elliot's ‡ letters pass through the Hague? and if so, did you observe the expression that the Kings of Hungary and Prussia are determined that the States-General *shall* accede to their concert? Pray keep a watchful eye on this as long as you remain at the Hague, for I think both our interest and reputation much concerned in opposing a *shall not* to this peremptory *shall.*

Ever most truly yours,
GRENVILLE.

Mr. Storer to Lord Auckland.

14, Devonshire Street, Portland Place,
July 27, 1792.

Dear Lord Auckland,—Respecting the marriage state, I have been always inclined to think as you do; but not being able, either for want of fortune or resolution, to accomplish such a desired event, I console myself with thinking, that if celibacy may want the comforts, at least it is exempt from the cares of marriage. I can conceive very easily the charm *de se voir caressé par une épouse qu'on aime;* but without embittering my mind with the sarcastic

* Lord Grenville married, 18th July, 1792, the Hon. Ann Pitt, only daughter of Lord Camelford.

† The *Hayes* was a reel, a fashionable dance in 1792.

‡ Hugh Elliot, now Minister at Dresden, had an interview with the King of Prussia at Leipsic.

reflections of Juvenal and Boileau, I can believe that the nuptial chamber is not always strewn with roses, and that children, instead of proving blessings, may be everlasting torments; that yours will not prove so, I have no doubt. Poor St. John's hymeneal views have been darkened for the present, for instead of the joys of matrimony, he has experienced the tortures of rheumatism and fever. He is, however, now getting better, and likely to do well.

I have done as you desired me. I went to Lawrence's and there I saw your portrait, which promises to be a very good picture, and even in its present state I should be almost positive that it will be worthy of the best engraver we have. Some of Lawrence's portraits which I have seen have had a waxy appearance; this has something of it, but this defect, if it be one, may be corrected long before the picture is finished. I agree with you in the propriety of employing an excellent artist. Mediocrity in these matters, any more than amongst poets, admits of no toleration; but it will cost you, supposing your portrait is done very well, as much very nearly for sixty impressions as the entire purchase of the plate. Recollect the proof of John Hunter cost, I think, forty shillings, and engraving, as well as all the other *necessaries* of life, is increased in its price even since the engraving of John Hunter's portrait. My opinion is that you should hasten the finishing your portrait, and then make an agreement to engrave it by some capital artist in his best manner. Whether you will employ those who work in Bartolozzi's manner, or those who are really engravers, may be a question. I take it for granted a mezzotint is by no means your object. I am wroth and mad against that abominable and perishable invention of Prince Rupert. Hall and Sharp are very good engravers, and the doubt may be between these two. So much about chalcography.

As if the summer was not melancholy enough by the bad weather and my father's illness, Lord Guilford is irrecoverably gone. He certainly has water

in his chest. A consultation was held in Grosvenor Square, the day before yesterday, between Pitcairn, Milman, Sir George Baker, and Warren, and they had all a very bad opinion of his situation. I dined the same day with Milman (who attends my father), at Fulham, at his own house, and he told me that there was very little, or rather no prospect of Lord Guilford's recovery. Poor Selwyn last year, and Lord Guilford this, is too much. What change Lord Guilford's death may make in politics, or if it will make any, I cannot foresee.

Much conversation has passed about Lord Loughborough's being Chancellor, but as yet I do not believe Lord Loughborough has any intention of accepting the seals; nor can I see how Mr. Fox can possibly connect himself with Mr. Pitt in a subordinate capacity, nor can the leaders of Opposition desert their troops, and take the pay of the enemy merely for themselves.

Your wish respecting the leaders of the French Revolution seems already accomplished. They are all driven away, or at least great part of them. I see, wherever I go, some of them; and even Noailles* has taken refuge in England, the last country in which he ought to have shown his face. Lafayette and he, Noailles, were treated in England with a generosity and frankness that no foreigners ever before or since experienced, and yet they went, warm with our civilities, in the most treacherous manner, as if they had come here merely as spies, to attack us in America. D'André is here, and came here under the auspices and protection of some aristocratical dealer in horses. The town swarms with these ex-members of the Assemblée Nationale. There are no opinions which I think too severe against the French, and I believe and I am glad that their nonsensical projects have completely put our nation in good-humour with our own constitution, and that ridiculous reforms are entirely scouted and exploded.

* Viscount de Noailles, the leader in "La nuit des sacrifices."

The success of Lord Cornwallis is truly a cordial drop; if there be a generous, gallant, meritorious gentleman existing, it is certainly he, and I hope I have merit enough, in some faint degree, to see and acknowledge his.

After this long letter, I ought to make some apology, which I do, for taking up so much of your time. I will not trespass farther, than by begging you to present my best compliments to Lady Auckland, and with the greatest truth and sincerity, and with many thanks for your last letter, I am, yours, &c.,

A. STORER.

Mr. Burges to Lord Auckland.

(Private.) Whitehall, 31st July, 1792.

My dear Lord,—I will no longer delay giving you my sentiments respecting Sundersberg, though in faith they are very nearly the same as those you state in your last letter. The service he is employed in is certainly very laborious and fatiguing, and of course ought to be well paid; but there can be no reason for giving him more than a fair recompense for his time and trouble. The only thing necessary, in my opinion, is to ascertain with precision the number of miles between the Hague and Brussels. When that is known, his account will be very simple, and very unworthy of being obtruded upon you. I shall be much concerned if your Excellency has any more trouble about it, further than from time to time to advance him money for his immediate use. When he returns I will take care to have his accounts properly investigated, and will pay him such balance as he may appear to be entitled to. As to his twopence a mile and his third horse, he must give me a good reason for them, or I am apprehensive I shall set them aside.

We are still deeper in inaction than we were, and we are about entirely to stagnate, for Lord Grenville leaves town on Friday for four or five weeks, and, of

course, it is to be hoped no very material things will occur to interrupt his amusements in the country. He goes first to Stowe, where Lord Buckingham is preparing a fête on the recent marriage; and, when that is over, he goes to Weymouth.

Our democrats, finding the French business so completely *en mauvais odeur*, and despairing to make anything of the rights of man by the medium of a cause, become so despicable as well as desperate, have changed their ground, and are now advertising a meeting for next Thursday, for the purpose of opening a subscription for the Poles—the victims of a tyrannical association, and bleeding in defence of their liberties, &c. The cause of Poland, however, essentially and in all points different from that of France, is nevertheless thought a good *mot de guerre;* and, under that stalking-horse, the dissenters and levellers are preparing to attack us. I have been for some time surprised that these ingenious gentlemen neglected so obvious an idea as that of improving upon the general indignation felt here at the oppressive and impudent conduct of our great ally * and his two imperial consorts with regard to the Poles; and I rather think that something of a tolerable subscription will be made for them. But how far Poland will carry double, and whether their cause and that of the Jacobins can by any sophistry be confounded, I certainly have my doubts.

It is astonishing how completely Mr. Paine and his adherents are extinguished, and how earnestly every one looks for intelligence of the Duke of Brunswick having entered France. This in no small degree is to be ascribed to the wonderful policy of M. Chauvelin in publishing his official correspondence with Lord Grenville, in which the latter has so evident a superiority, both in style and matter, that Opposition are as loud and unanimous as even we ourselves can be. There is also another wonderful revolution in

* Prussia.

the opinions of mankind. Fox and the party, having adopted Poland on the loss of France, of necessity are obliged to abandon their good ally the Empress of Russia; and not only their papers are full of invectives against this nefarious association of monarchs, but the leaders, and even Fox himself, complain of their having been deceived last year. They assume a merit by acknowledging they were mistaken, that Oczakow* ought not to have been abandoned; that, had a contrary course been pursued, the Empress neither could have had such an interest to get hold of Lithuania as a connecting link, nor would she have had it in her power to do what now is doing. This is a very modest confession to be made by those who caused the evils now existing in Poland, and is an admirable reason why they should now become her champions.

I have the honour to be, with great truth and regard, your Excellency's most faithful and obedient humble servant,

J. B. Burges.

Lord Auckland to Mr. Burges.

Hague, 3rd August, 1792.

The levity and gaiety of the French in the midst of the calamities and the disgrace of their country, and in despite of the ruin of their own individual interests, are beyond all belief. Those of both sexes who are in daily society here are always the noisiest, and apparently the happiest of the company. I have just seen a letter from a young Dutchman, dated the 29th, at Coblentz. He says that he supped the preceding evening with a large party of French officers, and that they were all playing with Norman toys, except the principal aide-de-camp of the Duc de Bourbon, who did not know where he had left his horse, and was running about with "Pensez à mon

* Mr. Burges had been a warm partisan of the meditated war with Russia.

étourderie; j'ai perdu mon cheval; j'en suis désolé," &c. You know that the reverend Elector* of Mayence has a country house called La Favorite; he also happens to have a mistress with a long German name. At one of the late formal dinners, his electoral highness said to a French officer of distinction, "Vous avez vu la Favorite, monsieur, en êtes-vous content?" Réponse: "Oui, monseigneur, j'ai eu l'honneur de faire ma cour à Madame —— ce matin; effectivement c'est une charmante femme, et bien digne du nom dont votre altesse l'honore."

Believe me, my dear sir, most sincerely yours,

AUCKLAND.

Lord Grenville to Lord Auckland.

(Private.) Whitehall, August 4, 1792.

My dear Lord,—I am so much in arrear of our private correspondence that I hardly know how many of your letters I have to answer, but I cannot leave town without thanking you for your obliging offer respecting Beckenham. We were only at Hollwood for a few days, and have ever since been stewing in London, to my great annoyance. I have now obtained a *congé* for a month, which I shall employ in running about, but shall be always near enough to London for the purposes of our correspondence, or for those of any business which can arise under the circumstances of the happy quiet we enjoy in the midst of the storms.

You know Elliot† well enough to know that this quiet is not at all to his taste; and I am persuaded neither you nor your brother can be surprised that he could not pass through Berlin, or suffer the King of Prussia and his generals and his favourite to pass through Leipsic without endeavouring to mix himself, or to dip us, in all that is going forward. I will not conceal from you that I am unwilling to send you

* The Archbishop.

† Hugh Elliot.

his despatches for several reasons, but you may rest assured they contain nothing more in substance than what is explained in my despatches to him and to you. What M. Bischoffwerder means is more than I presume to conjecture; but if he or his master mean anything material, we cannot fail to learn it soon in a more authentic and more agreeable manner of communication. I do not go so far as your letter mentions your brother to do, in thinking that Elliot's activity does neither good nor harm; it certainly is prejudicial to us in the present moment, and with the impression of good-will I have towards him, it really gives me uneasiness, but I hope it will cease when the occasions are no longer so tempting as they have been.

All our speculations are now turned towards France. I expect no resistance, or next to none, to the progress of the troops; but what can restore good government and good order in that country, and who is to do it, and under what forms, is covered *caliginosâ nocte*, which any man deserves to be laughed at who pretends to pierce through.

Believe me ever, my dear Lord, most faithfully and sincerely yours,

GRENVILLE.

Lord Sheffield to Lord Auckland.

Sheffield Place, Thursday, 9th August, 1792.

I am delighted with the circumstance of a kind and affectionate message from our poor friend* through Lady Catherine. It might be expected from him, because he was the best man I have known. I am almost curious to know of what date it is. It seems from your letter to be about the time four physicians declared he could not live above a fortnight. He knew it, and he continued calm and amiable to the last, and said he was thankful that he had a little time to settle his affairs, and to comfort those about

* Lord North, now Lord Guilford.

him; he sometimes said, "While there is life there is hope." Business, rather than military ardour, carried me to camp, where I passed three days. I had some visits to make on the passage. I returned through London, and stopped at Grosvenor Street on Sunday night last to inquire for the family. I had heard from Welbore Ellis, with whom I dined that day, that my friend had expired that morning at seven o'clock; yet, when I returned to my chaise, it was some time before I had utterance to direct where it should go. Frederick, who had been most impatiently expected, arrived about seven hours after his father's decease. I saw Douglas and some others of the family next day. They are as well as can be expected.

I never was more sorry for any man. I thought him in a bad way; but I by no means believed his end so near. I had a letter from him about a fortnight before, and about ten days before his death Douglas communicated the sentence of the physicians. From camp I am proceeding to Lewes races, in a bad humour for either, but the latter are a chief object of the year with Maria.

I am not much surprised that you should suppose John Bull would not bear a junction of parties. You judge by the disposition shown nine years ago, but you are not aware that the wish for a junction of parties on the part of the public seems almost general. I have seen a great number of people, and of those only one seemed to disapprove. There are great difficulties, it is true, but the thing is so right that I can scarcely persuade myself it is impracticable. The most difficult point appears to me to be in respect to leading the House of Commons. The Earldom of Mansfield to Lord Stormont was well judged. Lord Grenville has declined, in favour of the Duke of Portland, an offer from the independent Colleges at Oxford to succeed Lord Guilford, and in the handsomest manner. I do not see, nor do others, any difficulty in Pitt and Fox acting in the same

cabinet. London, you will readily imagine, is empty. I met the Duke of Portland and Lord Loughborough there. I have not time to write more. I only meant three lines. Anything is good enough for those *bêtes* the French; but the first manifesto appears to me injudicious, and not likely to answer the purposes of the invader. If the business is spun out, the French may be taught to fight. I cannot conceive any difficulty in getting to Paris if the forage is not destroyed.

Mr. Storer to Lord Auckland.

14, Devonshire Street, Portland Place,
August 10th, 1792.

Dear Lord Auckland,—Indeed you do right in preferring the existence of an ambassador to mine; no existence do I covet more, even were my embassy destined to a more distant country than Lord Macartney's. But now nothing is so distant as the hopes of a diplomatic mission for me, and, with the loss of the friend * whom you mention, all my expectations are totally gone. I feel peculiarly unfortunate, more so than others, in losing those to whom I have been attached. On last Sunday morning, a little before seven o'clock, this event happened, and the last words which he uttered were that he felt no pain, nor had he suffered any. It will be a great loss to Lady Guilford and his daughters, but his death will be a loss to various people in a greater or less degree. If ever you remain, like the old rugged tree, it is true you will be surrounded by the young and flourishing plants. This is *vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui;* but for me I have no olive-branches round my table, and I stand like a blasted pollard, without a sucker to survive me.

More than concerning the event itself, I have made few inquiries, and I am ignorant about the manner and disposition of his will. I saw him and

* Lord Guilford.

conversed with him last Thursday night, *i.e.* preceding his death, and the last words which he said to me were "God bless you!" uttered in such a tone as if he never expected to see me again. The benediction still sounds in my ears; one's heart must have been of steel not to have been touched with his situation.

What you say about Poland, in order to change the subject, is certainly true. Things which happen at a distance have not the same effect as those which pass near us. I scarce have a thought for Poland. France is nearer and more interesting. The Duke of Brunswick will probably overset their ridiculous legislators. What is to resist his march to Paris I cannot foresee. The papers must have told you of Burgoyne's* death. It was very sudden. He passed Wednesday and Thursday at Mr. Fox's at St. Anne's Hill, in good health, complaining, however, of symptoms of the gout. On Friday he went to London, and on Saturday morning he died. I was myself at St. Anne's Hill last Monday, and there it was I learned what I tell you. I snatch a day or two from London to go into the country, and then I return to see my father, but he is so much recovered that I shall soon begin to consider myself as again at liberty, and if he continues well I shall perhaps undertake some distant expedition.

Within these few days reports have gained ground more than ever of an intended coalition. The notion is, that new-fangled doctrines of reform are about, and are taking root, and that it requires a strong government to withstand the torrent; for that reason it is supposed that Mr. Pitt wishes to make an opening for various persons in Opposition. The last idea I heard was that the Duke of Leeds was to be First Lord of the Treasury, and that Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox were to be the Secretaries of State; that the Duke of Portland was to have the nomination of half of the cabinet. I still believe,

* General Burgoyne.

however, that such an arrangement will be difficult to be made. Pitt wants force undoubtedly in the House of Lords, and he would doubtless wish to have Lord Loughborough to oppose the frowns of Lord Thurlow; but how can Pitt and Fox come together? Cæsar and Pompey are not more incompatible.

For the gay and the young the camp at Bagshot has had its attractions. The Duke of Richmond thanks his officers for their services and exertions, just as Lord Cornwallis does his at Seringapatam for theirs; and yet I cannot think the campaign at Bagshot quite so laborious as that against the fallen Tippoo. It is surprising that the Duke of Richmond does not see how ridiculous is his declaration. It will be a good subject for Peter Pindar's lyre. If you think it worth the while to pique me to write, you perceive your object is very easily accomplished. Whoever gives me a service is sure to have the ball returned, if not cut, at least to continue the play. With my best compliments to Lady Auckland, and my hearty wishes that you may always end your letters with the laconic but satisfactory cry of "All is well," I bid you adieu.

I am, &c.

A. Storer.

Mr. Burges to Lord Auckland.

(Private.) Whitehall, 10th August, 1792.

My dear Lord,—I confess myself to have been more than ordinarily negligent in writing to you, though I ought to have thanked you immediately for your last magnificent present of herrings. They have found a nobler destination than you may, perhaps, have suspected; for Lady Elgin, who was going to Windsor, laid her hands upon them for the Queen, who happens to be fond of them, and they have accordingly had a place in her ladyship's coach. Lord Elgin set out for Brussels last Wednesday night.

As I have completely made up my mind as to the

policy and wisdom of the measures pursued for these last twelve months by the King of Prussia, I wish much to know whether your Excellency thinks, with me, that the history of politics presents no similar instance of foolish and absurd infatuation. I now see clearly into the system of the two Imperial Courts. They have completely carried their point of destroying the political weight of Prussia—of ruining her army, and of dissipating her treasure. Whether the journey to Paris may add another article to this list, remains to be proved. I think it will.

Four red ribands, out of the six vacant, are given to Generals Meadows, Abercrombie, Pitt, and Vaughan. The Duke of Portland will probably be Chancellor of Oxford. The destination of the Cinque Ports is yet a secret; but they will go to the man* who, of all others in England, best deserves, on every account, to have them. Your Excellency's penetration will, perhaps, guess pretty nearly at his name; but I have engaged not to mention it, and therefore pray do not even drop a word of my having hinted at it.

We have a new American Minister, Mr. Pinckney, an old friend and brother-Westminster of mine, whose manners and temper exactly qualify him for the place he has taken. I have known him above thirty years, and do not know a more worthy and excellent man.

There is a strong report among those who pretend to be in the way of getting at secrets, that your Excellency goes out to India to replace Lord Cornwallis.

I have the honour to be, with great truth and regard, my dear Lord, your Excellency's most faithful and obedient humble servant,

J. B. Burges.

Lord Auckland to Sir Morton Eden.

Hague, August 14th, 1792.

My dear Morton,—I have received yours of the 7th instant. An answer to the communications by Fisher

* Mr. Pitt.

was given on the 4th instant, and a copy of it was sent to me, together with a letter of considerable detail upon the subject in question. I am sorry that I have not the means of confiding those papers to you, because they are fully conformable to your ideas, and would give you satisfaction.

Lord Grenville's despatch to me remarks that you have been constantly instructed to discourage, as far as the King's influence would go, the system which the Court of Berlin seems to have adopted with respect to Poland, and that you have availed yourself of every proper opportunity of calling the attention of the Prussian Minister to the great danger to which the interests of their country would be exposed by suffering Russia to regain her former influence in Poland; but it soon appeared that the reasonings at Berlin were such that no intervention of the maritime powers would be useful, at least without much greater degree of exertion and expense than our interest in the object would justify. The only question now, therefore, would be whether anything had occurred in the Leipsic communications to change our line of conduct. This point is discussed at large, in order to show that the ground is slight and insufficient, and that half confidences ought to be discredited. The despatch to Mr. Elliot* pursues these ideas, and tells him explicitly that his Majesty is by no means desirous of opening private channels of communication, a proper readiness having at all times been shown by his Majesty's Ministers, both in England and at Berlin, to keep up with Prussia a due confidential intercourse. He is, therefore, instructed to avoid in future all indirect negotiation; and that it is his Majesty's express desire that he will uniformly guide himself by this intimation in the different occasions that may present themselves. For these reasons the King cannot approve of his quitting his residence for the purpose of being near the scene of action either in

* Mr. Hugh Elliot.

Poland or on the frontiers of France. I have omitted less material passages. You will, of course, take no notice of these particulars.

You will receive by this post a copy of his Majesty's answer to the Emperor's notification of the treaty of Berlin. The answer itself was carried by Hislop, who left this place last night with Lord Henry Spencer's credentials.

Lord Elgin is now at Brussels, and Colonel Gardiner will proceed immediately to Warsaw. He is an honourable man, and with a little encouragement (for he is nervous, and requires attention) you will find him a useful correspondent.

I hope that Mr. Pitt will take the Cinque Ports, and have some reason to believe that he will.

Yours, very affectionately,

AUCKLAND.

Mr. Burges to Lord Auckland.

(Private.) Whitehall, 17th August, 1792.

My dear Lord,—Notwithstanding Lord Grenville's absence, we have been doing considerable execution to-day. The French business is at length arrived at such a pitch of enormity, that to suffer Lord Gower and Lindsay to remain any longer at Paris was little better than murder. They are both, therefore, directed to come home, and have an instruction to leave behind them a hint that, though we have been, and mean to be, at all points extremely neutral, any personal attempt upon the King and his family will raise strange sensations here. I have sent a very good man to look about him at Paris after they come away, and to let us know from time to time what passes. You will probably receive, for the use of the pensionary*, &c., copies of the despatches sent to-night to France; and I take it for granted the Dutch Minister at Paris will be directed to follow Lord Gower's example.

* M. Van der Spiegel.

I am vastly obliged to you for the fresh cargo of herrings you have the goodness to send me; but I cannot think of thus trespassing eternally on your bounty, and beg you will not send me any more. As to Lady Elgin, I have known of old her uncommon talents for the subaltern line of negotiation, as well as all the benefits which have accrued to her from it. The old quotation of "Crustulis et pomis" never could apply better than she has had the dexterity to discover it will in the quarter* where she pays her adorations. The general report is, that she will be the next lady of the bedchamber.

Mr. Pitt has taken the Cinque Ports, as I hinted in my last, and upon the same footing Lord North held them. What is surprising, not a single libel has yet appeared upon the occasion.

After the Paris mob had been at Lord Gower's to get hold of his Swiss, for the declared purpose of cutting off his head because he was a Swiss, the ruling powers offered him a guard. He refused this, on the high ground of being protected by his character, &c.; but thought it prudent, however, to publish that circumstance as much as possible, by writing in large letters over his door, "Hôtel de l'Ambassadeur d'Angleterre." Lady Sutherland†, writing about this to a friend here, concludes her letter: "Now we have done all we can; and if the mob attacks us now it is their concern, not ours."

The King, Queen, and Princesses set off this morning for Weymouth, where they will stay six weeks.

We have just had a report that Normandy is up in arms, and that a large force is marching to Paris to reinstate the King: this is not unlikely.

I shall be very glad to see your lawn at Beckenham; and shall now be able to show you one of my own in

* The Queen. Lady Elgin was eventually appointed governess of the Princess Charlotte.

† Afterwards the Duchess Countess, mother of the present Duke of Sutherland. Lady Sutherland was unremitting in her attentions to the royal family, now confined in the Temple.

your neighbourhood, as I have just bought rather more than two hundred acres between Eltham and Chislehurst, where I believe I shall set up my staff.

I remain, with sincere truth and regard, my dear Lord, your Excellency's most faithful and obedient humble servant,

J. B. BURGES.

Lord Auckland to Lord Grenville.

(Confidential.) Hague, August 21, 1792.

My dear Lord,—My brother informs me that "Mrs. Ewart* lately told Mr. W. Eliot that Opposition had insinuated to her their readiness to give her any fair consideration for her husband's papers, which she rejected, alleging that she considered them as a sacred deposit belonging to her son." He adds that besides official papers, there are many private letters from the Duke of Leeds, Mr. Pitt, &c.; that the lady, on her approaching return to England, is likely to live with the great connections of Opposition in England; that she is making claims on Government for certain sums; and that if anything should be intended as to those claims, the giving up of the papers might be managed if the object is thought of importance.

I have answered that I would take occasion to mention the subject to your lordship; that papers like those in question, after a short lapse of time, become rather curious than important; that a negotiation on the affair might give a weight to it beyond what it merits; but that if Mrs. Ewart will listen to any friend who may advise her, she will either give up the whole of the papers in her possession (which, by the bye, include all our cyphers in the hands of a foreigner), implicitly and unconditionally, and in the reliance that by such a step she best consults the interests of her family, or she will secure and seal up the whole, and

* Mr. Ewart had married a Prussian lady, the Countess Wartersleben.

place them in the hands of some friends in England, not to be opened till her son may be of age.

I am, my dear Lord, respectfully and most sincerely yours,

AUCKLAND.

Mr. Burges to Lord Auckland.

(Private.) Whitehall, 21st August, 1792.

My dear Lord,—Before this your Excellency will probably have received my answer to your question about Lord Gower. I take it for granted he will leave Paris as soon as he receives the despatch which went on Friday, and that we shall see him here by the end of the week. Since I wrote last we have not heard anything from that quarter but an account of the King's complete imprisonment in the tower of the Temple, and of the ditch of twenty feet wide which is making around him. I think all this little more than a blind, and that the carrying away the King and his family to the south is in all probability the real idea of the Jacobins. Chauvelin is somehow or other lost. I am assured he has left town, and the better opinion seems to be that he has crossed the water from Brighthelmstone. Should this prove to be true, it will prove he had some reason for supposing himself not likely to be much respected when deprived of his public character. I do not, however, give you this as absolutely authentic intelligence, and therefore it had better not be talked about.

I return your Excellency many thanks for the new cargo of herrings I have just received, and remain, with great truth and regard, your very faithful and obedient humble servant,

J. B. BURGES.

P.S.—I am just informed that Chauvelin is expected in town this evening, but I don't know whether this report is better founded than the former.

I will beg the favour of your Excellency to allow

the inclosed letter for Dr. Zimmerman, at Hanover, to be forwarded by the ordinary post from the Hague.

Gardiner has got an allowance of 500*l.*, and will now set out immediately for Warsaw. J. B. B.

Lord Auckland to Sir Morton Eden.

Hague, August 24th, 1792.

My dear Morton,—I subjoin a copy of the two last bulletins, but probably they contain nothing that you will not have previously received. La Fayette*, finding his neck between two halters, seems to have preferred that which will restrain him without strangling. *Le pauvre petit Washington! en vérité, je ne puis pas le plaindre.* I expect the courier to-day from Brussels, but he arrives too late for you to profit by his despatches.

I have mentioned to you the decision as to the embassy at Paris. In conformity to the principles there adopted, it is determined, with respect to the French Minister at London, "not to consider as official any communications except in the usual form and through the usual channel of a Minister accredited by his Most Christian Majesty;" and the same line had already been decided here respecting M. de Maulde.† All well. Yours very affectionately,

AUCKLAND.

Mr. Burges to Lord Auckland.

(Private.) Whitehall, 4th September, 1792.

My dear Lord,—Lord Gower arrived here safe and well on Saturday, but accompanied by no one except his own immediate family; Lindsay and the others of the mission having been unable to procure passports. This embargo probably continues, for none of them, except the messenger Morley, who somehow contrived to make interest with a clerk of Petion's, are yet

* La Fayette had given himself up to the allies.

† The French Minister at the Hague.

arrived. This messenger tells me that there is reasonable hope of an approaching pestilence at Paris, to fill up the catalogue of their calamities. It was found easier to kill than to bury the victims of the 10th. Those who were amused by shedding blood soon grew tired of digging graves; of course, great numbers were put out of the way somewhat carelessly, and the cellars and other subterraneous places were found convenient receptacles for the dead bodies; into these immense numbers were thrown, and when they were full, they were shut up in the best way the hurry of the operation would permit. The natural consequences of interment now began to manifest themselves pretty strongly. Morley says that, being obliged, the last day or two he continued in Paris, to run about the town a good deal for his passports, he was saluted in several streets with such whiffs of putrefaction, as to be obliged to cover his face and run off as fast as he could. The massacre of the 10th extended its baneful influence indiscriminately over all orders and factions, over none more effectually than over the *poissardes:* that celebrated class of citizens is nearly annihilated, so many were killed that the messenger says there are hardly enough remaining for the business of the Halles, and that the processions, which before were regularly and daily made through the town, have from that day entirely ceased.

Tom Paine is at Paris, and has just been appointed to some post in the executive government. Dr. Priestley is also there, and is looked upon as the great adviser of the present ministers, being consulted by them on all occasions. There are also eight or ten other English and Scotch who work with the Jacobins, and in great measure conduct their present manœuvres. I understand these gentlemen at present are employed in writing a justification of democracy and an invective against monarchy in the abstract, which is to be printed at Paris, and dispersed through England and Ireland. The names of

some of them are Watts and Wilson, of Manchester; Oswald, a Scotsman; Stone*, an Englishman, and Mackintosh, who wrote against Burke.

Lord Gower gave me the enclosed letter which came some time ago into his hands.

Will your Excellency have the goodness to take the first opportunity of forwarding the packet which accompanies this for the Comtesse de Tyszkiewich, the King of Poland's niece, at Brussels. I understand it is a matter which ought not to be delayed.

Jenkinson † is returned from Flanders. He landed at my house, and we had much talk about what is going on in that part of the world. He thinks very ill of the prospects before the Duke of Brunswick, almost as ill, indeed, as I have long done, and he talks of the great animosity subsisting between the Austrians and Prussians. Breteuil has signed a paper engaging to indemnify the King of Prussia for the expenses of the campaign. I have been told here (but I do not vouch for the intelligence) that a loan is negotiating in the city for his Prussian Majesty.

In all respects we are in a state of most perfect and enviable tranquillity.

I have the honour to be, with great truth and regard, my dear Lord, your Excellency's most faithful and obedient humble servant,

J. B. Burges.

Mr. Burges to Lord Auckland.

(Private.) Whitehall, 7th September, 1792.

My dear Lord,—I was very sorry to find that a parcel I told you would accompany my last letter for the King of Poland's niece had been overlooked, and not sent by the last mail. I now take the liberty of troubling your Excellency with it, as well as with a small parcel for Colonel Gardiner, which I am parti-

* Mr. Hurford Stone, whose brother was afterwards tried for high treason, defended by Erskine, and acquitted.

† Afterwards second Lord Liverpool.

cularly requested to beg you will have the goodness to forward by the first convenient opportunity to him at Warsaw.

Neither the Dutch nor Flanders mail due to-day is yet arrived, so we remain in ignorance of what is passing out of France. Of what is going on within that devoted country we have heard but too much to-day from Lindsay, who, with others of the mission, is yet detained at Paris for want of passports. He tells us of new massacres; of 160 priests being butchered in a church; of all the prisoners confined in all the prisons having been deliberately and in orderly succession put to death; of a detachment of the mob having departed with a similar design of slaughter to Orleans; of more than four thousand persons having been killed in the course of the tumult, and of its still continuing to rage when he made up his letter. All Gibbon's history, though the bloodiest book I ever read, does not contain a more horrible story than this. The number of persons thus murdered in the prisons must certainly be very great, and of them many must have been of high rank and consequence. I know of the two Montmorins, of Lally Tollendal*, and of many others, both men and women. Should the catalogue of these, and of the miserable people shut up in the prisons of Orleans, who are probably all butchered by this time, ever be made public, what an awful lesson must it prove to all those who incline to try the experiment of trusting to the good sense and discretion of a mob, and who flatter themselves that the *popularis aura* will ever blow propitiously.

We learn to-day from Trevor that the French principles are making a rapid progress in the King of Sardinia's dominions, and that there are strong apprehensions of some very serious events taking place there very shortly.

The report which Jenkinson brought me from

* Lally escaped, and lived some time in England. He died in 1820 at Paris.

Coblentz strongly confirms all the ideas I had entertained of the probable consequences of the King of Prussia's crusade. I hope, however, at all events, now that he is engaged in it, the Duke of Brunswick will get soon to Paris, and that he will make a striking example to the present and to future ages of that wicked and cruel people. Hateful as is the idea of slaughter and devastation, to forbear from inflicting a severe punishment on such shocking crimes will be an offence against mankind, nor, in my opinion, should any weak disinclination to injure the property of some individuals connected with him prevent him from annihilating, as far as he can, the theatre of such detestable exploits.

Pray, has a piece of eloquence of the famous Anacharsis Cloots reached you? If it has not, it may serve as a contrast to the subject I have been writing upon, and may amuse you. In a speech he made last week to the National Assembly, he thought proper to make a full confession of his political faith, and to profess in strong terms his entire patriotism. After many high-flown expressions, he concluded thus,—"Enfin, messieurs, mon cœur est français, et mon âme est sans culotte!"

The French excesses, I fancy, have made a great impression here. Everything with us is quieter than ever, and a general indignation seems to prevail amidst all descriptions of men, whenever the conversation turns on the recent transactions at Paris.

Adieu, my dear Lord, and believe me to remain, with great truth and regard, your Excellency's most faithful and obedient humble servant,

J. B. Burges.

Lord Auckland to Sir Morton Eden.

Hague, September 7th, 1792.

My dear Morton,—We hear an account of the taking of Verdun and Stenay, but no particulars are yet received. Accounts are also expected of the taking

of Thionville. These events and the consequent advance of the army will create a new fermentation among the Parisian levellers. They are so mad that it is impossible to speculate on the effect. I hope that you receive the *Moniteur*. It states nothing impartially, and omits every circumstance and every remark that may be unsatisfactory to the many-headed monarch. But it is an interesting speculation to see what abominable creatures our species become in the depravity of morals and of unbridled passions. Love to my sister.

Yours very affectionately,

AUCKLAND.

Mr. Burges to Lord Auckland.

(Private.) Whitehall, 14th September, 1792.

My dear Lord,—We get every day deeper and deeper into inaction, though possibly the hordes of vagabond French who are pouring in upon us will give us something to do. Many thousands are arrived within this fortnight, and more are daily arriving. The fools here are opening subscriptions for their relief and support, which I understand our own poor take amiss, and, in my judgment, not without reason. I do not indeed see under what pretence all this charity is set forward, for I cannot discover the merits of those who are its objects. Of those who are known, I am sure not one, except a few harmless old women, deserve anything; for the whole class were Jacobins and persecutors as long as they were in power, and would be so still, were they not supplanted by others of the same stamp.

By intelligence from Paris of the 9th instant, I find there are well-grounded fears for the safety of the royal family. The King and Queen have been separated; and, though Brissot, Condorcet, and Petion seem disposed to spare them, I understand Manuel, Robespierre, and their associates, call loudly for their being sacrificed. As this is the stronger party

it will probably carry its point, and the others as probably will be massacred in their turn. Indeed, Providence seems to have decreed that these miscreants shall mutually immolate each other. Our latest accounts bring the Duke of Brunswick and his royal master no further on their road than the neighbourhood of Chalons. There seems to be a wonderful tendency to secure the possession of Lorraine.

I return your Excellency many thanks for some very fine peaches and nectarines which your gardener brought to me from Beckenham.

I learn that Mr. Shore will next week be declared Governor-General of India.

I have the honour to be, with great truth and regard, your Excellency's most faithful and obedient servant,

J. B. BURGES.

Lord Auckland to Sir Morton Eden.

Hague, September 18th, 1792.

My dear Morton,—Lord Henry Spencer, in his speculations about Sir Robert Keith's * successor, speaks with particular kindness and friendship respecting you.

I suspect that those who speculate on arriving with the allied armies at Paris in the course of the month of September, reckon without their host. It is not probable; but we know nothing from the army of a recent date. I have a messenger at Brussels who will arrive here this evening.

His Majesty's Government has been repeatedly sounded and from the highest quarters, as to the wishes and speculations of England in respect to France. Our answer has been given to the following effect:—"That our neutral conduct gives us no claim to interfere either with advice or opinions unless solicited; and that our general wishes, on the one hand,

* Sir Robert Keith had been ambassador at Vienna.

are, that France may never again resume the same restless and troublesome system which has so often been fatal to the peace of nations; and, on the other, that an executive government may exist there so as to restrain the present lawless and atrocious spirit."

No more at present. All well. Love to my sister.

Yours very affectionately,

AUCKLAND.

Mr. Burges to Lord Auckland.

(Private.) Whitehall, 21st September, 1792.

My dear Lord,—I have just received your Excellency's letter by Slater, and am glad to find that your health is improved. Even the climate of Holland, I conceive, is better for you than that we now suffer under in England, where a premature winter, ushered in by frosts and now rendered dismal by hard rains, deprives us of all that in general is looked for from autumn. I speak feelingly on this subject, as I am in hopes of a short holiday to pay a visit to my family and to begin my plantations at Chislehurst, if what is now going forward on the Continent should not shipwreck my hopes and keep me in town.

You will find, from the despatch and the two notes which accompany this, that there is a strong desire here to prevent, if possible, the horrid catastrophe which seems to await the King and Queen of France. This measure is, in my opinion, very noble and dignified, and worthy of a great nation like ours. The declaration thus made of refusing an asylum to those whose hands shall be stained with royal blood, has been seriously and deliberately taken, and will be executed faithfully. I have indeed no doubt of its being liberally interpreted, and that those who shall contribute to such a crime, as well as those who shall have actually perpetrated it, will be included within the proscription. Your Excellency, I am persuaded, is well acquainted with the history of similar transactions. That of the year

1662 is perfectly apposite; and as the scene of it was laid in Holland, I trust it will have its weight with the present rulers there, to induce them to follow the example of this country in refusing to admit and protect such miscreants as those against whom our declaration is levelled. From my knowledge of the characters and desperation of those persons, however, I confess I have strong doubts whether this, or any other step which can be taken, will be sufficient to prevent them from fulfilling their work of death. Indeed I am in hourly dread of hearing not only that the King of France and his family are murdered, but that a third massacre has happened at Paris. When a confidential person I had employed left that place on last Monday evening, they were preparing to shut the barriers, and a dismal and silent consternation seemed universally to prevail, though nothing more than the ordinary murders and robberies had happened, except indeed that the garde-meuble at the Tuileries had been broken open, and all the crown jewels had been carried off.

I am much of your opinion with regard to the compassion which ought to be felt for the poor women who have been driven to this country from France; and I feel inclined to extend that sensation to the clergy, who have come over in vast numbers; but I am every day less and less disposed to entertain a similar sentiment for the rest of the refugees, the higher orders of whom, with very few exceptions, have been deeply implicated in the guilt of this Revolution; and the remainder of them, I have good reason to think, are visitors more for the purpose of doing mischief than from any other motive. I know also that many of the better class have pretty much the same views, and I sincerely hope that some means may be found of getting rid of them before any bad consequences may ensue from their residence among us. Very fortunately, the popular opinion seems to be taking a very right channel. The bishops and clergy are compassionated and respected, while several of the

others have already been turned out of coffee-houses for having taken upon themselves to talk politics and to inculcate Jacobinical principles. The late horrors in France have at least been attended with one good consequence, for they have turned the tide of general opinions here very suddenly. French principles and even French men are daily becoming more unpopular, and I think it not impossible that in a short time the imprudence of some of these levellers will work so much on the temper of our people as to make England neither a pleasant nor a secure residence for them.

I forwarded both the letters your Excellency inclosed to me by this day's post.

Lord Grenville came to town on Wednesday evening, and of course business begins to flourish. Should anything of importance occur, I will not fail to give your Excellency early notice of it. If I ever enter into detail, that is, if I hazard my observations on what is going forwards, attribute it to my wish of giving you all the information I can upon passing events.

I have the honour to remain most truly, my dear Lord, your Excellency's most faithful and obedient servant, J. B. BURGES.

Lord Auckland to Sir Morton Eden.

Hague, September 25th, 1792.

My dear Morton,—Your last letters and despatches are dated 18th. I am sorry that you have failed in your endeavours to obtain a good journal of the progress and movements of the armies, because it would have been acceptable at home, and a creditable and useful record; but, without materials, it is impossible to build, and the want of materials seems to show that though there may be many Cæsars in Brandenburg, there are few or none that write commentaries.

We are without news from the army later than the 17th, and it will arrive about ten minutes after this

letter leaves the Hague. I fear, however, that the advance is slower than was hoped. If anything material had happened, we should have had either a messenger or some estafettes. The weather has been and continues cold, unwholesome, and wet, and I much fear that the health of the troops may be materially affected by it.

The Cte. de Stadion and the Prince de Castelciccala (Naples) have presented to Lord Grenville a memorial requesting England to declare that if the murder of their Most Christian Majesties should take place, no asylum shall be given. Lord Grenville has answered, "Que sa Majesté ne manquerait pas de prendre les mesures les plus efficaces pour empêcher que les personnes qui se seraient rendues coupables d'une crime aussi atroce ne puissent trouver aucun asile dans les états de sa Majesté." M. de Stahrenberg * is making a similar demand here. It is difficult to say whether any measure can contribute to save their Most Christian Majesties from the lawless and outrageous ruffians who surround them.

We are overwhelmed in England by the arrival of poor emigrants, and I understand, from unprejudiced authority, that although victims to democratic principles, their language in general is impertinent and offensive to all established governments, and such as our good countrymen are at present not disposed to tolerate.

I shall be glad to hear the Cte. Schulenburg arrives at Berlin in better health than he is supposed to carry from the army. You will hear an intelligent notion of affairs from him.

I continue pretty well, but am still under a course of quinine.

Our love to my sister.

Yours very affectionately,

AUCKLAND.

* A memorial to the States of Holland, demanding the punishment of the regicides, signed by Lord Auckland and the Count Stahrenberg, was presented on the 7th April, 1793.

The émigrés were now pouring into England. Many landed on the Sussex coast, and were received with the greatest hospitality by Lord and Lady Sheffield.*

Lord Sheffield to Lord Auckland.

Sheffield House, 3rd October, 1792.

Until the receipt of your letter by the last post, I had not heard of your indisposition. We shall wish very much for another line to confirm your perfect recovery. I have daily had the intention of writing to you for some time, although I had little worthy communication. I have been particularly occupied (I did not want extra work) in favour of the French clergy. About 1,200 have landed in this country. I have been useful. There is little prejudice with respect to Popish priests, but abundance of nonsense, even among the better sort of people, in regard to the effect so many additional mouths will have on the price of provisions. Unfortunately the crop was not good, and in consequence of the extreme bad weather it will be half lost in the west and in the north. This will be much against the poor French; but, although many wish them at the devil rather than here, yet, upon the whole, they have had a very good reception, such as does credit to the country, and I hope there will be a good subscription throughout England. Some considerable families of women and children have also passed. La Vicomtesse de Lesmaissons, with four children, the preceptor and two servants, had an extraordinary escape and passage in an open boat to Eastbourne, where they found the utmost attention from the bathers. On Sunday last, notice was given me that a small French vessel with emigrants, women and children, were wrecked near Newhaven. I sent my Swiss servant to interpret and conduct them here.

* "Lady Sheffield was indefatigable in her exertions for the unfortunate émigrés. Lady Sheffield died on the 3rd of April, 1793, and her death is said to have been occasioned by her attendance in a hospital she had established for the sick emigrants."—*Gentleman's Mag.* 1793, Part I. p. 379.

In the evening he brought Madame de Balbany, sister to Madame de Lesmaisons, with her three children, from three to eight years old, as fine brats as ever were seen, their parish priest, and man, and maid. They have been here four days, and are as well as if nothing had happened to France or to them: as an instance how these poor creatures are pillaged, I mention that they were obliged to pay 2,500 livres for their passage before they sailed. As they are safe I am glad the vessel is entirely lost. The uncle of these ladies, the Bishop of Avranches, had landed at Hastings some time before them. Both their husbands are with the princes. Poor Lally* has had a narrow escape. He was committed to the Abbaye after a curious examination (which I have), and by great exertions with the miscreants in power he was released just the day before all its inhabitants were massacred. I should have mentioned that Lally arrived safe in London last week. I expect him to remain, and also the Duc de Liancourt. He succeeds to all the property of the poor Duc de la Rochefoucauld—when he can get it. It will be one of the first estates in France.

I am greatly annoyed by the slowness of the combined armies. I always feared the effect of bad roads and the difficulty of providing for a great army, yet I cannot conceive that the Austrian troops which fattened on the banks of the Dniester, the Save, and the Danube will starve between the Aisne, the Marne, and the Seine. I hear nothing more about a junction of parties. That business is, of course, cold when people are dispersed and do not meet.

Pitt has announced to his friends in Parliament that the session will commence the 15th November; at the same time, in another letter, he inclosed to them six printed copies of his speech on the abatement of the Spanish armament taxes, desiring they might be circulated in the country.

* Lally Tollendal.

I have a letter this morning from Lord Loughborough. He is well, at his mansion near Harrowgate, and talks of coming to London.

I flatter myself it will soon be the turn of the Jacobins to play, and I have the pleasure of hinting that Government has not neglected the consideration thereof. SHEFFIELD.

M. Huber to Lord Auckland.

Bognor Rocks, near Chichester, Sussex,
4th October, 1792.

My dear Lord,—I have just this moment received your lordship's letter of the 7th of September, which has travelled through Bayonne to this place instead of going direct to London in Pall Mall, from whence I had the honour of writing to you. Oh that you had not been so true a prophet about the affairs of France, that doomed country! The feelings of all those who are immediately connected with it, by ties of connection, friendship, or fortune, or all, are truly wretched. I knew how shocked you must be to hear of poor M. de Montmorin's* fate. I really think the Raynevals out of the way of danger. During the stormy time in which he was yet in the department, his own sourish disposition being naturally much heightened by such horrid doings made him keep out of sight altogether, and he has shown much useful knowledge without hurting any party. He is at Cheton (you know the house) entirely out of the way. Our good friend O'Dunne is altogether unknown to the ruling *canaille*, and you know his cautious manner. I believe him out of every line of danger. Saintefoy has made himself be named an elector for the place of his nativity, somewhere near the frontiers, where he now is, no doubt, with the intention of walking off the moment he can do it with safety, and more likely with the hope of being taken where he is. As to ourselves, I feel grateful for our escape, for I make no doubt that

* M. de Montmorin was murdered on the 2nd September.

the worthy M. Clavière*, whom by the by I never had the honour even of seeing in my life, would have had me kidnapped, first thrown into prison, and murdered me with the rest. And when I think of what my excellent and beloved wife must have experienced in such a case, I go almost frantic. The success of the Duke of Brunswick will determine our future motions.

I am really here on leave of absence, having been re-elected for a term of years in the administration of the French East India Company, the only safe establishment and investment of one's property in France, because independent of Government, though not of robbers. My place in that administration being lucrative, and far superior to anything of the kind in England, I was willing to make every reasonable sacrifice for the preservation of it. At the same time I confess to you, that if the exchange between France and London did not reduce to the half the property one has abroad, I should even give up the whole advantage, and contrive to be quiet in England, though foreseeing that my activity would want employment. We look, therefore, with great anxiety and interest to the progress of the foreign armies. I cannot imagine that Paris should not submit before the duke reaches it. What the fate of that town will be ultimately is a point painful to imagination. At the same time I think it would be wiser in the duke to tax it at one hundred millions of livres in solid gold and silver (which would be found in two days), than to sack the property of so many innocent people who cannot help it, although they have to reproach themselves with a degree of cowardice unimaginable.

My own private and secret opinion is, that Dumouriez is watching for an opportunity of giving a heavy blow to his present party, and that the Jacobins have not a cleverer nor a more dangerous enemy. *Nous verrons*—but my opinion is for your lordship alone. I

* M. Clavière was the finance minister. He was a Genevese.

have reasons *pour cela.* That man is by far superior in abilities and courage to all the scoundrels through whose means he has recovered a power, which, had he been an ordinary man, he had for ever lost.

There is a great talk in Paris of paying off the viager, *i.e.* one half in assignats, and the other half in a perpetual annuity, bearing 4 per cent. I believe in the scheme, because Clavière's property is all in viager, which he has for some years past pawned at Genoa, and being pushed for reimbursements, he knows no better way to give some fresh value to a thing which, God knows, may intrinsically be worth very little now. I see, however, very clearly, that they are going to better their financial situation by the saving of upwards of 60,000,000 annually, which was decreed for the clergy, and by 25,000,000 of the civil list.

Lady Auckland has, I hope, received a letter written above ten days ago by Mrs. Huber. I know nothing of Peregaux. Mr. Boyd arrived at Ramsgate two days ago; he has left his younger partners at Paris, who will easily manage a business which they had for the last half year reduced very considerably.

My best respects wait on Lady Auckland, with more affectionate things to all our young friends.

I am, with great truth, my dear Lord, your most obedient and faithful servant, B. Huber.

The retreat of the Duke of Brunswick was received with consternation by all the friends of order. In England it seems at first to have been disbelieved.

Lord Auckland to Sir Morton Eden.

Hague, October 9th, 1792.

My dear Morton,—On the 7th I received by a messenger from Brussels the first account of the retrograde motion of the combined armies. I confess to you that this is an event which surprises me beyond

any that I recollect to have met with in a life of some experience in the bustle of this world. A step so little suitable to the declarations and manifestos which preceded the invasion by the combined armies would not have been otherwise than under the pressure of necessity. But it is for ever to be regretted, that such a necessity should have existed.

The unfortunate royal family is left in a situation of more strife, hopelessness, and danger than if no effort had been made in their favour. The numerous emigrants and their families have no longer any prospect but that of beggary and despair. These, however, are small considerations in comparison of the triumph given to the cause of Jacobinism. It will be resounded through France (and through other parts of Europe) that a mere horde of undisciplined freemen has been able to foil the efforts of a combined army of veterans, greatly superior in number and appointments, and directed by the best commanders in Europe. Even that impression, bad as it is, is insignificant in comparison of the encouragement which this will give to malignant spirits in other nations. In short, it is a melancholy business, and we have only to hope that the secret dispositions of Providence may give it some better turn than we can foresee, and ultimately apply it to the punishment of sacrilege, perjury, outrage, and murder; which at present stand triumphant, &c. Encore une grande école.

This contemplation swallows up all others, and I have no appetite to write on other subjects. We shall know more by the Brussels and French posts to-day.

His Catholic Majesty*, who enters the lists at an inauspicious moment, has just accomplished at Amsterdam a loan of 6,000,000 of guilders at 4½ per cent. A similar loan was attempted for the King of Naples, but has failed.

All well. Yours very affectionately,

AUCKLAND.

* The King of Spain.

Mr. J. B. Burges to Lord Auckland.

(Private.) Whitehall, October, 9th, 1792.

My dear Lord,—Your Excellency will, I am sure, be very ready to forgive me for my late silence, when you know that I was all the last week in the country, engaged in the necessary business of inoculating my two youngest children. They are perfectly well, and, what is almost of equal consequence to young ladies, unmarked.

We have been in very low spirits here since last Sunday morning, when I, whose fate it is to be the herald of news, whether good or bad, was wakened by a messenger from Lord Elgin with an account of the retreat of the Prussian army. All the peaceable and well-disposed are terribly cast down with this dismal and unexpected news, and the evil inclined are loud in their triumph. It is, however, on this, as it has been on several recent occasions, easy to see that the former as far exceed the latter in number as they do in rank and consequence. For my own part, notwithstanding the high authorities of Count Metternich and Lord Elgin, I cannot bring myself to think the Duke of Brunswick means anything more by this than to give Dumouriez a specimen of his generalship; and, by inducing him to quit his impregnable holds in the Gorges de Clermont, to bring him into an open country, and then beat him. Such is the idea I entertain. I will never believe the duke will sacrifice all his glory without a blow; and I cannot suffer the supposition that such a parcel of ragamuffins have been able to baffle and overcome the best army and best generals in Europe. God knows how it will end; but I shall continue to think thus till damning proof makes me change my opinion.

I have received from Gray the jeweller a parcel for Lord Elgin, which, as it may be of value, I have directed to be put into the black box, and will troubel your Excellency to forward it by the first safe opportunity. I am, with great truth and regard, my

dear Lord, your Excellency's most faithful and obedient humble servant,

J. B. BURGES.

General Smith to Lord Auckland.

Walmer House, October 9th, 1792.

My dear Lord,—The news of yesterday from France really so distresses me, I cannot rest till I ask you what we have to hope and believe. Here they state the campaign over, the Duke of Brunswick retreating from hunger and sickness, and Dumouriez quite in pursuit; but the duke's ultimate manifesto gives me so different an idea, that I allow myself to think he is but leading the French into a scrape by a movement now mistaken for a retreat; in short, Paris having now the press quite at their command and inspection, we know only what they choose to tell us in their own way. I have to request your lordship's telling me some truths that may throw some light on the past, present, and a little of what is to come. I confess I feel that the Duke has carried his antidote along with him; the emigrants, who from the first must have been useless and burthensome, but from their pride, indiscipline, and poverty, have disseminated every vice and all possible dissatisfaction about them; in short, I have had reason to believe the duke has been very much put to it to keep up even the appearance of that union so necessary in his three armies, which, in fact, secretly do very much disagree.

Mr. Pitt goes to London very soon in love with his present from the king, and rejoiced to pass here all the time he can claim as his own. He has shown every desire to please, and has succeeded. Lord and Lady Chatham are with him, who encourage him in his passion for this retired spot, as they, too, like the face of the country.

I am sorry to tell you our harvest all over England

is very much damaged by the most uncommon bad weather, and so much so as to have occasioned a general rise on all grain, and bread in particular, so that if special means be not taken to prevent the export to France, which already begins to be smuggled, I foretell you very great distress in spring.

Sincere regard, respects, and best wishes to Lady Auckland, from this cabin; being, my dear lord,

Your Lordship's very affectionate and sincere,

E. SMITH.

Mr. Pitt tells me we have about 5000 people from France come over, but not more. Sidney * left Vienna, 22nd, on his way.

Lord Auckland to Sir Morton Eden.

Hague, 19th October, 1792.

My dear Morton,—Yours of the 13th arrived to-day, and will sail to-morrow for England. There certainly are two very remarkable passages in the journal of the allied army. The one intimates that the measure of penetrating into the country without previously taking the places on the frontiers, was occasioned by the sanguine assurances of the emigrés; the other, that a complete victory might have been obtained on the 20th†, and the consequent losses and defeat of the whole enterprise avoided, if the royal personage‡ who was present had not prevented the engagement for unknown reasons. All that may be; it is, however, open to observation, and at best is a question affecting the personal reputation of an individual, which is a discussion of small moment when compared to the calamities to which this unfortunate business may give an infinite extent and duration. We shall gradually arrive at the full and true history:

* General Smith's nephew, Captain Sidney Smith, was on his way to Constantinople.

† The "cannonade of Valmy" took place on the 20th of September.

‡ The King of Prussia.

ce ne sera pas cependant de la classe des lectures amusantes.

I scribble these few lines to set you right as to Irish affairs. The troubles of the world are amply sufficient, and I have no reason to believe that there is any present danger of their extending to Ireland. The Jacobin faction in Ireland is thus far ridiculous and insignificant. There is a strong contest among the three parties of Protestants, Dissenters, and Papists; but the religious weaknesses of that country have at all times contributed to the strength of the British Government and to the political safety; in all other respects Ireland is improving and prosperous.

With respect to British prosperity, it surpasses all idea. I have reason to believe that the produce of this year will be above one million sterling more than Mr. Pitt estimated it at on the four years' average; that average was formed by him in February last, in my house at Beckenham. We took it rather low, but fairly. We thought that there would be an excess, but we had no idea that it would be so great.

All well here. Yours very affectionately,

AUCKLAND.

Lord Sheffield to Lord Auckland.

Sheffield Place, 21st October, 1792.

My dear Lord,—The weakness of my eyes obliges me to employ a secretary to thank you for your letter of the 12th. I have not patience to talk to you of the state of things in Europe. I am most lamentably disappointed; and I now see no prospect of any speedy settlement of French affairs. The miscreants at Paris, encouraged by an appearance of success, will be active to extend their mischiefs, and my apprehensions are *now* by no means quiet with respect to our own affairs. Our ministers will deserve the execrations of all the world, if they do not exert themselves to crush a barbarous spirit which is likely to pervade all Europe if not very speedily prevented. I

can by no means consider the affairs of France in the ordinary course of politics, and my indignation has been great when I heard that your business has been to prevent the Dutch from joining the league against the barbarians, the ci-devant denominated the most polished people in the world. At least I see no reason whatever why we should not suffer our people to privateer under Austrian and Spanish colours; it would only be a return of the compliment which the French paid us the beginning of the American war. France would hardly venture to come to an open quarrel with us, and if they did, there would be a complete opportunity of annihilating their marine and colonies—no trifling compensation for the check that would take place in respect to the supply of certain articles; many they necessarily, directly or indirectly, would take from us. But the conduct of the Prussian army, and the neglects of the Austrian, quite unhinges all my former notions of things. If it be true that the Duke of Brunswick has not included the emigrants in his cartel, I shall ever have the worst opinion of him. The suffering De Custine * to seize the magazine at Spires, and to levy contributions there and at Worms, gives me as bad an opinion of the Austrians as I have of the French banditti.

The subscriptions in this country for the French refugees does us some credit, but the backwardness of men in Administration is passing strange; not one of them, except Lord Hawkesbury, has contributed. Burke writes to me: "What think you of ministry, that give the walls of an house at Winchester for hospitality, but suppose that to put beds into it would be a breach of neutrality, and an act of hostile aggression upon citizen Petion and the sovereign assassins of France?"

You probably have heard that Government has offered the walls of the King's house at Winchester

* General de Custine afterwards met with reverses, in consequence of which he was denounced, and guillotined August 28th, 1793.

to the destitute priests. I have, however, the satisfaction of thinking that the prejudices in respect to the price of provisions and corn do not increase among the vulgar; yet a great part of those persons among us denominated gentlemen, and persons of liberal education, ideas, &c., say they do not choose to subscribe, because it would make the vulgar uneasy. There is nothing more clear than that the emigrants have brought a good deal of money, and that the priests even are far from a disadvantage to us. You ask, how does the question stand as to the legality of importing wheat at present. Your diplomacy has expelled from your recollection my successful struggle that foreign wheat should not be admitted under 50*s.* per quarter, and then it pays a duty of 2*s.* 6*d.* per quarter; it was before admissible at 48*s.*, paying a duty of 6*d.* The price is likely to continue high, consequently the ports will be shut for exportation. I have wheat of last year worth 15*l.* a load of forty bushels, but it is very good. If there should be much uneasiness on account of the French débardation, I shall like your hint about rice very much, but our good people, I believe, are perfectly void of all operations of the kind.

Poor Lally has been here, and he seems better than when he left us, except being somewhat subject to start when the door opens. He is not yet quite sure that the gaoler will not enter. We expect his return very soon, with the Princesse d'Henin, a very clever woman, and her *protégée* the Pauline, a very clever girl. We have daily expected the Duke de Liancourt some time, but his anxiety about his sons, not yet arrived, detains him. The sacerdotal landing on our coasts is become inconsiderable; a few families of distinction continue to land. We have scarce had an opportunity yet of seeing how the appearance of success in France will affect our English Jacobins.

The sober people in Ireland feel no slight alarm in regard to the Roman Catholics, and the natives

have returned to their old tricks of murdering Christians and houghing *Protestant cattle.* I am sorry to find the Duke of Clarence's information, which I communicated to you, that Parliament would meet on the 15th of November, is not confirmed; for I think it would have been a wise measure to bring men together early, and not to suffer the impressions made by the extravagance and cruelty of the Jacobins to wear out, or perhaps to receive a contrary direction; the worst cause, when it seems fortunate, will find defenders, perhaps, but certainly will not want partisans.

I have not the most distant guess of the intentions of Government, nor any one of my correspondents. In respect to a junction of parties, there will be little said or done at this season; in truth, I hear nothing more about it, but I have not seen anybody with whom I could talk on such a subject since the beginning of August. We have curious details from Switzerland of the dismay of the people of Geneva and its neighbourhood on the French irruption into Savoy. Among the wonders of the times, surely the non-resistance of the Sardinian troops at Ville Franche* and the passes of Savoy is not the smallest.

A letter, which I had two days ago from a foreigner of distinction in London, has the following paragraph: "J'ai vu hier une lettre déchirante. Imaginez-vous la pauvre Duchesse de Fitzjames vivant en Allemagne à quinze sols par jour (eightpence) et épargnant sou sur sou pour envoyer un ou deux louis à ses fils qui sont dans l'armée des Emigrés. Le Roi m'a dit hier (Wednesday last) *qu'une lettre officielle de Bruxelles annonçait que la campagne n'était pas finie pour cette année.* Il m'a ajouté que quand il voyait lès généraux négocier, il avait mauvaise opinion de la besogne; qu'au reste, tout ce qui arrivait depuis 3 ans était si nouveau qu'il n'y avait plus de jugement à porter sur rien. M. de Calonne, qui était auprès de moi,

* Villafranca near Nice. The French had seized both Nice and Savoy.

a parlé d'un congrès prêt à s'ouvrir à Luxembourg; et le Roi a trouvé que c'était de bien bonne heure."

I flatter myself you are restored to rude health, as you say nothing on that subject. Lord Loughborough writes to me that he was to be in town yesterday; he also is lamentably disappointed, and by no means likes the state of things. Pray present my best compliments to M. de Goernet. I hope Bowdler is already in England, and that we shall speedily have the pleasure of seeing him here. ...

With the best wishes towards the Lady Auckland and the six nations, my lady and I are hers, theirs, and yours most faithfully and affectionately,

SHEFFIELD.

I think I observe that you are a little out of humour with English politics, but I hope I am mistaken. You are made for such things, and must not quarrel with them. It is reported that Parliament is to meet the 26th November.

Mr. Storer to Lord Auckland.

Devonshire Street, October 26, 1792.

Dear Lord Auckland,—It would not have been proper in me to have sent you an immediate answer to yours, as it might seem like a sly reproach for your so long delaying to answer mine; from good breeding, therefore, I was to stay a decent time. The interval has not been of much duration, but what events have taken place! The scene is wonderfully changed, and, if we are not as yet arrived at the dénouement of the piece, at least it is deferred for some time. There must be something behind the curtain which we uninformed spectators cannot explain. Have the chieftains quarrelled amongst themselves, and, in the partition of the game, have they disputed about who was to have the wing or the leg? How is it possible that Dumouriez could, with 17,000 men, resist the united forces of Austria and Prussia? We

know perfectly the disadvantage there is in carrying on a war in a country which is hostile; but the force of France, supported by the unanimous hostility of every peasant in Champagne, could not have obliged the Duke of Brunswick to the immediate retreat which he made upon the back of his last manifesto.

By this time, all over France the spirit of Republicanism is deeply rooted, and poor Louis has not an advocate left for Monarchy. No one, as you observe, can have much pity for Lafayette, who seems from his earliest time to have marked his attachment to perfidy and treachery; coming to England that he might seem perfidious; betraying Calonne to support his character for treason; his desertion of the Court, and his return to the aristocratical party, all seem to argue that he has ever wished to act the part of a traitor, flattering himself one minute in being a Cromwell, for which he was no more calculated than I for a ticket-porter; but finding himself unfit to support that post, he thought he might be moral, and that he might restore the King whom he could not depose. At last everything fails, and he is as closely confined as their Christian Majesties are in the Temple. When the curtain draws up again, what is one to expect? Is Spain to act? Is Russia to interfere? Savoy yields seemingly without striking a blow. Supposing everything without quiet; what will be done at Paris? Great dissensions are rising in the Republic. There will be a Marius and a Sylla. Generals are already accusing generals; and these editors of newspapers, who are in future to govern countries, are entering the lists against one another, to see which shall be dictators of the country. In the meantime, we on our side of the water are overflowed with an inundation of priests from France. Our pavement is darkened by this ecclesiastical constellation. Some visionary, whose name I forget, says that night is occasioned, not by the absence of light, but by the influence of certain black stars. One may perceive now his system verified, such is

the effect of these sombre prelates upon the atmosphere of London.

With respect to home news, coalitions have been talked of, but these coalitions must be brought about by the leaders deserting their soldiers, and therefore they are considered by some as impracticable; others think that Mr. Pitt will make more room towards the meeting of Parliament. It is true he is in the right to get as strong a government as he can, even though it costs him some degradation or mortification, for the times are perilous. Everywhere in the country people are out of humour with crowned heads. I am very much afraid that Paine's rascally book has done much mischief. In the House of Lords the Minister will be reduced to numbers rather than speakers for his support. Numbers, it is true, are most essential, but speakers are necessary.

The Prince of Wales is to live for some time to come as a Cornish county gentleman. £11,000 per annum is to be his revenue. Carlton House shut up. What *pied à terre* he is to have in London, I have not heard. The most strict economy is to be observed. Lord Thurlow and Lord Radnor are to be trustees.

Before I conclude, let me say that I am sorry to hear that you have been ill, but flatter myself your health is perfectly re-established.

My father* still withers in the same slow consuming way, and I go on with my usual attendance. I get a few more holidays now he is come from Brompton to London, where he has more society than he had at the first place.

Adieu, my dear Lord. My compliments to Lady Auckland, and with the best wishes for your happiness, I am, &c.

A. STORER.

* Thomas Storer, Esq., of Westmoreland, Jamaica, died July 21, 1793, at his house in Golden Square.

CHAP. XXIII.

Letter of Lord Grenville.—French Invasion of Belgium.—Dumouriez demands the Opening of the Schfeldt.—Alarm in Holland.—The King's Conversation with Lord Henry Spencer.—Efforts of the French to cause an Insurrection in England—Meeting of Parliament.—Mr. Windham and Burke support the Government.—Maiden Speech of Lord Henry Spencer.—Debate in the House of Lords on the Alien Bill.—Weakness of the Government Speakers.—Pitt's Chagrin.—Lord Loughborough comes to the Rescue.—Great Effect of his Speeches.—Letter of Lord Sheffield.—His Anger with Fox.—Letter of Mr. Storer.

THE policy of Mr. Pitt's government still continued eminently peaceful; and the following letter shows the earnest desire of Lord Grenville to preserve England from the horrors of war:—

Lord Grenville to Lord Auckland.

(Private.) Whitehall, November 6, 1792.

My dear Lord,—I receive with much interest all the information you send me of what is passing on the Continent. It is, indeed, a most critical moment on every account, and when every degree of intelligence one can acquire becomes necessary. But with respect to any steps to be taken by this country, I continue fixed in my opinion, or rather I am every day more and more confirmed in it, that both in order to preserve our own domestic quiet, and to secure some other parts at least of Europe free from the miseries of anarchy, this country and Holland ought to remain quiet as long as it is possible to do so, even with some degree of forbearance and tolerance beyond what would in other circumstances have been judged right. The opinion of our strength enables us to do so with more dignity and more ease; and we have at least the

satisfaction of feeling that if we are ultimately obliged to deviate from our line, every hour's respite gives us fresh resources for meeting the moment of action.

This system has the appearance of indifference and inactivity, and it is one of the greatest objections to it that it has this appearance. But after every consideration that I can give to a subject which is hardly ever out of my thoughts, I see from all the events which have arisen, and from all that I can conjecture as likely to happen, new reasons for adhering to our plan. When you ask me, therefore, to communicate to you my sentiments on the new order of things on the Continent, I have only to refer you back to all I have ever said to you on the subject. I never thought the Austrian and Prussian enterprise likely to succeed to any good purpose. I certainly did not expect it to have been so disgracefully foiled in the outset, nor can I account for the failure satisfactorily to my own mind; though my intelligence makes me rather attribute it to ignorance in the formation of the plan, and irresolution in the execution of it, than to any other deeper cause.

It now appears likely that another campaign will be tried. Whether it is successful or not, I cannot but remain in the persuasion that the re-establishment of order in France, under any form, can be effected only by a long course of intestine struggles; and that foreign intervention, while it retards the free course of the principles now prevalent in France, and their natural operation on the people there, serves the cause of anarchy by giving both an excuse for its disorders and the means of collecting military force to support them. In this situation I see nothing for us to fear but the introduction of the same principles amongst ourselves. This is no light danger, nor could any mischief be greater if it were to happen. But I think the chance of its happening much less if we keep ourselves out of the struggle upon the Continent, than if, by interference,

we raise the same standard here, and furnish it with arms against ourselves.

In all this I reason as an Englishman, and apply my first care, as naturally an Englishman must, to the maintenance of our own tranquillity. But as far as I am master of the situation of the Dutch Republic, there is no part of the same considerations which does not apply there in at least an equal degree. Their local situation, and the neighhood of Germany, Liege, and Flanders, may certainly render the danger more imminent, but it does not, I think, alter the reasoning as to the means of meeting it; and those means will, I think, be always best found in the preservation of the external peace of the Republic, and in that attention to its internal situation which external peace alone will allow its government to give to that object.

I have not answered the note which I received from you so long ago as in September last, wherein the States-General desired to know the precise line we should follow, supposing the Republican Government in France to notify its establishment, and to require our acknowledgment of it. Our silence has been owing to the strange series of events, and to the difficulty of laying down any precise line on a supposition connected with so many fluctuating and varying circumstances. No step of this sort will probably now be taken till the new constitution has been settled by the Assembly, and adopted by the primary assemblies. Much time must elapse before this, and many events may again as totally change the face of affairs in France as they have been changed since September last. But if such a demand were now made, I am inclined to think we should decline a compliance, but in terms which would not hamper us, supposing the Republican Government should hereafter be really and ultimately established in France; in which case it must at last be sooner or later recognised by all the other countries of Europe, as those of Switzerland and Holland have been, and as the

revolutions of this country and Portugal are now even by France and Spain.

Your requesting to know my sentiments has given rise to a longer letter than I intended. If you think that the communication of what I have written can be at all satisfactory to those who show us so much confidence, you are fully at liberty to make it, though I feel that it contains nothing either new, or which I can think very interesting, except from its subject.

Believe me ever, my dear Lord, most faithfully and sincerely yours, GRENVILLE.

After the retreat of the Duke of Brunswick, Dumouriez successfully invaded Belgium. The situation of Holland was extremely critical.

Mr. J. B. Burges to Lord Auckland.

(Private) Whitehall, November 13th, 1792.

My dear Lord,—Many circumstances, both official and private, have prevented me for some time from writing to you. During this interval what strange events have happened, baffling all political calculation, experience, and common sense! The business, however, at length becomes very serious, and our own interests are daily more and more in danger. I am not too apt to attribute the actions of great people to very abstruse causes, but I confess I cannot but attribute this sudden and unaccountable flight of the Belgic Government to Ruremonde to something more than its ostensible reason—the nearness to Germany, and the facility it affords for a further escape into that country. When I consider the situation of that town, and see it so surrounded as it is with the Dutch territory, I feel inclined to think the choice of it may, in a great degree, have been influenced by the hope, in the first place, of being safe from a pursuit, from a supposed unwillingness on the part of the

French to encroach on the territory of Holland, and, in the next, from the expectation that events must infallibly happen to oblige Holland, and, of course, England, to take an active part against France.

I know not whether my ideas are worth anything, but I freely confess such are my apprehensions. In this case, there are but two things for us to do, either to take such immediate measures as may prevent anything bad from happening on the side of Holland, which, of course, must bring forward our *casus fœderis;* or to wait till it has happened, and then to avenge the cause of our ally. The dispatches and Declaration which accompany this are founded on a choice of the first of these modes, and wisely have they been so founded. The only improvement which I could have suggested would have been the immediate mission of some proper person (without character) to Paris, for the purpose of giving a similar notice directly to the people in power there, which would have saved a good deal of time, and have prevented any of those violent measures which it is possible (though I trust not likely) may happen from the transmission of our resolution through the Hague. I know there are strong reasons against taking such a step, and therefore I merely start the idea as one which struck me as very advisable.

Ever, my dear Lord, your Excellency's most faithful and obedient servant,

J. B. Burges.

Lord H. Spencer to Lord Auckland.

Blenheim, November 26th, 1792.

My dear Lord,—I am much obliged to you for the bulletin you was so good as to send me. According to all accounts things must be got much worse since that was written, and I am in anxious expectation of further intelligence from you, as at present I get nothing but the newspapers. In these times every man is

a politician, because every man seems likely to become personally interested in the events of the Continent. It is on this account that I wish particularly to hear from you, and if you could find time to write my father your reflections and ideas on the actual state of things, I am sure that he would be highly gratified by it. I believe that every measure of precaution is now taken by Government to prevent mischief; that their opponents are also pretty active, may be judged from the following circumstance. Mackintosh, who is just returned from a tour in the Highlands of Scotland, and who, by the bye, is much altered in his principles, assured several persons at Oxford that he found Paine's books, translated into Erse, in the hands of all the common people. He also found it generally read by all the manufacturers at Manchester, and I know, from good authority, that it made its appearance not long ago in the Welsh language.

I remain, very sincerely, my dear Lord, yours affectionately.

H. SPENCER.

The French were now demanding the opening of the Scheldt.

Lord Auckland to Sir Morton Eden.

Hague, Nov. 27th.

My dear Morton,—On the 23rd an application was transmitted from Middleburg to the States-General, containing the written request of the French commandant de deux bateaux canonnières off Filipengere to be allowed to go up the Scheldt, by direction of the General Dumouriez, "pour faire prospérer les armes Françaises, et pour aider à la réduction de la Citadelle d'Anvers."

The enclosed papers will put you *au fait*. The one marked A is a short statement of the case, or rather of the rights drawn by the Grand Pensionary with his

usual perspicuity. The paper B is the secret resolution of the States-General, according to which the passage was to be refused on account both of the rights of the Republic, and for the maintenance of the neutrality; but the captain of the guard ship was not to fire if the others should persist*; but to protest in the strongest terms; and *other measures were taken* to obtain a disavowal and recall of the application. On the day subsequent to this resolution the Comte de Stahrenberg presented a memoir remonstrating against the permission requested. Nothing further has occurred. It is material that you should know the exact state, as it may be diversely represented by those who wish to see us hurried into the war.

In all this business I am incessantly reminded of the old fable of the fox who had lost his tail, and proposed to all the others to cut off theirs. The leading democrats in Paris wish us to become democrats. The unfortunate emigrants speculate with complacency on the troubles extending themselves to England, though England is their only place of refuge; and the partisans of the allied powers engaged in a disastrous war, are impatient also to see us share their calamity.

Our line is plain, and, unless God Almighty intends for some unknown purpose to send all mankind back to a state of barbarism, I still hope that the storm may be weathered; but I think that it blows too hard to talk at present of retirement and "pensions" with so much philosophy as you do in your last letter.

I am plagued to death, and put to expense also by these unfortunate troops of emigrants.

Love to my sister. We shall be happy to hear that the bath proves serviceable to her.

Believe me, my dear Morton, very affectionately yours,

AUCKLAND.

* The French did persist.

Lord Henry Spencer to Lord Auckland.

St. James's Hotel, Tuesday Evening.

My dear Lord,—I have received your kind letter, and have employed this morning in reading over your dispatches. It is impossible for people in Holland to show greater alarm than is discovered on this side the water. Till I arrived in England, I had no idea of the extent of this alarm, nor of the desponding way in which people here are inclined to think and talk. I have just been dining at Lambeth, and left the Archbishop preparing to write to you. He is the least of a croaker of any person whom I have yet met with. I saw the paper which you will receive by this mail, and which I hope will buoy up the spirits of the Dutchmen.

I have received every kind attention here from those persons whose attentions are the most valuable. The King was *distressingly* gracious at the levée, and went into the whole history of his ideas about me before Lord Grenville and the Archbishop, to whom he constantly appealed. I had a long audience afterwards. I can perceive that his Majesty has read all that has come from the Hague with attention, as he talked to me about Beaumarchais *, De Maulde, and the rest of the gang, as if he had been on the spot. I told him that the Republic was very anxious to know whether they might depend on being supported by England in refusing to recognise De Maulde. He started at the idea of its being doubted, and showed evidently that they had no idea here of receiving a Minister from the Convention. I have every reason to think that the great opening now making in the line must leave me something, and you will agree with me that no endeavour should be wanting on my part to avail myself of the opportunity. At all events, I shall profess my readiness to return to the Hague for some

* Beaumarchais had been in England in the autumn as an emissary of the French Government. He afterwards proceeded to Holland.

months, both for your convenience and for every other motive. But if the three great posts of Vienna, Madrid, and the Hague should be filled up without my being taken notice of, it will become a question whether it will be worth my while to continue abroad with so little chance of preferment.

Though you will not be in a humour to laugh, I have sent you a collection of caricatures. I think that on Lord Macartney excellent, and I abandon the defence of the rest.

A calculation has been made here, I believe by order of Government, of the French of all descriptions in and about London, and they are found to amount to fifteen thousand. I suppose we shall have some thousands more in a day or two. A. Dillon is said to be in England.

Believe me, my dear Lord, ever sincerely yours,

H. SPENCER.

Lord Auckland to Sir Morton Eden.

Hague, Dec. 7th, 1792.

My dear Morton,—My letters to you are much in the nature of a correspondence carried on from a town afflicted with a pestilence. I write to say that we continue all alive and well, and, to pursue the metaphor a little farther, I do not think that the infection gains ground. There are many individuals in the principal town* heartily disposed to rise, but Government is vigilant, and I think that we can maintain our interior, unless some successful attack should take place from without. We have had various alarms in that respect, and many measures of precaution and defence have been taken. It is beyond a doubt that it was meant to give us trouble both within and from without; it is also known that immense sums have been distributed in England by order of the Conseil Executif, to make an insurrection in

* Amsterdam.

different parts of the kingdom, in the last week of November or in the first week of this month. And the villains were so confident of success that they anticipated it in Paris, and I have accordingly seen Paris bulletins and letters, with all the details of a revolt in Westminster, similar to many of the horrid scenes of Paris. Happily our countrymen, collectively considered, are as anti-Gallican as ever, and are not inclined to change the happiness which they enjoy beyond all example, for the wretchedness which is accumulating on the people of France.

By some accident the packet boats are detained in their passage to this country, and I have no letters from England through that channel subsequent to those which came by the messengers who left London on the 27th November, but I have received through Amsterdam the *Gazette* of the 1st, in which there are two proclamations: by the first his Majesty calls out a few of the militia, and states his reasons; by the second he summons the Parliament to meet on the 13th instant, by virtue of a constitutional power to summon Parliament at so short a notice in any case urgent enough to call forth the militia. Bounties were being given to sailors. A small squadron was preparing for the Downs; and the Baron de Nagel, in a dispatch of the 2nd, writes that there was great energy in the country, and an unequivocal disposition to give the strongest support to Government. Quant au reste, il faut attendre. There is no good news from the Netherlands. The Austrians were retiring everywhere, and the French were advancing. The news from France is full of interior revolt and famine. The accounts of the Prussian victory are as yet imperfectly stated to us; I fear its effects are not considerable. I understand, however, that Frankfort was taken on the 2nd.

All well. Yours affectionately,

AUCKLAND.

Lord Henry Spencer to Lord Auckland.

Marlborough House, December 18th, 1792.

My dear Lord,—You will be happy to hear that the long-expected mails are at length arrived. They brought me a note from you and a bulletin, for which I am much obliged to you. I saw the Archbishop this morning, and he read me part of a long and very satisfactory letter which he had just received from you. All the accounts that you will receive by to-day's post will concur in setting you at ease as to England. Ministry, warmly and effectually supported by the most respectable part of Opposition, carry everything before them. The first day, when the great attack was made, Windham and Burke took the defence of the measures of Government into their own hands, and they have neglected no occasion since of expressing their sentiments in the most unequivocal manner.

To-morrow we shall have Mr. Pitt, and I think that he will come in with still greater effect, from having let his opponents waste their strength before his arrival. It was asserted the night before last by Whitbread, Fox, and Courtenay, that the Dutch ambassador had never been recalled, and was still at Paris. I conveyed a message to Mr. Dundas, to inform him that this was not the case, and this occasioned a cry of "No, no," from the ministerial side of the House. Fox, however, persisted; said he was sure of his fact, and grounded most of his arguments upon it.* Dundas got up after him, and said that as the honourable gentleman was so extremely positive, he would not contradict him, but that he had a *faint* recollection of the Dutch ambassador's having been recalled; and he added that there was a noble lord now in the house who was just come from the Hague, and who might inform them whether he was still at Paris or not. Upon

* Mr. Fox was arguing in favour of sending a minister to France.

this I got up, and said I had had the pleasure of seeing the Dutch ambassador at the Hague the day before I left it. This was a short maiden speech, but you will allow that it was tolerably to the purpose.

The Duke of Queensberry gives a concert, cards, and supper every night to the French colony at Richmond. You will have heard that a bill was to be brought in to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act with respect to foreigners. I now understand that it is meant to extend the suspension to all persons indiscriminately whose conduct shall appear offensive.

My father was in town two days, and attended the House of Lords and the levées. The King was excessively pleased at it. Well-informed people seem to have hardly any doubt of a war.

Believe me, my dear Lord, yours ever sincerely,

SPENCER.

The Archbishop of Canterbury to Lord Auckland.

December 25th.

My dear Lord,—Your mother is gone to Greenwich, and has some gout there. Mrs. Moore and the infantry, except Charles, are gone to Bath, where I hope to follow them to-morrow, but not without some doubt of my business allowing me to accomplish it. Those west winds chagrin me exceedingly, as they keep me in the dark about George, from whom I am very anxious to hear. In his last letter from Vienna of the 19th November, he fixed the 27th for his departure for Dresden and Berlin; and from the accounts I hear of the country and the roads, I shall be uneasy till I hear he is safe at either of those places, or that he has not risked the journey and is still at Vienna. My fear is of his being distressed by the falling snow, or by the snow fallen, but not sufficiently beat, in the mountains. But I beg your pardon for teazing you about my anxieties, from which I know you can't relieve me.

The newspapers have told you of the curious turn Charles Fox has taken. He is now a warm friend to the associations to prevent seditious practices, and has spoken so well at one of them in the vestry at St. George's, Hanover Square, that some who heard him are going to print his speech, to show how much he is improved since he spoke so strongly in favour of the French Revolution. In fact he has brought a contempt upon himself that he will not soon get quit of; and some others (who, in the House of Lords, have taken credit to themselves for acting handsomely in concurring with Government in their present measures, and at the same moment reprobated all their past measures, and by anticipation all their future measures), have not acted more wisely than he. The impression they have made has not added to the importance of their approbation or disapprobation of anybody's measures. I have long thought that two or three of them could never pay a shilling in the pound in point of real advantage to Government, if they concurred in every measure and were taken into office in any department. Mr. Windham's support is of a very different cast—firm and manly, and impressive to a great degree. I can write no more, but to desire my love to Lady Auckland and your children, and to assure you that I am always yours, very affectionately, J. CANTUAR.

The Archbishop of Canterbury to Lord Auckland.

My dear Lord,—I wrote to you on Tuesday with a mind so engaged by business more immediately concerning myself, that I ought not to have written at all. I write now from Newbury on my road to Bath, and am induced to it by what passed yesterday* in the House of Lords, which is not at all accurately

* The third reading of the Alien Bill took place on the 26th September.

detailed in any newspaper that I have seen. Lord Grenville was confined by a severe cold attended with rather a smart fever. The opportunity was seized to attack the Alien Bill in force, and with a hope of making impression. Lord Guilford, decidedly influenced by, and attached to Fox, opened the battery in a determined but gentlemanlike manner. The substance appears in all the papers. Lord Lansdowne followed, taking as usual very wicked loose ground, with a triumphant manner, and full of accusations of Government, but particularly for their insult on the public peace in daring to disturb it by representations of unexisting dangers at a time when the country was in fact a picture of peace, loyalty, good-humour, and of public and private security. Lord Lauderdale* agreed to this, and added that their meaning was plain, namely, to draw off the public eye from their folly, enormity, and wickedness of various kinds, &c. &c. Lord Hawkesbury replied, heavily, and with less effect than usual. They were about to attack his speech : Lord Lauderdale began to do so with his usual vehemence.

Mr. Pitt was in the House, evidently chagrined, and seeing nothing efficient likely to come from any quarter. Lord Loughborough was near enough to see this. The occasion was very favourable ; the subject just what he wished and was particularly informed upon. Lord Carlisle said a few words, and Lord Loughborough got up. He took up the French affairs from an early period of the Revolution, and proceeded, step by step, to the present moment, stating also all that had passed in Parliament and in this country at large in the same period of time, in a very argumentative and impressive manner, with eloquence, with ridicule, with indignation, and with an effect such as I have never seen in that House before, I think, on any occasion. The opponents sunk under the weight of the attack, but then rallying, made a new attempt

* Lord Maitland succeeded his father, the seventh Earl of Lauderdale, 17th August, 1789.

under a consciousness of inability to do it with effect. The result was a severe rejoinder and a triumph most complete. Now the minister, having been present, and seen enough to excite the reflection, "How can things go on through the session if, Lord Grenville being from any accidental circumstance absent, Government has no more support to depend upon than what I saw before Lord Loughborough stood up?". What may be expected to follow? I think Lord Loughborough will be Chancellor.*

Adieu. Yours ever most affectionately,

J. CANTUAR.

The Archbishop of Canterbury to Lord Auckland.

Bath, January 3rd, 1793.

My dear Lord,—My anxiety about George's journey, which has in fact been marked by hairbreadth 'scapes in the mountains of Bohemia, is done away by a good account of him safe and well at Berlin.

You will have observed, since my last, indications in abundance, firm and decisive, of the increased loyalty and zeal of this country in support of the King and constitution. It pervades the country to such a degree, that whatever there is of a different sort in the kingdom is silent and concealed, and I am persuaded it is of very small extent comparatively speaking—much smaller than it has been most certainly, for every man of any observation sees and knows a great many whose sentiments are, *bonâ fide*, radically changed respecting the comforts we are in possession of, and who express in strong terms the infatuation of looking minutely and absurdly for blemishes at home, instead of looking at the state of the other parts of Europe, and feeling their own happiness on the comparison. This spirit is not confined to London,

* There had been a correspondence between Mr. Pitt and Lord Loughborough for some time. Lord Loughborough expected that the Duke of Portland would have spoken out on this occasion, but the Duke remained silent.

nor to great towns only. It is the spirit of the country at large.

A circumstance, rather curious, has just occurred here. Mr. Tyson, formerly in the army, but for some years Master of the Ceremonies at Bath, has been rash enough of late to hold the language of a democrat, and to defend it with a great degree of effrontery. On this day se'nnight he called on a gentleman who had been his best friend, desiring him to take a ticket for his benefit-ball, instead of which the gentleman gave him a list of fifty names, his own at the head of them, and a note at the bottom to the Treasurer of the Bath Hospital, with a draught for fifty guineas, which they thought fit to present to the hospital, rather than to Mr. Tyson, as they had usually done on the day of his benefit-ball. He is supposed to have received three hundred pounds less than usual on that occasion, and to be in extreme danger of losing his office.

Charles Fox was in extreme danger of being turned out of the room at a meeting of an association in St. George's parish, and was extremely sensible of his danger. A sensible man who sat next to him assured me of this, and that, from the compression of his teeth in order to conceal his agitation, his cheeks shook as if he was under a fit of an ague; notwithstanding, however, occasional fits of fear, which there is proof abundant of his having felt, he will probably be a dangerous man as long as he exists in possession of his talents to do mischief. His leader* and some of his young élèves have the merit of speaking quite out, without any of those occasional reserves and variations observable in him, whether from fear or feeling.

On the whole, I should profess strong hopes, from a view of all circumstances that come under my limited view, that, with the blessing of Providence, if the lamentable calamities which we have seen at a distance, and still dread the approach of, awaken

* Sheridan.

us to deserve the divine protection, that, with such a change, I say, we may still be permitted to enjoy our advantages and comforts. The sorest place in the empire at present is Ireland, on which I shall say but little, because you know more of it probably than I do. But this I know, that the first people of Church and State who are here, and their correspondents who are in Ireland, are all under the impression of terror and dismay. Some think that last year the Protestant ascendancy might have been maintained by making a steady and peremptory stand. But on that point now many speak with despair, and all with fear. The Presbyterians in the north, in as regular training to arms as any part of our regular army, and actually in possession of arms, are ready for anything that can annoy the existing Government, deriving animation and strength from the events in France, &c.; and the Roman Catholics calling as peremptorily for all those privileges which, when they possess them, a decisive ascendancy must soon follow. God only knows how this will end. Humanly speaking, it is a sad prospect.

Adieu, my dear Lord. We are well here. I pray God to keep you and yours well and happy, and am yours very affectionately,

J. CANTUAR.

We stay just a week longer.

Lord Sheffield to Lord Auckland.

Sheffield Place, Jan. 3rd, 1793.

My dear Lord,—I should have written sooner if I had not daily expected to have heard from you. Although you are not apt to give very interesting intelligence, I am apt to be desirous of knowing something of the House of Auckland. You will have observed that the scene has been somewhat interesting in this country since my last. Before the active and vigorous measures of the 1st of December or thereabouts, I thought matters were serious enough

to claim every assistance, and to be too much so to play tricks with them. Then a disposition to association having happily showed itself among the middle ranks, I exerted myself to give it a good direction. The minds of men were uncommonly afloat; then was the moment to arrange them under a good principle. I knew their signature would confine them, and that, when committed, they would, with a little assistance, interest themselves, and in a degree become the champions. The "Constitution" most fortunately is become the word, and it is as much a favourite as "Liberty, Property, and No Excise," or any other word ever was. I have been eminently strenuous and active, and am well pleased with the effect. There is no county in which association is so uniformly and generally established as in this, and I have promoted it elsewhere as far as in me lay, before I went to Parliament on the 13th. The evil spirits and discontented were astounded, and most of them have since begged to be admitted of the associations.

There was a great deal more of French Jacobinism and of Thomas Paine in this unmanufacturing and out-of-the-way county, than you would have imagined, and the French miscreants had thought us worthy of emissaries and correspondence. The spirit that was shown, in consequence of the active, and what I think necessary measures of Government, about the 1st of December, was everything that could be wished, and I do not yet know that the mischievous speeches of Charles Fox, the three first days of Parliament, have thrown us back, or essentially encouraged the malignant. Maret*, however, is gone; I suppose you know he had two agents here, one ostensible, pour lier les communications confidentielles, the other souterrain, pour bouleverser: the second not succeeding, they feign they will have nothing to do with the first. The Republic, you

* Afterwards Duc de Bassano.

know, also pretends it will have official communications or none. Whatever communication there is, I suppose, is carried on between you and the French minister at the Hague. Noel, Maret's second, remains here still, or at least was here very lately. He wrote to France the end of November, that insurrection would immediately break out in England. On his return from Dumouriez's army, he found everything very much changed—he has written that there is nothing more to be done here; he dreaded the suspension of the Habeas Corpus; he had, however, already placed his papers in safety.

You have probably heard enough about the meeting of Parliament, and it can hardly be news to you that a meeting of the party had determined that this was the moment to support Government; that Charles Fox had not arrived till half-past twelve, after all were gone, the night previous to the meeting of Parliament, and at that hour announced his intention of moving an amendment. We were equally astonished and chagrined by the speech which accompanied his motion. He said everything we wished him least to say, and everything his bitterest enemy could wish. I had much intercourse and conversation with the country gentlemen; I found they took up the business right and well, and that they felt as I did. Fox's speech the two first days elevated me very considerably indeed. On the third day, viz., the 15th, going to the House, I learned that Brissot's newspaper of the 10th announced, as a measure of Opposition, the acknowledgment of and an embassy to the Republic. Although I had not the least suspicion of a connection between Fox and Brissot, yet it seemed evident some person in the counsels of Fox had intercourse with Brissot. This circumstance, added to the state of indignation in which I already was, operated so powerfully, that immediately on Fox's motion* I burst

* Mr. Fox's motion was that a minister should be sent to France. When Mr. Fox sat down, Lord Sheffield "rose in much agitation," and denounced both him and his motion in very strong terms.

out in the manner of which you have probably heard something. The country gentlemen at that time and since have followed in a vigorous strain, and I believe the malignants are now thoroughly satisfied that the diabolical system of opposition during the American war, of taking part against the country, will not do. If Charles Fox had thought proper to divide the House a second day, I believe he would not have had any with him, except a few of Grey's reformers, of Lord Lansdowne's friends, a very few personal friends, and not exceeding half-a-dozen wrong-headed men, who always take the strange side of a question. The day following the motion for an embassy I was obliged to come into the country, to attend a great association meeting which I had promoted. I intended to return, but I found myself so little satisfied with what I heard in three days, that I was determined to stay where I was till after the recess.

In respect to the present state of party, I can say nothing certain. Men do not choose to write on certain points, but I hear that Fox feels that he is hurt, and would retract if he knew how. If he manages well, I do not think there will be any serious disunion of party; if not, he will find himself with a very small corps.

Yours ever,

S.

Lord Auckland to Lord Loughborough.

Hague, Jan. 6th, 1793.

My dear Lord,—It is some consolation to think that the good sense and steadiness of our countrymen afford hopes of bringing order out of the present confusion. And it is a matter of just pride to me to remark that the individuals whom I most love and respect, are giving examples and using exertions so distinguishing to themselves and so beneficial to mankind. No incident in many years has given to me so much real pleasure as the accounts which I have re-

ceived of your two speeches of the 26th December, and of their impression and effect.

In the *Patriote Français* of the 25th, which happens at this moment to be on my table, there are two passages which would have been much to your purpose. In the first M. Brissot writes: "Les Anglais s'effarouchent; tant mieux! tant mieux! 'obduratum est cor eorum.' Il est bon qu'ils pensent ainsi; que le ciel les ait aveuglés; ils tomberont dans *l'abîme général.*"* The "tant mieux," the "il est bon," and the "abîme général," are good specimens of philanthropy and fraternity. The other passage is in a letter from Manuel, who, after contributing more than any man (except that monster of the moral world, the Duke of Orleans) to the anarchy in which he finds himself, writes, on cool reflection, to Brissot, who prints his letter: "Vous ne savez pas que de larmes il se répand dans les familles! que le torrent de la révolution ne s'arrête pas, et le moindre malheur de l'Europe sera d'arriver par lambeaux en Amérique." There was an excellent remark by Brissot on Dupont's execrable speech, to which you alluded: "Jacob Dupont† a énoncé des grandes vérités avec l'aimable abandon de la bonhomie."

The coxcombs of the Assemblée Constituente, who called themselves philosophers and legislators, were bad enough in every point of view. They were irreligious, immoral, mischievous by action, presumptuous and hard-hearted; and I am sorry that we have so many of them now in England. So far as I have seen, the school of calamity has not corrected them, but they were angels in comparison of either of the leading factions of the present Assembly.

Where all this is to end I cannot attempt to conjecture. If we could reason on the principles of common sense, I should say that France will soon cease to be an object of alarm to other nations, and will

* M. Brissot fell himself into "l'abîme général," — he was guillotined on the 31st October, 1793.

† Dupont's speech was in praise of atheism.

sink within herself into an abyss of horrors of every kind—famine, civil war, rapine, massacres, and ultimately a separation of governments and various dismemberments. The assignats may be supposed to be multiplied as far as they can go. The national poverty is become extreme; the cultivation of the earth is suspended in many districts; there exists no principle of union; and so far as there is any energy, it is the energy of robbers and ruffians; but above all, and what gives the best hopes, the spirit of Jacobinism makes no progress. In Italy and Germany it is the abhorrence even of the lowest ranks. In Brabant and Flanders the French are now infinitely more hated than the Austrians, and even the low people are roused with difficulty, though the infernal policy is now adopting of levying contribution on the rich for the purpose of creating and paying the sedition of the poor. To this must be added the German preparations, which are efficient, and on a large scale, and truly respectable; and lastly, the means which England, Russia, and the Province of Holland possess of depriving the coasts, and consequently the interior of France, of every resource.

There are many reasons of a much higher nature which make me solicitous to see you bear ostensibly and openly a leading part in the present councils; and it would be at the same time a great satisfaction to me that you could give a cursory view to the voluminous correspondence * which I have had occasion to send to England since last May. The course of events has shown the whole communication of Europe through this place.

I have never troubled you with letters of recommendation, but I believe that I shall address to you three or four lines by my old friend the Baron de Breteuil. He is going for a fortnight to England. He knows more than any man the true history of the last campaign and the plans of the next, and he cer-

* This correspondence is too voluminous to be inserted in this volume.

tainly has a good understanding; and the opinion which he entertains of you will lead him to be communicative. He will not do in the same room with De Calonne.*

Believe me, my dear Lord, very affectionately yours,

AUCKLAND.

Mr. Storer to Lord Auckland.

Devonshire Street, Portland Place, Jan. 11, 1793.

Dear Lord Auckland,—You accuse me of silence at the moment I was meditating to tell you that, ever since the failure of the Duke of Brunswick, you have put a stop on your part to our correspondence; — is our epistolary career to cease because his military one has done so? I thought that you were mortified at the erroneousness of your prediction, and I was preparing to comfort you by letting you know that I was as much out in my speculations as you, and that everybody here had fallen into the same error with yourself. I had flattered myself beyond the entertainment of a doubt that by this time the Prussian general would have been at the head of his army on the plains of St. Denis, but neither America nor France is conquered. The age of Henry and of Edward are no more, and besides, *le probable n'arrive jamais.* The Bishop of Autun†, as well as my newspaper, comforts me by acquainting me with the woful plight of Custine's army. For some time past the foreign speculations have given way to our operations at home, though our domestic concerns depend very much on what passes on the Continent, and in the arrangement of one it is impossible to lose sight of the other. Alien bills and association bills seem to have quelled the alarm and dread in which

* "M. de Calonne had been opposed to the route the allies took in their march on Paris, and anticipated the failure of the expedition."—*Auckland MSS.*

† Talleyrand.

we were two months ago. The peculiar situation of Opposition is not the least remarkable thing that has happened of late. Mr. Fox left alone, or at least with a poor epitome of his former followers, Opposition, in a word, is shivered into pieces. What coalitions will take place is more than I can guess: the public points out those, who by their conduct in Parliament seem to wish to quit the barren fields of Opposition for the fruitful soil of Administration, and Ministry seems to have more embarrassment from the pressure of the times, and the dangerous situation of affairs, than from the numbers of their adversaries. The dissemination of Jacobinism, notwithstanding the pains taken to suppress it, and the state of Ireland, are much more formidable than the adherents or eloquence of Grey and Fox.

We on this side the water, and particularly myself, cannot bring ourselves to think that the King of France will be executed. Everything that seems the least to favour him makes me think that Lear will be a king again; this, it is true, may arise from my good wishes to him more than from any well-grounded hope—*facile credimus quod volumus*—but, after all, does he deserve one's good wishes? Yes! His misfortunes entitle him to them. You know what he did about the docketing Saintefoy's letters. Poor Saintefoy!* it is my lot to lose the people I love. While he is alive, the state of things changes so frequently in Paris, that I still have hopes for him, and if the King is saved, one need not despair about Saintefoy, whose fate seems implicated with that of the unfortunate monarch. There was a report which ran about the town a few days ago, that his Britannic Majesty, whom God long preserve, was dead; but there was not the least foundation for this, the King, I believe, not having the slightest complaint. The Funds announce a war, but how can the French, mad as they are, be so outrageously insane as to think of war?

* M. de Saintefoy escaped.

Have they not powers enough with whom they may find employment without meddling with us? It can never be our interest to engage in war, and as I have seen more than once Mr. Pitt at the height of preparation without coming to action, I never shall believe in war, at least in one of any long continuance, till I see the event happen. The inundation of emigrants which has overflowed the land, you may conceive, by the part of the stream which you have seen passing you. There are so many dismal priests in the streets, that, with their sable appearance and the help of the fogs, our pavement is totally darkened. If you see Mdme d'Oudenarde, who, as I understand, is at the Hague, présentez-lui mes hommages. Do not forget to give my best compliments to Lady Auckland, and with the best wishes for your health, without which no situation can be comfortable, I am, most sincerely yours,

A. Storer.

CHAP. XXIV.

Letter of Lord Loughborough on joining the Government.—Dismissal of M. Chauvelin.—Singular Proceedings of M. Maret.—War declared.—Mr. Fox deserted by his Party.—Loyalty of the Nation.—Enthusiasm at the Opera House.—The Guards leave for Holland.—Dumouriez invades Holland.—Lord Auckland organises the Defence.—Retreat of the French.—Mr. Pitt attributes the Repulse of the French entirely to the Exertions of Lord Auckland.—Mr. Sheridan's Motion.—Letter of Lord Loughborough.—The Attempt to rescue the Queen.—Lord Loughborough's Opinion of it.—The Queen of France in the Conciergerie.—Letter of Mr. Storer.

Lord Henry Spencer to Lord Auckland.

London, Jan. 20th, 1793.

My dear Lord,—My only excuse for writing so little is that I know of nothing worth taking up your time at a moment when it must be so very precious to you. I was much gratified by your kind letter of the 11th instant. I heartily sympathise with you in wishing myself employed, and though England is a snug place, and my present way of life easy and pleasant enough, yet I may say that

> "Mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora, quæ spem Consiliumque morantur agendi," &c.*

My wish to leave the Hague does not proceed from the idea that other courts are, generally speaking, more entertaining. This is by no means my opinion, but having devoted myself to a small set of people while I was there, too much, perhaps I should be completely *désorienté* now that set is at an end, and, in the absence of your family, there would be hardly any person but the Greffier † whom I should know, or

* Hor. Ep. 1. i. 24.

† M. Fagel.

wish to know better. So much for entertainment; but in all my speculations as to my future place of abode I have always endeavoured to consider that as a very inferior consideration.

I am completely lost in the labyrinth of our foreign arrangements, and the more so as the different accounts contradict one another so much. Lord Elgin's friends certainly give out that he has *refused* to go to Vienna. This I would not believe at first, but I have it now from undoubted authority, and I cannot suppose them sufficiently imprudent to have put about such a story without foundation.

I am going back to Blenheim to-morrow morning, and have hardly had time to write these few lines by the messenger I have. Pray send one of the enclosed little books to the Greffier; they are, I think, the best that have appeared on the subject.

I am ever, my dear Lord, most sincerely yours,

H. J. SPENCER.

Lord Loughborough to Lord Auckland.*

22nd January, 1793.

My dear Lord,—If time were measured by the succession of events on this earth, the last six months would tell for more than either half of the present century. In some tale, which I dare to say is well known in your nursery, a magician desires a sultan to dip his head in a bason of water. He finds himself shipwrecked, enslaved, released, at the head of an army, a conqueror, marries a princess, succeeds to a great empire, deposed by a rebellion of his sons and led out to execution, when he raises his head out of the bason and is assured by all the bystanders that it had not been many seconds in the water. This seems to have been our case. I am much comforted, how-

* On the 27th of January, Lord Loughborough was appointed Lord Chancellor, an office which he filled with the greatest ability, until the resignation of Mr. Pitt in 1801.

ever, by a part of your letter, in which you express good hopes that we shall get above water, especially as you date from a country which I much feared would not have emerged with much activity. The disposition of our country is in general very good, but requires great attention to keep it up to a proper pitch. There are not wanting, however, many indications of a very dangerous spirit, which is to me most alarming when it seems to be least active. Fortunately amongst those who have caught the infection, there are some raised by it to a degree of frenzy which exposes their designs with little disguise, and keeps up the attention of the public to watch and to repress them.

I have not hesitated to embark in the storm with a full view of all the danger that attends it, and a very sincere regret for the quiet situation I leave, to which I was become much more attached. Up to a very late period my disposition had led me to wish for still more retirement than I enjoyed with less occupation, and, above all, with an entire separation from the *tracasseries* of party, which had become intolerable from the mischief and arrogance of some and the extreme facility of others. I came to town with real regret in November, and with a project to give up my house and plant cabbages on Hampstead Hill, never crossing the pavement but when my business called me to Westminster or Guildhall. Some old friends, whose minds were more ardent at that time, brought me forward unwillingly, and I became at last so engaged that I have, with a perfect conviction of my own imprudence, entered upon an enterprise above the force that remains to me. I trust you will smooth some of the difficulties of it, for I find the greatest confidence is placed in your conduct. I shall ask as soon as I may for the communication you mention.

I have had a very long conversation with your old friend, the Baron.* He is a man of parts, but, in spite of all his late experience, wonderfully sanguine, not

* The Baron Bretcuil.

less so, I think, than his antagonist.* My part of the conversation was merely to suggest difficulties, which he got over with great rapidity. He knows all, and rather thinks, I believe, that he can govern all. For an old politician he seems to have a singular confidence in the fair pretensions of those he has been dealing with, and will scarcely admit the possibility that any power should be swayed by particular interests of its own.

It is a great pleasure to hear in all this crash that you enjoy every domestic satisfaction. My best love will always attend Lady Auckland and you and all the nursery.

Yours ever,

LOUGHBOROUGH.

Mr. J. B. Burges to Lord Auckland.

(Private.) Whitehall, 2nd Feb. 1793.

My dear Lord,—I have just received your Excellency's obliging letter, enclosing the copy of the papers which have been printed in Holland, relative to the depending business in France: in return I send you a complete collection of the correspondence between Lord Grenville and Chauvelin, which has been laid before the two Houses. It is a very curious and interesting collection, and must hereafter be a most important historical record.

From the situations in which we have been for some years past, immense fields of conversation open themselves to us; they will, in many respects, be pleasanter to talk over than they have been to transact, though, after all, I am inclined to think we as yet are but at the beginning of things, and that what we have seen and have been concerned in is no more than the overture to the real dramatic piece, which will call us all into action, and make it necessary

* M. de Calonne.

for us to show what we can do, as well as what we can say.

I know you will immediately conclude from this that my opinion inclines to the certainty of a war; it undoubtedly does, notwithstanding all that M. Dumouriez has written, and M. de Maulde has said to your Excellency. My reasons for thinking so are these: Dumouriez left Paris on the 25th of last month, when it was perfectly impossible that any one then could know that M. Chauvelin had on the same day quitted London, in consequence of his Majesty's order in council. The knowledge of this latter circumstance must have convinced the French rulers that the flimsy kind of negotiation they had been carrying on with us was at an end, and it is therefore reasonable to suppose, that the whole arrangement they had made with Dumouriez for the purpose of bringing you to a conference, and by that means gaining time for the accomplishment of their design upon Holland, must have been changed. In confirmation of this opinion, I must inform you that, on Tuesday last, M. Maret (the same person who was here in December, and had a conversation with Mr. Pitt) arrived in London. When he got to Dover he published, with great industry and ostentation, that he had brought with him Chauvelin's recall, and that he had letters of credence from the Executive Council, and authority to propose terms of pacification. This person also left Paris on the 25th, and of course could not know anything of what had happened to Chauvelin. On his arrival in London, this intelligence met him, and immediately his tone was changed. He was no longer the bearer of letters of credence or of terms of pacification, but he sank at once into a *commis*, charged by Le Brun with the care of the French archives and correspondence, and humbly begging permission to convey them to France.

These circumstances pretty well fixed my opinion upon the subject, and it has been by no means shaken by the intelligence received to-day. We

have certain information; that yesterday * an embargo took place in all the French ports, extending to all British, Dutch, Prussian, and Russian vessels, excepting only packets and by-boats, and these only till further orders. This embargo was accompanied by an order from the Executive Council that, if any of these by-boats should bring to any French port any English or foreign merchandise, it should be refused admittance and be sent back, but if they should convey any French merchandise, that should be received.

All this forms, to my judgment, a mass of evidence conclusive on the question, and it in some measure consoles me for the delay which must inevitably take place in your receiving the instructions you require on this curious request of M. Dumouriez, as I think it now evidently appears that a conference with him could have been asked solely with a view of gaining time, and of amusing us while he forwarded his preparations for an attack upon Holland†, which every intelligence we have received here, whether from Paris or from the Netherlands, convinces me is the real intention of the present French Government. As, however, nothing can be so desirable as peace, M. Dumouriez's proposal may be an experiment worth trying, though I confess I do not foresee any profitable consequences likely to arise from it, or that it will turn out any more than a repetition of those *finesses* with which the French have for some time past attempted to amuse us.

I will take care to have a correct translation made of your Excellency's memorial, and to have it inserted immediately in the papers. Have you heard that we have got two of these papers perfectly attached to us, and considered as the authentic vehicles of such matters as Government chooses to make known ? Their titles are the *Sun* and the *True*

* On the 1st of February, France declared war against England and Holland.

† Dumouriez entered Holland on the 17th of February.

Briton; and I really think they are very much superior to any we have seen. It was, indeed, high time to look a little seriously upon our daily vehicles of intelligence, for almost all of them were in the pay of the Jacobins, and contained the most atrocious libels upon Government, the King, and all those who were not known to be attached to the French interest. A very good man at this moment volunteered as a friend to Government, and in return Government has taken him by the hand, and his papers flourish accordingly. This is a trifling anecdote, but, at a moment when all sorts of tricks are being played, I thought you might like to know where good intelligence was to be procured.

I have contrived to scribble a long letter, which I hope you will forgive, especially as the multitude of avocations I have lately had have made me a less troublesome correspondent than usual.

We are anxious about the messenger, Sylvester, who has not yet arrived.

I have the honour to be, with great truth and regard, my dear Lord, your Excellency's most faithful and obedient humble servant,

J. B. Burges.

Lord Sheffield to Lord Auckland.

Downing Street, 5th Feb. 1793.

My dear Lord,—Here I am at last, and here I have been since the question of the King's message came on. I should have written to you by Friday's mail, but I found I had nothing particular to say, neither have I now, except that Opposition, as lately called, seems suspended in a comical state, the Duke of Portland adhering to Charles Fox, and all the party, except a very select few, opposing the said Charles. There will be an attempt to bring forward some Opposition question to collect and arrange the party again together. After the exposition Charles has made of himself, I cannot conceive how men will con-

tinue to act under him. I much wished a union of parties to include both the great orators. I should be glad if all the late Lord Guilford's friends had joined in the support of Government, but I see no symptom at present of any person taking office except our friend Lord Loughborough. Under all the circumstances, I think he did right. He had a fair opportunity. The extravagance of Charles Fox had broken every party tie. Previous to the meeting of Parliament I am satisfied he had determined otherwise.

On Friday night Charles told us distinctly that the sovereignty was absolutely in the people; that the monarchy was elective, otherwise the dynasty of Brunswick had no right, and that when a majority of the people thought another kind of government preferable, they undoubtedly had a right to cashier the king. Perhaps the Prince of Wales's late conduct * may have promoted the utterance of these opinions.

I am very glad to tell you that the war is very popular, except among merchants. You will recollect a principal argument used by Charles Fox against the commercial treaty was, that it would indispose merchants to war even when the interest of the nation required it; that France would hold a mischievous pledge in her hands, &c. We are sending detachments of artillery to the coast; and an expedition is going to the West Indies. I hear there is a lack of cordage.

The foolish management of Government here has thrown Ireland into a deplorable state. Neither the Chancellor † nor Speaker ‡ were informed of the measure to be taken till the night before the speech. They had been suffered to commit themselves strongly on the other side. The boon to the Catholics not going through the Irish government has rendered it contemptible. They talk of a convention. For the honour of the nation, I say that the whole country has been

* The Prince of Wales sympathised with the alarmist Whigs.
† Lord Fitzgibbon. ‡ Mr. Foster.

eminently shocked by the late execrable act.*. The testament produced universal blubbering and admiration. There is a bad disposition at Newcastle to associate with other ports against pressing.

Yours ever,

SHEFFIELD.

Mr. Storer to Lord Auckland.

14, Devonshire Street, Portland Place,
Feb. 19th, 1793.

Dear Lord Auckland,—Very little pressing will make me write. Return but the ball, the rest is easily kept up. Interesting indeed is the epoch, but the storm, I hope, is not likely to come as far as you. While we are speculating here, you are so near the scene of action that you may almost be said to be an eye-witness to what is passing on the Continent. Clinton†, on Sunday night, at Lord Loughborough's, was giving an account of what might be the intentions of the French. Amsterdam, according to him, was quite out of their reach. Maestricht might possibly fall; and for three or four days we have had various reports concerning that place. Every man one meets has a different story. One tells me the Dutch are in force; another tells me that there is great delay in the march of the different troops to form the combined army, while, on the other hand, Dumouriez's movements are made with the utmost rapidity. The permission given you to negotiate with the French general had a great effect in the debate in Parliament, so far as it tended either really or ostensibly to prove the readiness of our Administration to listen to terms of accommodation and their reluctance to proceed to extremities; while, on the other hand, it showed in the strongest light the duplicity of the French and their determination to commence hostilities.

* The execution of the King of France.
† Sir Henry Clinton.

It is said that the Duc d'Harcourt is accredited to our court from the princes. He has received a courier, according to common report, to desire him to announce here that Monsieur has assumed the title of Regent. Some aristocrats dislike Monsieur so much that they are offended at his having taken this title; but what hope can a refugee have if Monsieur be not Regent? if he cannot have the power of one, who in France has a right to it? In the Mediterranean, to put you in mind of old times, the Languedoc, our old friend, has experienced the same disasters which she did in America, and presents her dismasted hulk in the Bay of Naples as she once did in the port of Boston.

Lord Loughborough was very fully attended last Sunday. How Thurlow must be galled after all his loyal lamentations in the affair of the Regency to find his Majesty relinquish his services with the utmost indifference. Mr. Fox is almost deserted. He may come into Administration now without being embarrassed to make terms for his followers. The door has not to be opened very wide to let in his whole suite. His Christian Majesty, alas! who has lost his head, is not now more to be pitied than Charles, who remains a head forsaken and alone. Opposition is splintered into a thousand pieces, and God save the King is so much the prevailing tune, that even the dances at the Opera are composed to the loyal air, and king and constitution figures in the heads and caps of our well-dressed ladies.

Since their last barbarous act I can never think of the French without applying your epithet of damnable. There might be formerly ridiculous incidents which happened amongst them to excite one's mirth, but since the 10th of August one cannot think of so accursed a nation without feeling the utmost degree of horror. We have upwards of six thousand refugees in London and its environs: the number, Mr. Neve, one of the new justices, tells me it is ascertained by his and his brother justices'

register. Amongst the other refugees who are here is Catuelan, who desires me to thank you for your many civilities to him at the Hague and elsewhere. The Duke of York is to leave London immediately; I suppose to serve in your part of the world. Three battalions of the guards go likewise. Their destination I did not learn; it was said to be doubtful by an officer who said he was to go with them. General Lake commands.* Upon his abilities I should not wish to have a great stake depending.

London is now alive everywhere. Casino fills up the intervals of politics. All ranks of people see the necessity of the war. Those whose interest would lead them to object to it cannot but allow that it is not to be avoided. More fear generally prevails lest the Opera-house should fall than that the constitution should. The report of the architects appointed to examine the house has not been deemed satisfactory, and the public says that Sheridan had better think of repairing his theatre than reforming the state. Poor John St. John is again gone to Bath. He is better, but he has a great deal of leeway to make up before he can be well. I have no matches to tell you for Lady Auckland, so she must be satisfied with the assurance of my best respects. With the most earnest wishes for your health and prosperity, I am, my dear Lord,

Yours, &c.

A. M. STORER.

* Lord Auckland's exertions now were unceasing; and the arrangements for the defence of Holland were made entirely under his superintendence.

Lord Auckland to Lord Henry Spencer.

Hague, Feb. 19th, 1793.

My dear Lord Henry,—I this day received yours of the 15th, and the three caricatures which you en-

* Afterwards Lord Lake, renowned for his services in India.

closed were highly acceptable and amused us much. We beg that you will continue a generous recollection of us in this line. There never was a moment in which it was more necessary to find some diversion for the mind.

My system of life is now quite changed; formerly I was always writing, now I am incessantly subject to personal interruptions relative to naval and military preparations, espionages, consultations, conferences, &c. My house is become like that of an innkeeper in a fair. The moment is critical, but we seem to be doing well. No attack yet.

You will probably hear the strange, disgraceful, and incredible catastrophe of Henri Saunaise. He marched at the head of the Swiss towards Gorcum. He seems to have gone mad either with fear or with the novelty of his situation: in short, he deserted, and is sure to be hanged if taken. It is said to-night, and I hope it is true, that he is found drowned in a ditch somewhere near to Delft. It was a great shock to us all; but terrible to his brothers.

I do not believe that an order will be offered to you, and I do not think that you ought to accept it; but, on the other hand, I do not think that would be a reason for quitting the line. Have a moment's patience; you cannot fail to be creditably and efficiently employed. I do not know when I can quit this place; it must be a point both of duty and of honour with me to fight through its difficulties. If they were over I would go away immediately.

I believe that your coach-horses are alive, but I have not seen them since you went away, nor my own above once a week, for a Court supper, or for a visit to the President of the Diet. I gave orders to sell them, but nobody would buy.

Yours very affectionately,

AUCKLAND.

Dumouriez was successful in taking Breda; but he was repulsed at Willemstadt. He was now engaged in attacking the Moerdyck.

Mr. J. B. Burges to Lord Auckland.

(Private.) Whitehall, 8th March, 1793.

My dear Lord,—Though it is almost midnight, I cannot leave the office without sending you a line to tell you how very greatly you are approved of here *by those whose good opinion is a matter of consequence*, for the very great zeal, activity, and good judgment you have manifested under the uncommonly critical circumstances of your late situation. You will hear of this from other quarters, and Lord Grenville's despatch of this evening will let you know his sentiments, but I think myself happy in being the reporter of intelligence which I am sure must give you satisfaction, especially as you must know you merit everything which this country can do or say on this occasion. I don't know whether you are aware of the intimate acquaintance I have with your correspondence. We keep a regular *précis* of all our despatches, and the correspondence which has fallen to my personal lot is that with your Excellency. I therefore have occasion to read them very attentively. I mention this merely to convince you, that I do not venture an opinion upon the subject without having pretty good ground for it.

With the sincerest wishes that you may end this business in a manner as satisfactory to yourself and your country as you have hitherto conducted it, I have the honour to remain very truly, my dear Lord, your Excellency's most faithful and obedient humble servant,

J. B. Burges.

Lord Auckland to Lord Henry Spencer.

Hague, March 15th, 1793.

My dear Lord Henry,—Many thanks for yours of the 5th, and for the prints; I did not receive it till last night.

I have lately lived in a sort of hurricane of politics, and if ever you find time and appetite to look into the correspondence you will find many strange and interesting matters, which have succeeded each other with too much rapidity to be reported at the time. The crisis through which we have passed has been infinitely more serious than you probably suppose, or than I have ever acknowledged it to be here; and yet, though it has had not only its difficulties but its perils, I confess to you I am sorry that you have not been here to share them with us. Perhaps you would have come if I had urged it, but the Duke of Marlborough would not have been pleased with either of us. I am willing to hope that we are now likely to do well, at least the appearances of the moment are not unfavourable.

I will now answer your question frankly and fully. So long as there remains an appearance of danger, or of considerable embarrassment, I cannot honourably desire to go away; but if we succeed in our defence of the Moerdyck*, as I trust that we shall, though we continue to hear the cannonade morning, noon, and night, the French must necessarily retreat to the other side of the Escaut in a few days. In that case I shall immediately desire to go home, and you cannot have so fine a position in Europe as you may have here if you come to take the correspondence into your hands. The King will have three of his sons in the army here. The scenes of all kind will be great and

* The defence was successful, and the French retreated. Lord Auckland returned to England, and took his seat in the House of Lords on the 11th of June.

interesting, and you will be far from having any occasion to repine that you are not appointed to Frankfort or to Berlin. I sometimes doubt whether you see these subjects exactly in the right point of view; but we will talk about them when we meet. All well.

Believe me, my dear Lord Henry, yours ever affectionately,

AUCKLAND.

Lord Henry Spencer to Lord Auckland.

St. James's Hotel, March 25th.

My dear Lord,—We are all in high spirits at the great news you have just sent us. I suppose that among other effects which it is likely to produce, I am to expect that your return will be rendered more probable by it. I look forward to this event, not with any great degree of impatience, but with cheerfulness, and that is something for a man in the midst of the gaieties of London, for never was a more melancholy existence chalked out for a person than what I am likely to pass at the Hague. Do not you think that by way of consolation I could contrive to get the rank of Envoy for the time that I may remain there? It appears to me that it would not be a great deal to ask, especially as I shall, of course, have that rank at the port of Brussels, of which I have an eventual promise.

With regard to the public service, I think it would be full as well at all times, and at this time in particular, that the English minister at the Hague should be at least upon a par with most of his foreign colleagues, and if it involves any increase of pay, which I do not know, you can say from experience that no place requires it more. Upon the whole, if you think the request would be unreasonable, I shall of course say no more about it, but if it appears just and natural, I should wish that it

might go through your channel as the most respectable, and the most likely to ensure its success.

If you should continue in your resolution of leaving Holland the first week in May, I shall endeavour to set out from hence about the 20th of next month. Hope will very probably sail with me, if it should be necessary for me to go in anything that is not a packet. If a frigate should be sent over to fetch you, I might take the opportunity of sailing in it.

I dined the other day with Rose, and was very glad to hear from Mr. Pitt, what I had heard from so many others, that the saving of Holland is attributed entirely to your exertions by land and sea. I can conceive nothing more interesting or more affecting than your interview with the brave old Boetzlaer.*

Adieu, my dear Lord. I hope to hear something *positive* from you in answer to the first part of my letter. I am going into the country for ten days to refit. I am ever, most sincerely, yours, &c.

H. J. SPENCER.

P.S.—We are forming a corps of émigrés, but I don't know where they are to be employed.

Lord Auckland to Lord Henry Spencer.

Hague, April 6th, 1793.

My dear Lord Henry,—Though the circumstance was unavoidable on your part, not a day passes without my lamenting that you should be living all this time in a lodging in St. James's Street, instead of exercising your judgment and the energy of your mind amidst the great scenes which change so rapidly from day to day upon this continent. The events are so numerous and so complicated that it seems impossible to find time to report them, even in official despatches, and the further results, which probably

* General Count Boetzlaer, the Governor of Willemstadt.

will take place on the frontiers and in the interior of France in the course of this month surpass all power of speculation.

A correspondence which took place some time ago between the Prince of Coburg and me has produced the proposition on his part of a conference at Anvers, which is to begin to-morrow evening. The Duke of York will be present at it, and the Prince of Orange, and the hereditary Prince, and the Duke of Brunswick Oels, or Knoblesdorf, with Keller; and the Comte de Stahrenberg, and either the Archduke Charles or M. de Metternich. I set out to-day, and hope to return on the 10th.

In the mean time, I have renewed my solicitations for an immediate leave to go home.

It is true, as you remark, that this place is likely to fall into a comparative dulness; but it is easy to foresee that it will continue to furnish sufficient occupation for whoever may reside here on the part of England, though the scene of interesting action will for the present be removed to a distance.

If I can be permitted to pursue my own wishes and plans, I would set out about the second week of May at the latest, that is, about the middle of the Hague Fair, or perhaps before it; but this depends entirely on Lord Grenville.

What an illustrious rascal is Dumouriez: by all the affected violence of Jacobinism he makes himself Premier Ministre des Affaires Étrangères; he then declares war, in order to give himself an army; he then tries pompously to take possession of Brabant and Flanders; he disposes of his colleagues to the right and left, to the scaffold, to assassination, &c. He next takes the command of a part of the army, and professes disobedience to his superior commanders, and exercises the command of the whole; he then, by favour of the Duke of Brunswick's gullibility, gets considerable credit, and the means of striking a blow of great *éclat* in Brabant. He pursues his victories to the banks of the Rhine; he next

passes a month at Paris to prepare the means of further exploits whilst his sovereign is coolly murdered. He then comes across and opens a negotiation with me which was to have made his fortune, but he is suspected, and obliged to declare war and to commence it. He then makes a bold stroke to get possession of Amsterdam and of all its wealth: he fails. He then tries to beat the Prince de Coburg: he fails, with the loss of about 30,000 lives. He next makes a *cadeau* to the general who had beaten him of the head * of his own war department, and of the four Commissaries of the Convention†, who were sent to stop his further proceedings. He has not yet done; you will soon hear further of him.

I can write no more at present.

Believe me, my dear Lord, very affectionately yours, AUCKLAND.

Mr. Burges to Lord Auckland.

(Private.) Whitehall, 26th March, 1793.

My dear Lord,—You have completed your business well. From the beginning of it your penetration and calmness pointed out to you the means most proper for your end; and you have indeed pursued them with a degree of activity, spirit and judgment not easily to be paralleled. I have felt much for you, Lady Auckland, and your family, during the whole of the late alarming crisis; and most sincerely congratulate you on what I think the most fortunate of circumstances—that you have gone through the most imminent perils without being hurt by them, and that they have been the means of your obtaining very great additional credit and reputation. I shall be very happy to talk over all this curious business with you on your return.

* General Beurnonville.

† The four Commissioners were Camus, Quinette, Bancal, and Lamarque.

I hope your Excellency will believe me to be most sincerely and faithfully yours,

J. B. BURGES.

Mr. Storer to Lord Auckland.

Devonshire Street, Portland Place, April 30th, 1793.

Dear Lord Auckland,—I cannot let another post-day go by without sending you a line, from my impatience to congratulate you on the fate of Mr. Sheridan's * motion in the House of Commons. Such a mare's nest never was discovered, and as the motion has failed so completely in doing you harm, it tends the other way, and has done you great good. Priam's javelin was not a *telum imbelle sine ictu* more than Sheridan's ineffectual attack. As long as we have no other divisions at home but such as passed with regard to your business, we need not dread a civil war. Having wished you joy on this event, I ought perhaps to do so on Lady Auckland's fashionable appearance; but this is now so common an event, that congratulations cease to be necessary as works of supererogation.

You have been certainly in the centre of business, but still I should think that you had enough on your hands to hinder you from thinking of your shades at Beckenham. You, who are immersed in occupation, may sigh for leisure. I, who languish for something to do, would give a great deal to be employed; but am afraid that, since the death of Lord Guilford, there remains no hope whatever for me. I must become an insignificant old gentleman: there seems to be too as little prospect of success for those whom we once called friends. I own that I behaved very ill in not visiting you

* Mr. Sheridan's motion for a vote of censure on Lord Auckland, on account of his having demanded, in conjunction with Count Stahrenberg, that the regicides who fell into the hands of the allies, should be put "under the sword of the law." Mr. Sheridan's motion, although supported by Mr. Fox, was rejected by 211 to 36.

at Beckenham, but the indolence and ignorance in which I live, ill suits me for the society of a busy active minister, and the consciousness of my conversation being of little interest to such a one, makes me look out frequently for a collection of old prints, when my own inclinations, if really followed, would lead me to scenes of greater importance, and men of higher occupations.

We have nothing on this side the water which engages our attention: our eyes are all directed to the Continent. I, for my own part, am disappointed at the present slowness of the Austrians: as they did so much in a few weeks in March, I thought before April was over they would have overrun the whole of France, and yet they do not seem to have acquired any one place in the French dominions. We are not spending our money, I hope, for the quiet re-establishment of the French monarchy. Dismemberment ought to operate amongst our Gallic neighbours as well as in Poland.

A day or two ago I heard of two matches—Mr. Long*, of the Treasury, to Sir Abraham Hume's daughter, and Lord Milsington† to the Duke of Ancaster's. They tell me all the ladies wear pads, but I am out of the way of knowing anything of this mysterious kind. We have got a fine ballet at the Opera: a triumphal car with three horses abreast, Apollo and Diana, gods and heroes of antiquity make such a splendid appearance, that people forget their apprehensions of the house falling on their heads.

I must not finish my letter without expressing my concern about poor Saintefoy; as he got out of prison once, I flatter myself he will have ingenuity enough to escape a second time, and yet the relapse may be worse than the first attack of the disorder. The guillotine is an inauspicious term, I never hear it mentioned without feeling a secret

* Afterwards Lord Farnborough.

† Lord Milsington, eldest son of the Earl of Portmore, married 20th May, 1793, Lady Mary Bertie, daughter of Brownlow, fifth Duke of Ancaster.

horror. Do not forget to present my best compliments to Lady Auckland, and with my best wishes for the health and prosperity of your family,

I am, my dear Lord, yours, &c.

A. STORER.

For his services in Holland, Lord Auckland was created an English peer, to the great delight of his friend Lord Loughborough.

Lord Loughborough to Lord Auckland.

17th May, 1793.

My dear Lord,—To put the great seal to your patent will be the most pleasant employment I have had since it came into my custody, the only one, indeed, in which I have felt any real satisfaction, except some instruments which have come from Lord Grenville's office, that have placed this country in the pre-eminence it enjoys amongst the powers of Europe. Without your services*; these instruments would either never have existed, or would have been of little advantage in recovering a lost game. The fate of all civilised nations hung upon the preservation of Holland, which depended entirely on the exertions you made, and caused to be made. The situation in which I happened to be placed at that critical moment will be always a source of the most sincere satisfaction to my mind, and check the regret that on many occasions I feel for having rashly quitted a situation of much quiet and ease.

I rejoice much that you propose being soon in this country, not merely upon my own account, though to

* Notwithstanding these services, Lord Stanhope brought forward a motion on the 17th of June, on the subject of the memorial to the States of Holland. Lord Stanhope made a violent speech, and compared Lord Auckland to Herod, Nero, and Caligula. Nobody supported him, and the motion was rejected without a division; and a resolution approving of Lord Auckland's conduct was moved by Lord Grenville, and carried without a division.

myself. I know it to be very important, but as I also think you will continue your works better here than you could do at the Hague, and you will find employment enough.

The map you were so good as to send me I had already got, and I shall keep your copy till you determine how to dispose of it. I know your neighbour * at Addiscombe will be obliged to you for it.

I ever am, my dear Lord, with my best love to all yours, your affectionate and faithful friend,

LOUGHBOROUGH.

Miss Chowne † to Lady Auckland.

George Street, May 21st, 1793.

My dear Lady Auckland,—I had my pen in my hand to write to your ladyship when your kind letter came. I do most sincerely rejoice at the honours conferred on Lord Auckland, and congratulate you on that, and yet more on his lordship's being on the eve of having the appointment of Secretary of State, which Lord Amherst declared in public last night would take place in a short time. Although it is an event I was sure *would* and *must* take place, yet I own it almost overcame me with joy, for it will not only be a proper reward for his lordship's great and infinite services to this country, but it will place you in a most agreeable manner amongst your ladyship's family and friends, and give Lord Auckland opportunity of fixing all your dear children well in life. And surely now you will be in England this summer, which will be so comfortable to you and the dear children. Oh! what a happy change in affairs three months have made, and how I bless kind Providence for His goodness. I was sure you would like the hat, but had my doubts about the cap, yet it is *la mode*, for all turbans

* Lord Liverpool.

† Miss Chowne, heiress of Thomas Chowne, Esq., Alfriston House, Suffolk, married, 24th November, 1796, the Saxon Minister Count Brühl.

are at once left off, and nothing worn but these caps, with the hair twisted round the loose *bandeau*, and the hair drawn through the top of the cap. Nothing but muslins and lawns are worn, and if you can get fine lawns, bring them with you, for they are rare. So many fine matches are in hand, the milliners and haberdashers will get fortunes. I believe I mentioned to your ladyship before that my cousin Miss Berners' * wedding clothes cost eighteen hundred pounds, and her jewels are said to be as fine as the Duchess of York's. I have just been with Lord Gage's family, who are very happy at the marriage taken place this morning between Mr. Gage and Miss Milbanke, and I think I never saw two people who promised to be happier. Lord Gage has behaved most nobly to his brother, and given him up fifteen hundred per annum. I saw Mrs. and the Miss Scotts† last night at Lord Elcho's, and Mrs. Scott takes great pains to inform the world of London that her daughter's marriage with the Duke of Manchester ‡ is off, and the Duchess of Gordon paid such court to her last night as showed she wished Lord Huntley to succeed. Mrs. Keith Stewart, and Miss Aguilar, and one of the Lady Colliers gave us music, whilst Lord Milsington and Lady Mary Bertie made love. Sir Gilbert Heathcote made his offer a few hours after Lord Milsington, which makes an extraordinary contrast in her fate, for with one is immense riches, and with the other extreme poverty. Lord Boringdon§ is desperately in love with Lady Charlotte Campbell ‖, but the Duke of Argyll is taking her from London and all the sighing swains. On Wednesday is to be

* Miss Berners was the daughter of Charles Berners, Esq., of Woolverstone Park, Suffolk, married, 23rd May, 1793, to Herbert Jarret, Esq., of Jamaica.

† The Miss Scotts were three daughters of General Scott. The eldest daughter was married to the late Duke of Portland, who took the name of Scott.

‡ William, fifth Duke of Manchester, married, 7th October, 1793, a daughter of the Duchess of Gordon.

§ Created Earl of Morley in 1815.

‖ Afterwards Lady Charlotte Bury.

a very fine subscription-ball at Almack's. Lady Salisbury, one of the lady patronesses, cannot be there, for Lord Talbot died last night. I dined at Lord Bagot's with the Staffordshire neighbourhood, and no person ever was so truly lamented by all his surrounding neighbours as Lord Talbot, and his sons must also feel his loss severely. The Princess Sophia is still ill, and Mdme. Swellingberg * most terribly so, which makes the Queen very miserable, and is a sad tax on poor old Mrs. Stainforth†, whom the Queen urges to stay much with this miserable invalid.

I am very sorry Miss Eden is not well, but change of air will quite restore her. Oh! how I shall like to hear of those *belles* next winter celebrated in London. I think of it with much satisfaction, and if Mr. and Mrs. Hatsell were not gone holiday-keeping, I should go to them and talk the whole over. I have just had a letter from Jersey, which says the Bretons gain great ground, and the Convention are panic-struck. These events will, I hope, ere long establish peace and good order; for this is a cruel, bloody war, and mothers, wives, and sisters mourn and droop their heads. Can you tell me why I do not hear from Mdme. Trebra, for she is excellent as to news? but perhaps the Baron's absence, or her own ill-health, makes writing irksome to her: will your ladyship kindly remind her of me? I beg to present my best compliments and congratulations to Lord Auckland on all these pleasing events. I also beg my love to all the dears, and hope Miss Eden will soon be well. Think if I can do anything to serve you, and believe me, your ladyship's most affectionate humble servant,

MARY CHOWNE.

P.S.—I conclude you have good bark by you.

* Madame Schwellenberg.

† The readers of Madame d'Arblay's diary will pity poor old Mrs. Stainforth.

Mr. Hatsell to Lord Auckland.

Ramsgate, Sunday, August 4th, 1793.

My dear Lord,—We were all happy to learn from your letter of Sunday last, that you and Lady Auckland and your young family had so well weathered the hot season and were well. I say all, because for this last fortnight the Hubers have been a very agreeable addition to our party here. They, Lady Rushout's family, and the Calthorpes, form our principal society, and with walking, riding, and music, with which, in great perfection, the day always concludes, we have passed our time very pleasantly. The scene before our windows of the sea and the Downs is delightful, and not the less pleasing at this moment from the West India fleet going by, in a line from three to four miles in length. I think we want nothing just now but an account of Lord Howe's having met the French fleet that is said to be out from Brest, but which I cannot believe till it is better confirmed.

I rather differ from you in the next operations of the Allied armies. I prefer the taking Dunkirk, as it would not only secure any attempt from being made from that quarter on Ostend, but it would be a shorter road whence to send supplies from this country, and would destroy that nest of privateers which now infest our eastern coasts. Besides, I cannot suppose that Lisle, though strong, is, from its garrison and provisions, prepared for a siege. But I dare say the Prince de Coburg understands which way he should go better than I do. Can it be true that the French, as the papers of to-day tell us, have a fleet in the West Indies? What a history, if true, from Cape François! * There cannot be a finer prospect of grain than this isle exhibits; but the hops fail generally, and the duty, which last year produced

* The city of Cape François in St. Domingo had been burnt in a conflagration, which lasted three days. All the whites were massacred.

160,000*l.*, is betted this year at under 50,000*l.*; a terrible defalcation for a year of war! especially after the falling off of the last quarter. I forget the exact statement, but I think there still remains of the Spanish taxes, which were temporary, enough, if made perpetual, to provide for the interest of next year's loan; and there I trust we shall conclude, if not sooner; for, when we shall have got a sufficient barrier for Flanders and Brabant, shall have cleared Savoy and Nice, and shall have got a compensation for our expenses in some of the West India islands, I think it will be difficult to persuade the country gentlemen that there is any cause remaining for continuing the war, at least the Continental, which is the expensive part of it.

I don't wonder at the satisfaction you feel from your present mode of living when compared with the bustle you have been in for these last six or seven years. A greater man than either you or I, who had fully experienced all the *éclat* of a distinguished name, and was a scholar, a philosopher, and a hero, draws this conclusion from what he had gone through:—"Ma foi! L'honneur de faire tourner la grande roue des événemens de l'Europe est un travail très-rude; l'état moins brillant de l'indépendance, de l'oisiveté, et de l'oubli, est, selon moi, plus heureux, et le vrai lot du sage de ce monde." This has been always my opinion before I read the King of Prussia's works, with which I have been amusing myself since I have been here. I have also read the life and some essays lately published of a still greater man, Dr. Franklin. His works, when collected, will be a very valuable book. We are now, after the events, in a capacity to judge of the soundness and correctness of his understanding from the truth of his political predictions. Notwithstanding these resources, I lament the loss of my *Moniteurs*, from whence I used to receive so much entertainment and instruction.

If you can, pray let us see you next week. We shall be fully employed with business, or would come

over and visit Lady Auckland. We hope to be established at Bradburne at Michaelmas, when we can never go backwards and forwards without passing within a mile of you, so that next summer yours will be an excellent half-way house, almost as good as the inn at Bromley. Mrs. Hatsell is become very stout from bathing and riding, and desires her affectionate compliments with mine to Lady Auckland and your daughters. The Hubers were at church with us today. They desired their kind remembrances to you both. They are in the nicest little cottage you ever saw.

I am, my dear Lord, yours very faithfully,

J. HATSELL.

Lord Loughborough to Lord Auckland.

Tunbridge Wells, 20th August, 1793.

My dear Lord,—The idea expressed in Mr. Crawford's* letter has probably been the first thought of most people, but I doubt whether it would stand examination. With respect to its first motive, the preservation of the Queen, the chance is at least equal that it would have accelerated her destruction, as there is more to dread from the ferocious madness of those on whom her fate hangs suspended, than to hope from their fears. As a military operation, there is much to be said for and against it. Charles the Twelfth would have attempted it, and might have succeeded; but I do not believe the late King of Prussia would have risked an enterprise, the failure of which would have been attended with such fatal effects, especially after the experience of the last campaign.

I am willing to think that the most probable plan for the termination of the war, is to carry

* Mr. Crawford, the Commissioner with the Austrian army, had written to Lord Auckland, that Count Mercy d'Argenteau, on hearing that the Queen was removed to the Conciergerie, was pressing the Prin e of Coburg to march on Paris, in order to liberate her.

on the attack on all the frontiers of France; because, as you justly observe, there can be no safe conclusion of it without a change of disposition in whatever body assumes the name of the French nation. This is to be expected, from the disgust of anarchy excited by repeated losses and defeats, internal distress, and exhausted resources. You must have remarked that as it was last year a crime of *lèse nation* to have delayed the war, so it is now the same crime to have provoked the present war, and stands in the front of the charges against Brissot. The ruling faction will be more easily overthrown by their incapacity than their wickedness, and the nearer approach of an hostile force would add to their strength, while repeated losses, which they are unable to prevent or repair, produce a desire of change.

I wish you had mentioned the Duke of Marlborough's letter to me at the drawing-room, for I have not the most distant trace of it in my mind, and it is not amongst the letters I have brought down here to be answered. I guess that it is an application for some living not vacant, which I have considered only as a memorandum, and to be answered when the occasion offered, but I will try and find it out as soon as I return to town. It is not a good excuse to the Duke of Marlborough; but it is as a certain truth that if I were to answer all the letters I receive every post of that description, I must give up the patronage to whoever would take it, for it would employ my whole time. But I can fairly say that the letter would have been answered immediately, if I had not had more than a wish to do what he desired.

I ever am, my dear Lord, yours very sincerely,

LOUGHBOROUGH.

Miss Chowne to Lord Auckland.

Isle of Wight, Sept. 23rd, 1793.

My Lord,—As I am to leave this place in a few

days, may I request the favour of your Lordship to direct the Leyden Gazettes for me in George Street, Hanover Square; for when I leave Lord Harrowby's family, I shall go to Brighton, and carry the pretty pony to Lady Elizabeth Spencer, which I have just purchased for her ladyship, and when she has shown me the camp, and I have settled all my affairs in Sussex, and paid my visit at Lord Gage's, I shall then pay my compliments to Lady Auckland and the little stranger, and hope to find both well. Here we have violent storms of rain and wind, but I trust it does not reach Beckenham, for that will prevent Lady Auckland getting into the air and gaining her strength. Mr. Ryder is much obliged to your Lordship for the information concerning the Greffier*, and he is gone to town this day; I had hopes of seeing him and his brother. We have perpetual reports that Brest has offered itself and harbour to Lord Howe, but we dare not yet credit these reports. The French gave Lord Hood† such vehement *baisers de fraternité*, his Lordship nearly lost his wig. I wish Lord Howe's may quite fall off on the same occasion. Prince Augustus had not left Portsmouth yesterday; he is in a sad state of health, and it seems feared he cannot live in this climate.

Before I close my letter, I must just mention an affecting description of the Queen‡ of France, which I have received from an English gentleman who saw her a short time before the decree§ came out against all the English, and he has made his escape in safety. He was admitted to see the Conciergerie, and upon expressing a wish to see the unfortunate Queen, was told it would be readily granted if he showed no signs of compassion, but that if he did, he must not think of ever going out of that place

* M. Fagel.

† Lord Hood was now at Toulon. It was hoped at this time that he would be able to take Brest.

‡ The Queen had been removed from the Temple to the Conciergerie in August. Her execution took place October 16th.

§ The decree of the 7th September.

again; the conditions being agreed to, he was led into the room in which the poor Queen was sitting, on an old worn-out chair made of straw, which scarcely supported her weight. Dressed in a gown which had once been white, her attitude bespoke the immensity of her grief, which appeared to have created a kind of stupor, that fortunately rendered her less sensible to the injuries and reproaches, which a number of inhuman wretches were continually vomiting forth against her.

I do not think John Bull would have shown such want of mercy, as these most savage of all wild beasts. I beg my best compliments to Lady Auckland, and all the belles and beaus, and I have the honour to be your Lordship's most obliged and humble servant,

M. CHOWNE.

Mr. Storer to Lord Auckland.*

Purley, near Reading, Dec. 1st, 1793.

Dear Lord Auckland,—I return you a great many thanks for your recollection of me, particularly as I consider myself almost as much departed as our poor friend John St. John.† There is something very melancholy in losing those with whom we ever have lived in habits of intimacy, although our acquaintance may be discontinued, yet one always thinks it may be renewed; and that word, *for ever*, carries with it a sound that naturally puts one in mind of a passing bell. Since I was at Beckenham, I have scarcely ever been in the neighbourhood of London. I have been here and at various other places, but seldom making a stay of more than a day or two. I have had the celebrated Mr. Repton with me yesterday and the day before.

* Mr. Storer, on the death of his father, had come into possession of a very large fortune.

† Mr. John St. John died on the 8th of October, 1793, unmarried.

I am busy in removing barns and outhouses, and going to build farmhouses, and all this preparatory to the formation of a casino on the banks of the Thames. I have a great many men at work, and a kitchen-garden, drains, &c., are the operations which at present engage our attention. Besides all these labours, I am going to begin a negotiation with the clergyman about the change of an acre or two, which intrudes itself into the heart of what is to be in future some pleasure-ground. What I am to do about obtaining the consent of the Crown, I am as yet to learn; but the curate tells me that this job will not be so difficult as filling up some ponds which annoy my view, and threaten to swallow up me and my post-chaise. I feel that I, upon the whole, have undertaken an arduous task; but it must be, and I must try to get through it, for the benefit of my nephew. I rejoice to hear that you and yours have been happy and well.

Never were there, in any period of history which I have read, such times. Amidst all the cruelties of the French, they still preserve something farcical. The women in their *bonnets rouges;* and the sage reflection, that if Nature intended women for men, she would have given them beards, never fails of extorting a laugh, amidst all the horrors, which even the guillotine can't prevent.

I am going to pass a day or two with Scott, who lives near Marlow, and who, in the country, as he is about fifteen miles from me, must be considered as my neighbour. From thence I shall go towards London, perhaps stop at Bushey, but I do not consider myself as yet in Devonshire Street. I have some more expeditions to perform, and a visit or two to make in this place, before I go into winter-quarters, or think of beating up yours in Old Palace Yard. How extraordinary it is that we have had no news from Lord Howe. I hope my remark is made *mal-apropos*, and that, before you

read this, the justice of my making it may be done away by the joy occasioned by his success. Give my best compliments to Lady Auckland, and with the greatest sincerity and truth, I am yours,

A. STORER.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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